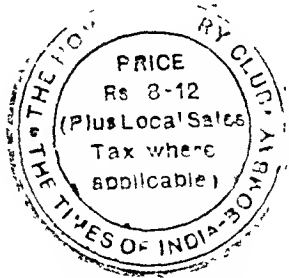
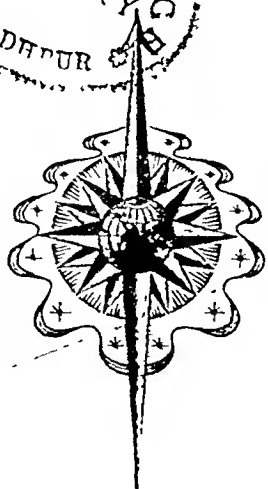
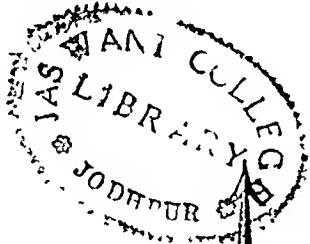


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THE
WORLD'S PEOPLES
AND
HOW THEY LIVE



1946

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THE RACES OF MANKIND AND WHERE THEY LIVE

Three main races of man: his variability: classification based on physical characteristics: effect of geographical conditions on human beings: the black, yellow-brown and white races: Mediterranean, Alpine and Nordic migrations by land and by water: man's reactions to his environment.

BEFORE considering how the peoples of the world live, let us think who they are, and how they came to inhabit the various regions. Since his earliest history man has tended to move about—to be “a vagabond in the earth” as the Good Book says—and to fight, enslave and to intermarry with other tribes, so that it is almost inevitable that such a thing as a pure race hardly exists. Some people go so far as to eliminate the word altogether; but in talking of man it is convenient to classify him, and the old designation of race is the best for our purposes.

There are various methods employed in the attempt to group together different human communities; but it is essential to keep the consideration of physical characteristics quite apart from culture and language, or much confusion will arise. The problems of racial affinities are purely zoological and must not be confused with a common language. There is, for example, no such thing as an Aryan race, but rather a group of peoples speaking the Aryan form of language.

The races of man are frequently divided into three main groups by their skin colour: the white, the yellow-brown, and the black: broadly speaking, this is a good general basis if the skin colours are not regarded too rigidly. For instance, the black race must include the yellow-skinned Bushman as well as

the Negro, and the white race must include the brown-skinned Mediterranean as well as the Nordic.

One might pause here to consider why man, although one species, shows such great diversity; one reason is his great variability, which is shown even in one family whose different members may hardly resemble one another. But family traits are common enough and may reappear generation after generation; and when they become numerous there begins to be a certain resemblance which we call a type. If a type gets isolated from other types, say on an island, or in a secluded valley, it may maintain itself, and by interbreeding become fixed in character and form a new variety, which as time goes on, and its range spreads, may even produce a new race. But more probably it meets another group and by conquest or marriage the two fuse, and it is the constant fusion and remingling, alternating with migration and isolation, that makes the classification of man so hard.

As already remarked it is doubtful whether such a thing as a pure race exists—the Andamanese came near to it, but they have probably not survived the world war; the Bushman of South Africa and the jungle Vedda of Ceylon appear to be practically unmixed. The Jews, being of mixed origin, certainly cannot be spoken of as a pure race, and



WOMEN AT WORK IN BRITAIN

Skilled machinists are busily engaged in making shirts. Thousands of women work in such factories, their speed and efficiency playing an important part in industry.

there is no such thing as an English or Irish race; they can only be termed a people, or a nation. A people may be defined as a community inhabiting any given area; thus the Andaman Islanders were a people (probably) of pure race, whilst the people of Ceylon belong to different races.

We have already said that classification must be based on physical characteristics, one based on culture may be interesting to the sociologist but can do no more than indicate the influences of peoples upon one another. This applies also to language, which is a special branch of culture, and a similarity of language can only prove that the peoples in question have at one time or another been in contact. When a language is imposed on a native population by a more powerful or a more cultured immigrant people,

we may suppose that they brought their women with them, as it is the mothers who teach the children to talk. Such was the case in the invasion of India by the Aryan-speaking people. On the other hand, when there is an invasion of relatively few, and those mainly men, most of them marry local women and the children are brought up to speak the mother's language; as was the case of the Norsemen adopting the Anglo-Saxon or French language when they settled in England or France.

To return to the physical factors concerned with the development of race; among them are the geographical conditions which are presumed to have their effect on human beings. Pigmentation (or skin colour) is variable, and those races with greater pigmentation are most able to sustain the intense sun of tropical regions because they are

protected from the too violent action of the ultra-violet and infra-red rays of the sun. They are healthier, live longer and have more children, whilst those with less pigmentation tend to die out. The reverse process takes place in a cold moist climate where the least pigment is needed to secure the benefit of the sun's active rays.

The nose form also varies under different climatic conditions. The broad nose with wide open nostrils is associated with a hot moist climate, the narrow nose with pinched nostrils with a cold dry climate where the air needs warming before reaching the lungs. The intermediate forms are associated with hot and dry, or with cold and moist climates.

Further physical characteristics that

form a useful basis for classification are the hair, the shape of the head, stature, and eye colour, but perhaps it is sufficient here to mention the first only. A very convenient method of a preliminary grouping of mankind, and one that accords roughly with skin colour, is by means of the hair. This again, falls into three groups: the straight coarse hair of the yellow-skinned peoples; the black kinky hair of the Negroes; and the intermediate wavy or curly hair of the Europeans, Indians, and their kin. These types are well marked, but every intermediate variety may occur. For instance, practically every grade has been collected from a single village in New Guinea, but as in this area one can find woolly-haired Melanesians, wavy-haired Polynesians and some straight-



WOMEN AT WORK IN NEW GUINEA

The Mailu mariners require large quantities of rope and cordage for canoe rigging, and here the island women are twisting strands of bushvines for this purpose.



HOME IN COPENHAGEN

Thousands of Danish people own plots of land where they can have a garden and build a little house such as that depicted above. They can then enjoy the fresh air and sunshine in peace and comfort and yet be within the precincts of the city.

haired Malaysans, the phenomenon is easily explained

Now let us consider how the various races of men are distributed through the world, and, so far as we can judge, how they got there. The place of origin of man is necessarily obscure, but is obviously in the Old World, as the Americas do not possess any anthropoid apes. The highlands of Western Asia are a possible area from which early man dispersed, one stock moving south into the tropics and giving rise to the black races. These are found not only in Africa but also in certain areas of South-east Asia, usually mountainous and isolated, to which they were pushed by subsequent migration of different peoples. Examples of these are the extinct Tasmanians who arrived in Tasmania before it was cut off from Australia; and

the Melanesians of Oceania, although rather mixed, still show dominant negroid features. There is a persistent strain of pygmy folk both in these regions and in the African Congo.

The next race, in all probability to branch from the primitive stock, was lighter skinned and had wavy hair. These wandered by way of India, where traces are found in some of the jungle folk and in the Veddas of Ceylon, to Australia. Here, cut off from the rest of mankind when the sea broke through, the Australian aborigine remained for countless ages with very little variation, probably, from his original type.

The yellow-brown race, with its straight black hair, forms a very large part of mankind. The most characteristic are the Mongoloids—Chinese, Japanese, Siberians, Lapps—ranging

right across Asia and thrusting into Europe through Russia. The original Mongols were plateau people who, early in their history, domesticated the horse and thus attained a mobility which stood them in good stead. Time and again in their history they descended from their plateaux and overran the lower plains—witness the domination of Central Asia in the tenth century from Central Russia to the Pacific, by the Mongols under Jenghis Khan.

It is extremely likely that the initial cause for these migrations was climatic, periods of deficient rainfall probably, and when one considers the effect of these climatic cycles on the shifting of population, it is easy to suppose that the northern prehistoric man was still more influenced by the climatic

changes caused by glacial periods.

Akin to the Mongols are their sub-groups. To the north-east are the Eskimos, and to the south-east the Malays, whilst the American Indians crossed the Behring Straits at a very early date, and worked their way by slow degrees over the whole continent down to its extreme tip at Tierra del Fuego. This was not accomplished in one continuous migration; on the contrary, evidence points to successive waves of immigration gradually spreading like a slow tide over a flat shore.

The so-called "white" division of mankind is probably the most complicated and diversified of all; the skin-colour ranging from real white, through the tan of the Mediterranean folk, to the dark brown of the Abyssinian. Roughly speaking there are two



HOME IN EGYPT

At night the buffalo, donkey, goat and fowls are shut up in this part of the house. The earthen stove in the right hand corner is used for cooking during the day.

divisions or races which are non-European, and three European.

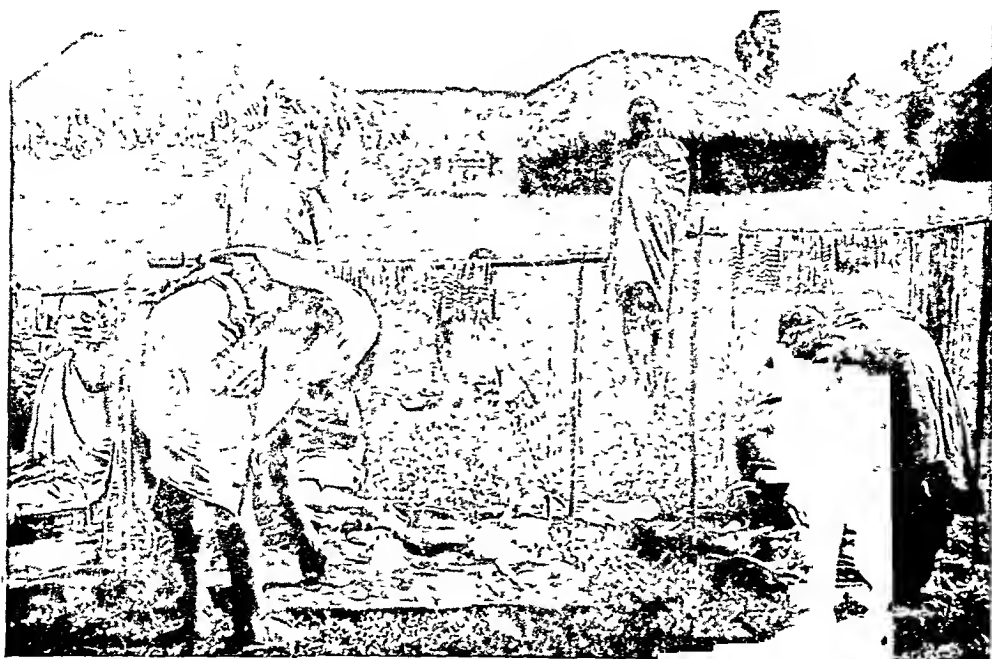
The Hamitic race of North Africa (Abyssinian, Nilotic tribes and others) are dark-skinned, curly-haired people usually with fine features and of slender build. They are of the same stock as the Dravidians of India, and arrived in Africa by way of Asia Minor and Egypt, pushing before them the Negro race with whom they have mingled.

The Semitic race is spread over North Africa and South-west Asia and is typified by the Arabs and the Jews. Dark-haired and light-skinned for the most part, they are nomadic peoples, and the Jews have penetrated through Europe and other continents.

The more typically European peoples fall again into three main races, the Mediterranean, the Alpine and the Nordic. The first-named are dark-

haired, narrow-headed and inclined to be lightly built, and from early times had their home on the Mediterranean coast. As long ago as Neolithic times they spread westward to the British Isles, and traces of them are found in outlying areas such as Cornwall, Wales, Western Ireland and Scotland, and the English fenland. They also penetrated eastward by way of Persia where they are still recognizable, and a kindred strain is found right through Asia to Polynesia, much modified by intermarriage with Mongoloid and Negroid peoples. This widespread branch of the human family is sometimes known as the Brown race.

The broad-headed folk of the central mountains and plateaux came into Europe from high Asia along the ridge of mountains, and are roughly typical of Central Europe from Russia to Central



SHOPPING IN KIKUYU-LAND

Truly feminine, these African women are particularly interested in the metal bangles and the strings of coloured beads that are displayed in the "shop windows".

France. Originally mountain folk, these Alpines have penetrated south down the European peninsulas and have mingled with and modified the Mediterraneans already there. Italy, for instance, which was peopled at first by the Mediterraneans has been profoundly modified by the intrusion of the Alpines and northern Italy is characterized by broad-headed folk.

The Nordic race as is well known, is characterized by fair hair and complexion and long to medium heads. Their forerunners probably originated on the western steppes of Asia where they domesticated the horse and from whence they spread into Europe. One branch, however, seems to have gone east, and although leaving no trace of its journey, has perpetuated itself in the Ainu of Japan, now confined to the island of Sakhalin, who show a certain resemblance to Russian peasants. The early Nordics were a restless and warlike people and with the help of their horses they were able to raid in various directions. Destruction marked their progress; they ruined the cultured pottery makers of the Russian plains, and overwhelmed the artistic metal-workers of Hungary. Reaching Scandinavia they made it their base and from there conducted ruthless raids on their more cultured neighbours.

Characteristics of the Nordics

It is difficult to see why the Germans should have selected these barbarians as their chosen people when they have originated no cultures, but have on the contrary destroyed practically everything they encountered. It is true that by their skill and energy they organized and invigorated the people they conquered, and by scattering the subject people spread their cultures far and wide. But it was only when the Nordic stock was civilized, and mixed with

other strains, that the resultant peoples rose to a higher level than that of the original predatory hordes

Early Adventurers

The migrations we have considered so far have been by land, but we must not forget the colonization of islands by means of boats, which forms, perhaps, some of the most interesting and romantic chapters in the history of man. Take, for instance, the Polynesians with their primitive canoes, setting out into the Pacific Ocean with their families, perhaps a few dogs and pigs and certainly some seeds or roots for planting—rather like a Noah's ark without the flood. Whether they knew there were islands there or not we shall never know, but it seems probable that some preliminary scouting must have been done. Be that as it may, they passed through these islands, pausing here and there to sow seeds and raise crops and families, and whilst some remained, other bolder spirits fared forth again. Some islands were already inhabited by an earlier Negroid race who crossed by land bridges, or by short hops from island to island; others were uninhabited and fertile, awaiting the settlers. Gradually through the ages these intrepid adventurers sailed further and further east, crossing thousands of miles of open sea till they reached such remote islands as New Zealand, Hawaii, the Marquesas, and even Easter Island.

Man has inherited the earth: how he uses and misuses it is another matter. He may adapt himself to it or he may conform it to his will as, for instance, by the irrigation of arid regions. But whatever he does he cannot fail to be influenced by the conditions in which he lives, and his different reactions to his environment may be judged after reading the text of this book.

THE CHINESE FARMER



TYPICAL CHINESE FARMER

The Chinese farmer is the backbone of the country. He has many worries, but his philosophical attitude and innate cheerfulness help him to meet his problems

THE CHINESE FARMER

The farmers of the Yangtze River Valley: their homes: family life before and since the Revolution: ancient festivals and modern national days. rural government local magistrates: civil administration: emigration of farmers due to scarcity of land: farmers' two main problems

IT is not the man in the street that determines modern China's destiny. It is the man in the field. Eighty per cent of China's four hundred million people are still tillers of the soil, and the Chinese farmer is the "average" man—the "little man" of Cathay

He is called Han or Chen or Sun, or some other variation of the hundred or so common names of China. He is usually addressed respectfully by his surname, which comes first. His "Christian" name, or, as one Chinese wit called it, his "heathen" name, follows it, *Sun Yat-sen* or *Chang Kai-shek*. His business acquaintances call him "Mr." Sun and his neighbours "Sun of the So-and-so village". His cronies have another name for him, *Sun Lao Yeh*, Venerable Sun.

Sun is one of thirty million lucky farmers who have inherited land in the golden valley of the Yangtze River that waters the great plain of Central China. He has a small holding judged by western standards, and it measures only six mow, about an acre. This acre is the home of Sun and all his ancestors. It is where he was born and where he will be buried. It is his living space, and it sustains him, his wife, his grandmother, and his three children; its loss would be irreparable.

Lucky Sun. He has much to be thankful for. In a corner of his sacred acre is his well-built house. It is of home-made cement—that is to say clay mixed with straw and plastered on to a wattle base. It has three rooms. One

for himself, his wife and baby; a second room for the grandmother and the two younger children, and thirdly, a common room that takes up the whole front of the house and is dining room, kitchen and parlour in one.

It is dark inside the house, for the windows are small and covered not with glass but with oiled paper, and the clay walls reflect little light. In Sun's own bedroom there is a *kang* bed. Built of bricks and worn smooth and shiny after years of use, it is just a part of the floor raised above the level of the ground. A thick carpet covers it. The pillows are hard, oblong bricks, padded and covered with woven reeds. There is a small opening at the base of the *kang* in which a fire can be lit. On the coldest nights of winter Sun lights a small fire there. This is his hot water bottle. But it is a luxury that he can seldom afford.

Generations of farmers, over a period of 5,000 years, have gradually sown every spare inch of land in the plain, to vegetable or grain crops. Sun's own fields are planted right up to the very boundary stones. Only the narrowest of paths lead between the square rice fields. These are filled with water in the spring, and the tender little rice shoots are laid out with mathematical precision at the minimum distance from each other.

There is only one clump of trees on that acre of family soil. This is at the far corner of the field from the house. Here are the graves of the ancestors,

a group of pyramid-shaped mounds about three feet high, thickly overgrown with shrubs and shaded by a coppice of birch trees. Here the *feng shui* spirits of the wind and water cast their protecting presence, whispering among the leaves. When Sun and his family pass this hallowed place, they uncover their heads, and descend from their seats on the buffalo or donkey, as a mark of respect to the dead, but still-present, ancestors.

Nearer the house, and consequently more sheltered, is a pair of peach and cherry trees, overlooking Sun's courtyard. Here, in the hot days of spring and summer, the family place their rough wooden table and bamboo stools and eat their meals in the open. In the cool of the evening when the work is done, farmer Sun takes his narrow bench, a four-legged trestle with a narrow four-inch seat, puts it under the peach tree and half sits, half leans against the trunk, smoking his cool-burning water pipe.

Family Tasks

Grandmother Sun reclines comfortably in a bamboo arm chair. Her "golden lily" feet, which were bound when she was a girl, rest on a footstool and she, too, smokes a silver water pipe. Grandmother, despite her bound feet, still hobbles energetically about her household tasks all day. She does not get far beyond the farm boundaries for walking tires her. There was a time when she deplored the changes wrought in her life by the Republican revolution, but now she is used to them and she accepts them as she was wont to accept the unchanging round of life before the Revolution.

Many things, of course, are still the same. The farm is still the central pivot of their life. Father Sun not only runs the family; he directs the work. He

and his younger sons do the heavy farm work; the ploughing with a wooden plough drawn by the buffalo; the planting out of the rice seedlings and the weeding of the vegetable beds. Rice demands plenty of water, so the irrigation of the fields is important. The whole village is interested in this.

All the farms contribute work hands to dig ditches from the big river, to work the water wheel that fills the ditches and the small treadle water-scoops that bale water into the narrower feed ditches and so into the fields. But in the season the whole household helps with these field tasks, working from sunrise to sundown.

Modern Changes

The women of the family have their own round of tasks, such as the making of garments, the weaving of the blue cotton cloth; the endless, careful economical patching of garments until they look like patchwork quilts; the making of cloth slippers and straw sandals. Everything that can possibly be made in the home from home-grown materials is made there. The little money that comes into the Suns' pocket from the sale of eggs, rice and pork is immediately put into a secret place known only to Father and Mother Sun and the eldest boy. The Sun families of China are hardworking, careful and thrifty.

This is how things have always been in Grandma's lifetime. But what changes now! The girls no longer have bound feet. They walk freely around the farm and go unafraid and unashamed into the village. No longer do they take a back seat at family councils. It is only in the far distant interior that girls are still "persons of no account."

Farmer Sun's elder daughter now goes to the morning elementary school. She is a member of the Little Teacher Movement, and in the afternoon she





HARROWING THE FIELDS

The farmer covers every available acre of his ground with crops; his son harrows the ricefield, with a buffalo-drawn harrow, before the rice is transplanted.

teaches her father his letters for he was born before the Revolution and so is an illiterate. In pre-revolution days very few boys and girls studied reading and writing

It is a hard struggle for Mother Sun to get all the household work done without the help of her elder daughter, but the second daughter is happily a very home-loving girl—and the family has acquired much “face” in the village because one of its daughters is going to be a scholar.

The eldest son is away from home. At fifteen he went into a factory at Wuhu, where there are many weaving mills and silk filatures. He is learning to tend machines, and dutifully sends part of his wages home every month.

Farmer Sun is a man with a full and

active mind. He is not afraid of trying out new ways of life. He is something of a business man. He has a contract to supply a compradore (a Chinese agent for a foreign firm) with eggs and pig bristles. He is very proud of this. He has a picture book that the compradore gave him. It shows pictures of fine and curiously shaped brushes made by foreigners from the pig bristles that the compradore collects from him, and from thousands of other farmers in the plain. This too brings in extra money. Some of it Sun puts into his secret saving place and some of it he uses to buy foreign goods on which he has long set his heart: a foreign oil lamp with a metal wick holder and a glass cover that is lit on festive occasions, and foreign style scissors for his wife

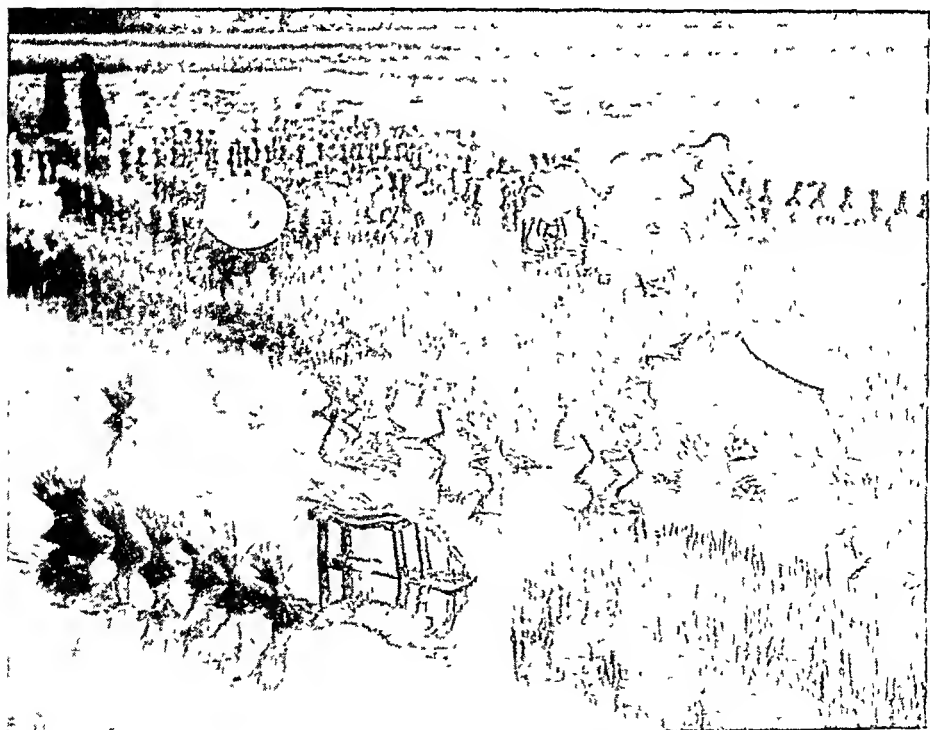
Sun has been lucky in his business with the Chinese and foreign merchants. But not all the farmers in the neighbourhood have been so fortunate. Nor have all the young men who went to seek work in the cities been as lucky as Sun Ta (Sun's elder son).

Farmer Wang, in the next village, made a contract with a silk merchant's compradore. He increased his stock of silk worms and planted more mulberry trees. For a few years he did well, and then suddenly the compradore demanded better quality silk and proposed all sorts of new conditions. He asserted that Japanese silk was better, that the Chinese farmers' silk was not up to standard, and so on. Farmer Wang was afraid to borrow money to

improve his silk, and so he could not sell his cocoons. Finally he cut down his mulberry trees and planted kaoliang. Years of labour went to waste, and he became heavily in debt.

Poor Farmer Li was also out of luck. He had sent his daughter to work in a silk filature at Wuhu. She was a country girl and used to fresh air. She was put to work, for twelve hours a day, in a steamy, hot workroom. She contracted a bad cough and became so ill that they sent her home. Now she is useless even around the farm.

Unfortunately, such cases of "ill luck" in dealing with the city business people are all too frequent. Still, the farmers must make some extra money to keep the family going, and so they



AT WORK IN THE RICEFIELD

Rice is the staple food of the Southern Chinese, and requires careful growing. The fields are flooded, and the rice planted and transplanted before it can be reaped.



HOW TEA IS MADE

Mother and son are among those sorting tea leaves at a Peking establishment where brick tea is made. Generations often follow the same occupations in China.

are forced to send some of their members to seek their fortune in the cities, or at least to "do business" with the city folk

These connections of the farmers with the big world outside their villages are, however, relatively unimportant. The main part of their life is still taken up by strictly local affairs. First, there are family matters, small and big. The rites of birth, marriage, and death loom large on the village horizon.

It is the birth of a son that causes most rejoicing. This is partly on religious and partly on economic grounds. It is the sons who carry on the name of the family and who tend

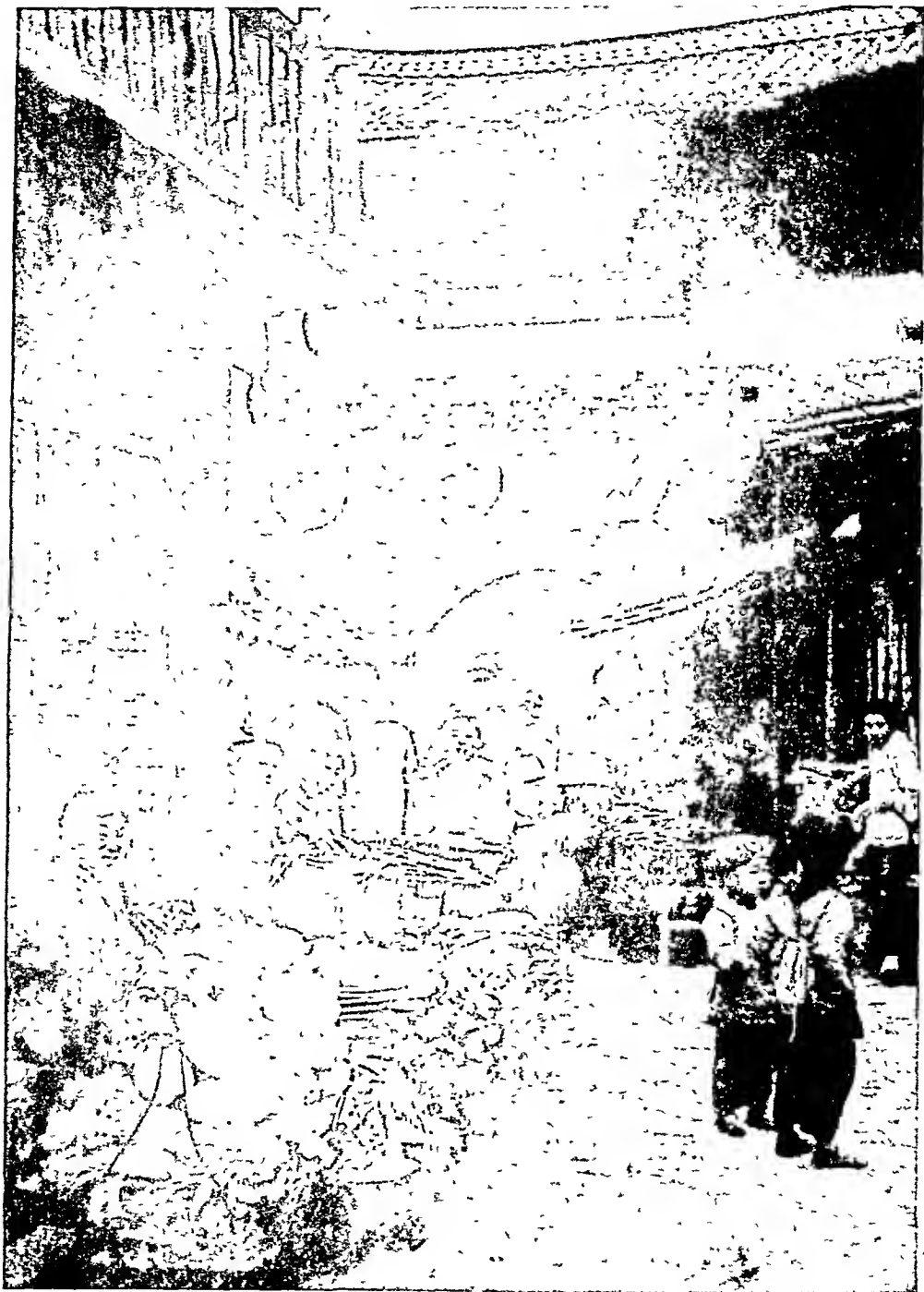
the graves of the ancestors. The girls go out and join another family when they marry. From the purely economic point of view, a son in a household is a form of social insurance. Farmer Sun says quite simply "If I have no sons who will tend my farm and look after me when I am old and feeble?" From this point of view one son is good more than one is better.

If there are too many sons for the land to feed, then some can go and seek their fortunes in the city, or become hired labourers on another's land. For these reasons, the birth of a son is a glad event. Love and care are lavished on him. His birthdays are



WOMEN SPINNERS AT WORK

Women have their own round of tasks, such as the making of garments, and the weaving of the blue cotton cloth which is so much worn by the Chinese.



STREET MARKET, YUNNAN

Street hawkers are very numerous in the East and these vegetable sellers have taken up positions on the roadway in Yunnan, an important city on the Burma road.

marked by special feasts. When he is one year old, he is placed upon a table, clad in his red satin "dragon" embroidered coat and cap, and many objects are placed before him, writing brushes, ears of rice, tools of various trades. Whichever object he reaches out for first, gives some indication of what will be his future career.

"Arranged" Marriages

The boy's marriage is a great event. Even to-day marriages are partly arranged by the parents. Sometimes modern girls and boys, particularly in the cities, refuse to marry unless they know and love their future partners.

Then there is the economic aspect. A marriage costs money. No countryman can get married without presenting his future father-in-law with a substantial sum of money as a gift. This is intended to compensate the parents for their trouble in looking after the bride-to-be. Depending on the province, and the beauty and talent of the bride, this sum may amount to ten, fifteen or a hundred silver dollars, with correspondingly greater amounts for the rich. A good dowry and marriage feast may well cripple a family economically, even though it may give them much "face" or social prestige.

The rites of death are no whit less important than those of birth or marriage. The old people love to buy their coffins beforehand in order to make sure of a fitting burial. This, too, is insurance—insurance against the next world, that they may enter the presence of their ancestors fittingly and without loss of "face". A Chinese coffin may cost as much as a careful farmer can earn in several years of hard work.

Then there are such things as the funeral feast and the fees paid to the temple for prayers, and to the soothsayer who must determine a propitious

date for the obsequies. That is why the coffin has to be well built. Days or months may elapse after death before burial. Not infrequently a family will be in debt for years in order to perform these last rites in a proper way.

Ancient festivals and modern national days, celebrated in traditional style, combine to make the Chinese farmer's life a colourful affair.

Ching Ming is a festival of the ancestors. On that day, fine foods are taken to the ancestral graves, and incense and paper money are burned in the temples. In the evening, tiny lanterns and tapers on the graves pin-point the darkness of the country night; and in the home a feast brings a family reunion.

It should be said that by far the greatest number of Chinese are Buddhists or Mohammedans, but the Confucian philosophy is deeply ingrained in all lives. The educated classes, however, are much influenced by the political philosophy of the Kuomintang, the leading political party, or the Chinese Communists, the next most important party, numerically, and these ideas have gradually permeated the thought of the masses of the people.

Other great festivals fall at the New Year, and in spring comes the Dragon Boat Festival with its gay processions and firework displays. Then come the more modern national days, the most important of which is the Double Tenth, the tenth day of the tenth month, which is the anniversary of the founding of the Chinese Republic.

Village Affairs

Then, of course, there are village affairs to be settled. Farmer Sun is much respected in the village, and is the chief village Elder or Headman of the Pao Chia, the Hundred Families. Under the most prevalent system of rural government in China, the Pao

THE CHINESE FARMER



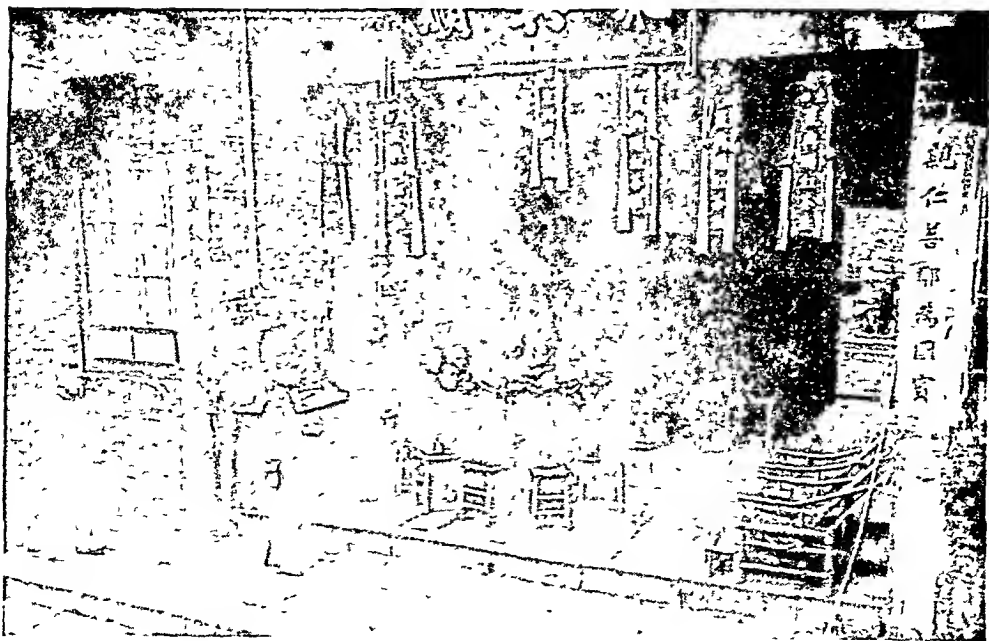
TYPICAL STREET SCEN

The man on the right of the picture carries his packages most efficiently by using both ends of a pole which he balances on his shoulder. He is also wearing the comfortable sandals much favoured by eastern people. They are kept on the feet by a thong.



AT CHANGSHA

which passes between his great toe and the next. It will be seen that the houses are open to the street and the occupants thereof are bound to suffer great risk of disease from the open drains which so often flow down either side of the road



ACQUIRING "FACE"

Following tradition, the brick-tea maker and his employees eat their meal in full view of the passers-by, thus showing the prosperity of their establishment.

Chia is the unit of administration. The Pao is responsible for the good conduct of all its members and endeavours to settle its internal affairs as far as possible without reference to the local magistrate or mayor, who is appointed directly by the local Provincial Government, and is not therefore responsible to the people under him. That is, the Pao Chia system is basically autocratic and, indeed, was the system favoured by the despotic old Imperial Court.

The village affairs that have to be settled include the distribution of water from the irrigation canals, the mending of those roads for which the Pao is responsible, and the prompt collection of Government taxes. Beyond that, Sun and his fellow-farmers do not plan, although there is naturally much talk and discussion about those matters which are under the sole control of the local magistrate and for which he

answers only to the higher authorities of the Hsien or County.

Sometimes the magistrate is a worthy man, willing to listen to the voices of the farmers, and to hear and remedy their complaints; but sometimes he is appointed simply because he has political "pull" and is a protégé of the local rich gentry. Then, indeed, things go hard for the villagers.

If, however, the magistrate is a good and energetic administrator, he will see that arrangements are made for the local storing of grain against drought or flood; that the dykes and canals are kept in good repair; that the Government's Farmers' Bank advances cheap loans to the farmers to buy good fertilizer or farm stock or agricultural implements.

If he is a bad magistrate he will do none of these things. He will try to force his will on the co-operatives, and

in time of drought or flood, instead of being at the side of the farmers in their trouble, he will leave his post for the comfort and safety of the city.

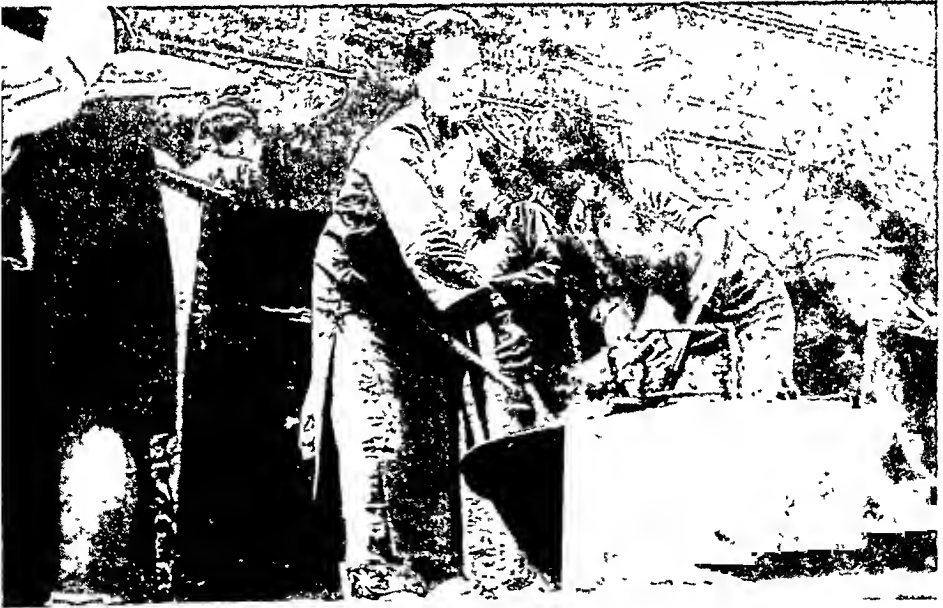
It is very difficult indeed for the farmers to inform the Government if they are dissatisfied with the local magistrate. The only way to achieve anything is to travel to the offices of officials who are higher than the magistrate himself, and convince them that one is not a trouble-maker, but a man of honour expressing the unanimous opinion of the people.

Civil administration in the rural areas of China has immensely improved since the days of the Emperor. The average official to-day is energetic and honest. Many of those in the higher and intermediate grades have been trained in Britain or America or in modern Chinese universities. But the supply of young administrators is still far too

limited for a country the size of China.

China covers an area greater than Europe. It very often happens, therefore, that appointments are given to "old school" administrators or place-seekers who have the ear of local bigwigs. This is all too often the case in the lowest grade of the Civil Service, among the men who have direct and daily contact with the farmers.

Another and even more pressing one is the land problem. Farmer Sun considers himself lucky that he has an acre of land on which to feed his family. But there will be more mouths to feed as his son's families increase in size. On his death, the land will either pass to the eldest son, or be divided between his sons and their families. In either case, it is clear that the time will come when some members of the family will have to leave the farm and seek a livelihood elsewhere. Some



IN THE KOREAN PENINSULA

Although Korean women occupy a very inferior position, this Buddhist devotee burns her incense in public. With a population of nearly 23 millions and an area of 85,000 square miles. Korea has been for centuries dominated by China

will have to go into the cities as factory or office employees. But the rate of industrialization and urban expansion in China is still by no means rapid enough to absorb the "surplus" rural population, and this leads to a great deal of unemployment both in the towns and in the country.

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Chinese Emigrants

Hundreds of thousands of Chinese farmers emigrate to find work. They go in their thousands to every part of China that is newly opened by roads and railways. The North-Eastern provinces (Manchuria) attract many emigrants. They also pour into the South Sea Islands—there are more Chinese than Malays in Malaya. Only emigration laws prevent them from pouring similarly into the Americas, Africa, Australia and the Soviet Union. The alternative is to travel as pioneers into the Chinese interior; but here most of the land is owned by local landlords or tribes, and there are few facilities for pioneers opening up virgin soil. And the pioneer has to have ready capital, which is precisely what the young "surplus" farmer hasn't got.

Another idea is to rent more land for the expanding family. But the rent of the land in these crowded plains of China ranges up to fifty and more per cent. of the annual produce from that land.

The rights of the Chinese landlord are extremely severe in regard to the tenant. Rents are so high and the general state of agriculture so poor, that the farmers are, for the most part, living precariously between outright starvation and bare sufficiency. In some areas the land has all but exhausted its fertility. In others, the irrigation works, which are so vitally important, have been reduced to a state of chaos, as a result of years of war and poor adminis-

tration. The slightest ill-luck will throw the farmers' whole economy out of gear. A series of deaths, a drought, a flood, a fire . . . and farmer Sun, like fifty per cent. of the other farmers of China, will be forced to go and borrow from the local usurer (who is probably the landlord himself and perhaps the magistrate) and he will be paying as much as eighty per cent. a year for his loan! "*Sooner enter a tiger's mouth than the door of a moneylender*", says a Chinese proverb.

In case of financial trouble, there is little relief in being hired as a labourer. The average agricultural labourer's wage is 36 silver dollars a year (just over two pounds five shillings). Women's wages are usually seventy per cent. of a man's, and children earn only twelve dollars a year or in some cases, as little as one dollar, fifty cents

Two Main Problems

Such are farmer Sun's two main problems in the political and economic spheres. They are serious indeed, and, multiplied 400,000,000 times, they are the problems of China. Farmer Sun and his like are the backbone of the country. They are the measure of the country's strength. Were it not for the people's innate cheerfulness of disposition, their philosophic spirit and grit, China might well be a gloomy land. On the contrary, the visitor to China will not find an atmosphere of gloom, but a spirit of great vitality and optimism abroad in the land. The people feel that a real beginning at any rate has been made to solving their problems. The Chinese have won a great measure of democratic freedom in many provinces, with immediately resultant improvements, but still most of the work remains to be done; and how it is done will determine the fate of China for many generations to come.



LUNCHTIME FOR THE RICKSHAW MAN

Rickshaws are used in Chinese cities as are taxis in European cities. The rickshaw man, with his "fare" up, can run with great speed between the shafts



JAPANESE FAMILY IN THEIR GARDEN

A beautiful garden, according to Japanese standards, should be a landscape in miniature and for centuries landscape gardening has been a Japanese fine art.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE

The old and the new world in Japan: extremes of weather: how the people live · their homes, clothes, food and occupations: language and newspapers: contrast of life in town and country. marriage and social customs · the year's religious ceremonies and flower festivals sport and religion

THE Empire of Japan spreads over more than four thousand islands, running almost north and south down the eastern shore of Asia. These islands look out across the Pacific Ocean, much as the British Isles look out across the Atlantic.

The British people have, for hundreds of years, used the seas round their islands as roads, taking them all over the world. Until less than a hundred years ago the Japanese people used the seas as a barrier, enclosing the people of Japan and shutting other people out. It meant death for any stranger who entered Japan; death for any Japanese who might leave his country, and return to it.

In 1853 an American naval officer, Commodore Perry, arrived off a Japanese port with a fleet of ships of war and demanded, in the name of the President of the United States, the opening of trade relations between the two countries. Then he sailed away, leaving the rulers of Japan six months in which to consider the question. When he came back he found those rulers prepared, if rather unwillingly, to sign their first treaty with a foreign state.

Thus were the people of Japan pulled suddenly out of the Middle Ages into the modern world. The discoveries and inventions, the social and political ideas, that have been brought gradually into the lives of western people, have been absorbed by the Japanese in a lifetime.

Life inside the barrier that shut in old Japan reached its own high level of

civilization, in art and architecture, in poetry and drama, in elaborate social and religious customs. Many, too many perhaps, of the things that upheld the old standards were scrapped when Japan "went modern", and adopted the outward forms of western civilization, without understanding the spiritual and political foundations from which this civilization had grown.

Though the Japanese Islands are a good deal further south than the British Isles, the Japanese climate is one of great extremes.

In summer it can be so hot that railway porters carry fans—and use them! In winter it is so cold that tradesmen's boys, going their rounds on bicycles, put rabbit-wool muffs on their ears to keep them from being frost-bitten.

The summer is very wet; the winter is very dry. In the rainy season of June and July the whole air is heavy with moisture; mould can grow on a pair of shoes in a night. In winter, when the snow has fallen and the sun shines, a Japanese town can look like the scene of a fairy tale. Yet the wind round a street corner can cut like a knife.

The most dreaded winds in Japan, however, are not the cold ones. Japan lies in the area of typhoons. These great storms sweep across the country in their regular seasons, wrecking houses, cutting down trees like corn stalks, piling up the rivers in flood. Even greater disaster may follow an earthquake, with its almost invariable accompaniment of fire and tidal waves.



JAPANESE PEASANTS AT WORK

From the terraced tea plantations where the peasants in their colourful costumes and broad-brimmed hats are picking tea, can be seen a great expanse of flooded



ON A TEA PLANTATION

rice fields, looking like a vast patchwork quilt. Beyond in the background is a large town built on a broad river which flows at the foot of the mountain range.

A Japanese house is made of wood, and is a thing of beauty inside and out. The walls are made in sections and run in grooves, so that the outer ones can be pushed back, to let in air and sunshine, and those between rooms can be moved to make one large room.

House and Home

We can imagine an average Japanese husband and wife waking up in such a house. They are not able to look out of the windows, because these are made of very tough paper, through which light comes easily, but through which it is not possible to see. There are no beds or chairs in a Japanese house but the floors are covered with padded mats. No one walks in shoes on these mats. The husband puts on his wooden clogs at the door of his house when he goes out.

There can be few houses so poor that they have not a few flowers in the living room. In many houses there may be a picture, called a *hakemono*, on a strip of silk, hanging in the corner of the room.

The head of the house keeps his valuables in a strongly built warehouse called a *godown*, made of tiles and brick or crushed volcanic rock, which may be at some distance from his own house. This is to guard them from the constant peril of fire. These godowns are strong enough to withstand typhoons too.

There are few nights when the fire bell does not ring in some quarter of a Japanese town. Wood and paper houses burn with a terrifying rapidity.

A Japanese house can be bitterly cold. There is no fireplace and only the houses of the rich have any form of central heating. The usual way of achieving warmth is by means of a large pot of smouldering charcoal. Round this the family will cover.

Most of us know one sort of Japanese garment, the *kimono*; this is the main

garment for both men and women.

In the last thirty years, sports and games of other nations have become popular in Japan. It was obviously not easy to play tennis or golf, to ski or to skate, while wearing *kimono* and the wooden clogs called *geta* that are attached to the foot by a thong between the second and big toes. The average Japanese figure does not look its best in fitting "foreign style" clothes. Trousers and skirts soon lose their shape if their wearers habitually sit on the floor. Except for official occasions, for sports, and in certain schools and colleges, the national dress is still most often worn. Married women wear *kimonos* of a subdued colour. Only young girls wear any shade of mauve.

Hair done in the traditional Japanese style is stiffened with camellia oil, and the manner of its dressing will show whether the wearer is married or single.

Customs in Food

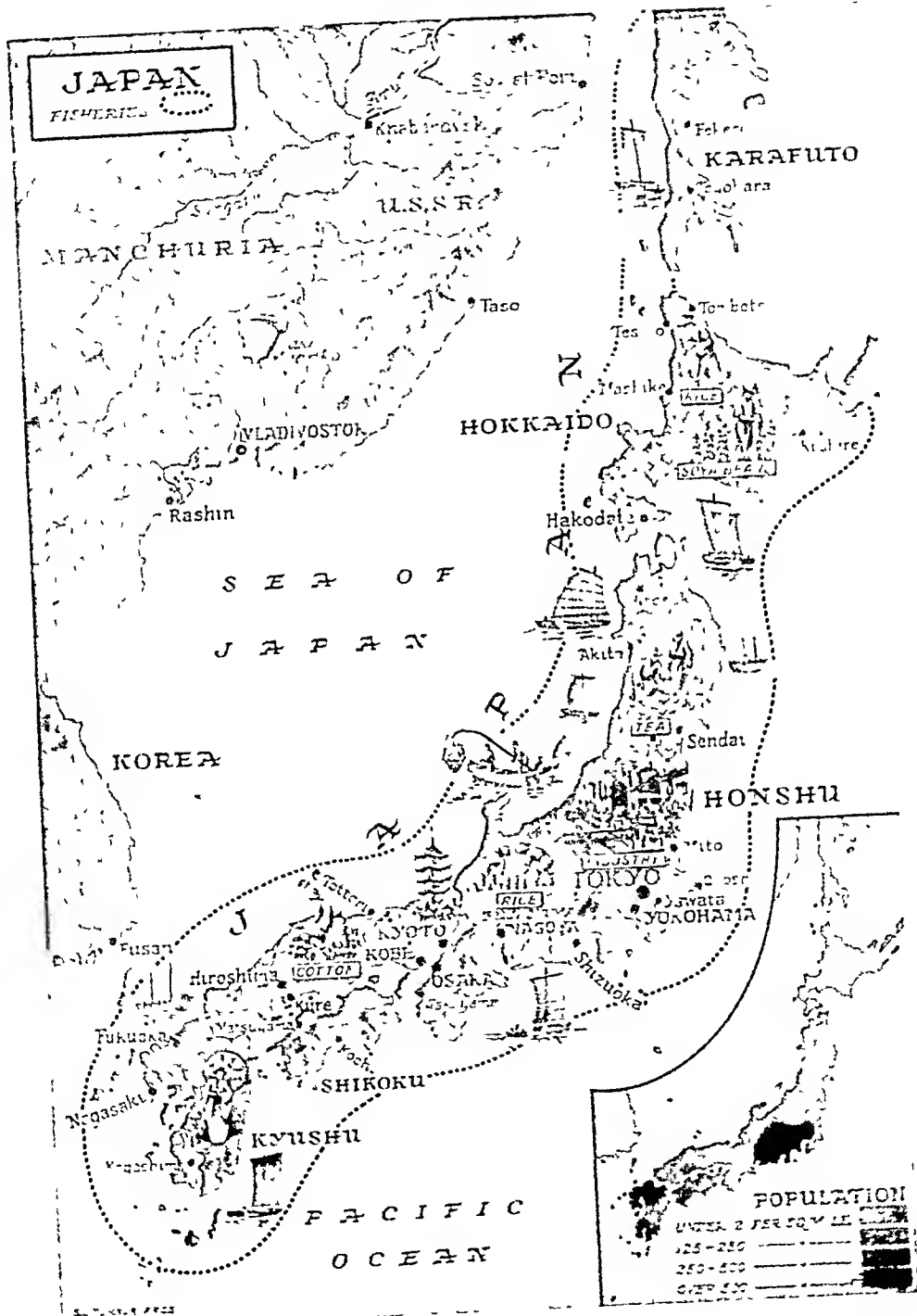
Japanese food seems strange to many people, for the Japanese eat meals at which nothing is really hot or really cold, nothing is sweet or salt; where there is no bread or milk, butter or cheese, where everything has to be picked out of a collection of bowls with chopsticks, and the main item is rice.

Sake, a spirit made from rice, is the national non-temperance drink. Beer, translated as *buru*, is very popular.

Tea drinking takes up much time in Japan. The tea is a pale straw-coloured liquid, drunk out of wide-mouthed cups. The idea of putting milk and sugar into tea would seem outrageous to a Japanese.

The coming of the tram lessened the demand for such man-drawn vehicles as the rickshaw and now the motor car carries about the business man of any social standing.

The sons and daughters of the house





ENTRANCE TO THE GODDESS OF MERCY TEMPLE, TOKYO

Shintoism is the official religion of the Japanese people. Ancient temples for the worship of the Gods and Goddesses are a feature of every big town and city.

go off to school in the morning. The hours they work would seem excessive to westerners. But the mere practice of reading is a far more difficult art for the Japanese child to master than it is for a child who has to learn an

alphabet of only twenty-six letters. The Japanese language, in its spoken form, is unlike any other, but the characters in which it is written are the same as those used by the Chinese. These written characters do not

represent sounds, as do the letters used in western languages. They are miniature pictures of the object described by the word. In the course of centuries these pictures have been simplified into a few strokes. But in many of them it is still possible, even for someone quite ignorant of the language, to make a right guess as to what a particular character means.

Japanese Handwriting

Handwriting is an art in Japan. It is done with a brush, not a pen. A single word, or a short phrase, written by a famous master, will often take the place of a picture in mural decoration. There are two simpler forms of writing called *katakana* and *hiragana* that to some extent take the place of the character writing for semi-educated people. The symbols in these represent the sounds of the words, as do the letters in English. In a popular newspaper it is usual to see a *hiragana* "translation" of the characters running down the sides of the columns of print, for readers of the humbler sort.

A Japanese book begins at what Europeans would call the end, at the right hand side of the page instead of the left hand side, and runs down the page instead of across it.

Japanese cities are very large. Tokyo is the third largest in the world, with a population of over six million. These cities cover a great deal of ground, and even now, when Japan has entered the ranks of the industrial nations, they keep the character of a collection of villages among gardens and avenues of trees. Those who build in a country subject to earthquakes do not want the houses too close together.

Away from the big towns Japan is an empty country, more than three-quarters of it being mountain and forest. Between the citizen of the big towns and

the peasant cultivator of the country there is a big difference. The one lives a life akin to that of the shopkeeper and office worker in England, so far as goes the pattern of his days and years. The other seems to belong to a different age.

Rice is the staple food of Japan and rice takes a lot of growing. The farmer and peasant must prepare their rice fields—which require to be flooded—plant the rice, transplant it, reap it, carry it, and thresh it, in what seems to be an unending cycle of toil.

In this the farmer is helped by all the members of his family, the mother with the latest baby tied between her shoulders, the old grandmother smiling up with the blackened teeth that are disappearing except among country folk.

After rice, fish is the most important item of Japanese diet. The sea is never far away in this land of islands. The blue-coated fisherman, tossing in his little boat, may be seen in innumerable colour prints by the great artists. He may be seen still, plying his ancient craft, all round the coasts of Japan.

Decline of Craftsmanship

When Japan first began competing in the industrial markets of the world the workers were largely drawn from the peasant classes. Conditions of work were exceedingly bad. Overcrowding increased the spread of disease, especially of tuberculosis, which is always a menace to the Japanese.

The coming of the machine has, inevitably, lowered the standard of craftsmanship which for centuries has been so high among the Japanese. The potter, the carpenter, the metal worker, the weaver, have been true artists. The lacquer worker would spend years in perfecting a particularly choice piece. Objects of beauty were heirlooms in a family, kept safely in the

godown and exhibited only to those who could appreciate them. Knowledge of a craft would pass from father to son for generations, particular crafts being practised in particular districts

Strength of Clan Feeling

Before Japan adopted modern methods the heads of the various clans were like little monarchs. This clan feeling is too strong to be broken by the mere following of the western custom of sending members to Parliament.

The idea of family unity, which embraces to some extent all members of a clan, has probably a considerable influence still on all branches of Japanese life. Parental authority is certainly strong.

Marriage, for example, which to westerners is chiefly the concern of the bride and bridegroom, is to the Japanese chiefly the concern of the family. The well brought-up Japanese girl would be shocked at the idea of settling such an important question on her own responsibility.

The arranging of a marriage is generally undertaken by a friend of the parents of the future bride or bridegroom. Such a friend is described by a Japanese word that means go-between or middleman. This middleman—who may also be a middlewoman—on hearing that a father is anxious to find a partner for his son or daughter, will look about among the suitable families of his acquaintance. He will make the necessary enquiries about money and other prospects, family health records, possible disreputable relations in the background.

After her marriage the bride is considered as belonging entirely to her husband's family. The white dress—white symbolizing mourning in Japan—which she wears for the marriage ceremony is a sign that as from that

day she is dead to her parents' home.

The Japanese year is marked by a series of festivals and holidays that are very important in the lives of the people. At New Year, which is the great season for visits and presents, every house in Japan, no matter how small or how poor, has its gateway decorated with fir trees, bamboo and a twist of rope, each of these things having its own message of good luck.

The carts and horses that deliver the first of the year's goods are hung with trappings. People wear new clothes and visit their relations. Children play a special game of battledore and shuttlecock with large ornamental battledores, which are favourite New Year presents.

Flower Festivals

The flower festivals begin in March, when the plum blossom appears, and people throng to see it in bloom.

The third of March—the third day of the third month—is a sort of general holiday for all little Japanese girls. Strangers call it the Dolls' Festival, for on that day are set out, on shelves specially built for the occasion, the little, beautifully dressed figures of Emperors and Empresses, and their courtiers, with their wonderful miniature furniture, china, carrying chairs and painted screens.

These are not toys. No little girl would dare to play with them as she might with an ordinary doll. They are family heirlooms passing from mother to daughter for generations. Each little girl hopes to have new dolls given to her at Dolls' Festival time.

The boys have their Festival in May—on the fifth day of the fifth month—when big paper or cotton fish, looking like the wind socks that fly from aerodromes, fly from the roofs of houses where there are sons. Dolls dressed as warriors are put out on this



FAMILY SIESTA

There are no beds in a Japanese house—the family sleep on the floor on padded mats. The walls run in grooves and can be pushed back to let in cool breezes.

day, complete with their armour and swords, their spears and shields. The vases are filled with irises. The flying fish are carp—fish that swim against the stream, telling the boy that he must struggle against adversity. The straight iris leaves are symbols of uprightness.

Blossom Time

Cherry blossom time is the greatest flower festival of the year. People spend whole days in parks and temple gardens, sitting under the clouds of rose pink blossoms, eating and drinking.

In July comes the Festival of the Dead, when the spirits of those who have gone are welcomed back, each to its own village, its own family shrine. Little offerings of food are set out in graveyards, and tiny, fragile boats, each with a cargo of food and a flickering light, are launched on lakes and rivers to carry the visiting spirits back to the Land of Souls.

Last of the year's flowers to be 'viewed with ceremony' is the chrysanthemum, often to the non-Japanese eye more curious than beautiful. It is the aim of the Japanese gardener to grow his chrysanthemum plants so that they look like something quite different—the figure of a Buddha, for example.

Pilgrimages are great occasions in Japan. There is hardly a mountain in this 'land of mountains' that has not its holy place. To this at the allotted time a band of white-robed pilgrims will make a special ascent.

Among the pilgrims there may be some who go with real feelings of devotion, but to the majority the pilgrimage is just an annual outing, in pleasant company with a minimum of trouble and expense. Pilgrims wear white *kimono*, looped high up their legs for convenience in walking, and large-brimmed straw hats. They carry straw mats as raincoats, slung across their

shoulders, and strong rough-cut wooden sticks to help them up the steep paths.

Most famous of the mountains that every Japanese hopes to ascend one day is Mount Fuji. Fuji's lovely shape has been more often reproduced than that of any other mountain in the world.

The returning-from-an-expedition present, for which the Japanese language has a special word, is almost an obligation in Japanese life. Not only the members of the traveller's family, but his servants and friends will expect an "honourable remembrance". Each place of pilgrimage, each holiday resort prides itself on its particular variety of gift—flower stands, lacquer or sweetmeats.

Present giving is a matter in Japan, far more of politeness than of good feeling. Not only at New Year, on the occasion of a wedding, or the return from a holiday, but on all manner of occasions it is almost an obligation for presents to be given or exchanged.

Method of Present-giving

The whole present-giving question is fraught with difficulties for the stranger in Japan. The money tip, for example, would be considered an insult if offered in a naked form. Little envelopes, decorated with pictures of birds or flowers, or of the white cone of Mount Fuji, are sold for the purpose of concealing a money gift.

Dwarf flowering trees are favourite presents but it is not thought to be in the best taste to give these or a bunch of cut flowers already in full bloom. The recipient of the gift should be allowed the experience of seeing the buds open.

The Japanese love of flowers is not limited to occasions of special festivity. The flower-seller's barrow is a familiar sight in every street, even in the poorest districts. The art of flower arrangement



TEA-TIME CEREMONY

Making and serving tea is an important social ceremony in Japan and customers are even offered tea while shopping. The tea is drunk "neat" without sugar or milk.

is one that every girl with any pretence to education is expected to learn. Big houses employ a "flower master" or "flower mistress" to come on certain days and make set flower pieces to stand under the hanging pictures in

the principal rooms. Exhibitions of flower arrangement are held, and prizes awarded, as for any other works of art.

The Japanese are a warlike people. The fighting man has always been looked upon as the flower of his race

Many Japanese national amusements are contests in skill or strength, originally meant to increase the powers of the fighting man, and still encouraged for the same purpose. Fencing is widely taught and wrestling is wildly popular. Of recent years the Japanese have learned to play what they would describe as "foreign style" games—such as golf, lawn tennis, football, baseball. They play these games well, and have learned to appreciate their own winter climate, skiing and skating having become very popular amusements with the younger Japanese.

Importance of Theatre

The theatre has always held a big place in Japanese life. The ancient *No* plays had their origin, like the old Mystery plays of Europe, and classical Greek drama, in religion. There is a chorus that recites the story of the play as it proceeds. The actors—there are no actresses in a *No*—wear masks.

Popular plays are, according to European standards, immensely long. An "interval for refreshment" is a necessary part of an entertainment that may last from the early afternoon till right into the night.

When Commodore Perry arrived with his ships of war and obliged Japan to open her doors to foreign intercourse, he let loose a new and dangerous force in international relations.

All might have been well, and the Japanese might have turned their quickly acquired knowledge of modern resources and inventions to good account, if it had not been for the influence of the military party, but the Army leaders went to Germany to learn the ways of modern warfare and there imbibed also the German view of the value of the mailed fist in dealing with other nations.

In the fifty years since 1894 Japan has

fought four major wars—against China in 1894-5; against Russia in 1904-5; against Germany in 1914-18; against the United Nations in 1941-5. This last open war was preceded by a long series of encroachments on helpless China.

These wars and "peaceful penetrations" brought to Japan much additional territory, including the big island of Formosa, the ancient kingdom of Korea, islands in the South Seas and the virtual possession of Manchuria.

Her treacherous attack on the American Fleet at Pearl Harbour in 1941 and the fact that Great Britain was locked in a life and death struggle with Germany and Germany's European allies, gave to Japan a great initial advantage. In a few months she had overrun part of the British and American possessions in the Pacific, and was halted only when she was at the very gates of Australia.

She carried out her "Victory parade" with all the frightfulness that her German models had told her was suitable in modern warfare.

But when Italy was defeated, the German fleet on the defensive, the German armies withdrawing on all fronts, the doom of Japan was sealed.

Retribution Follows

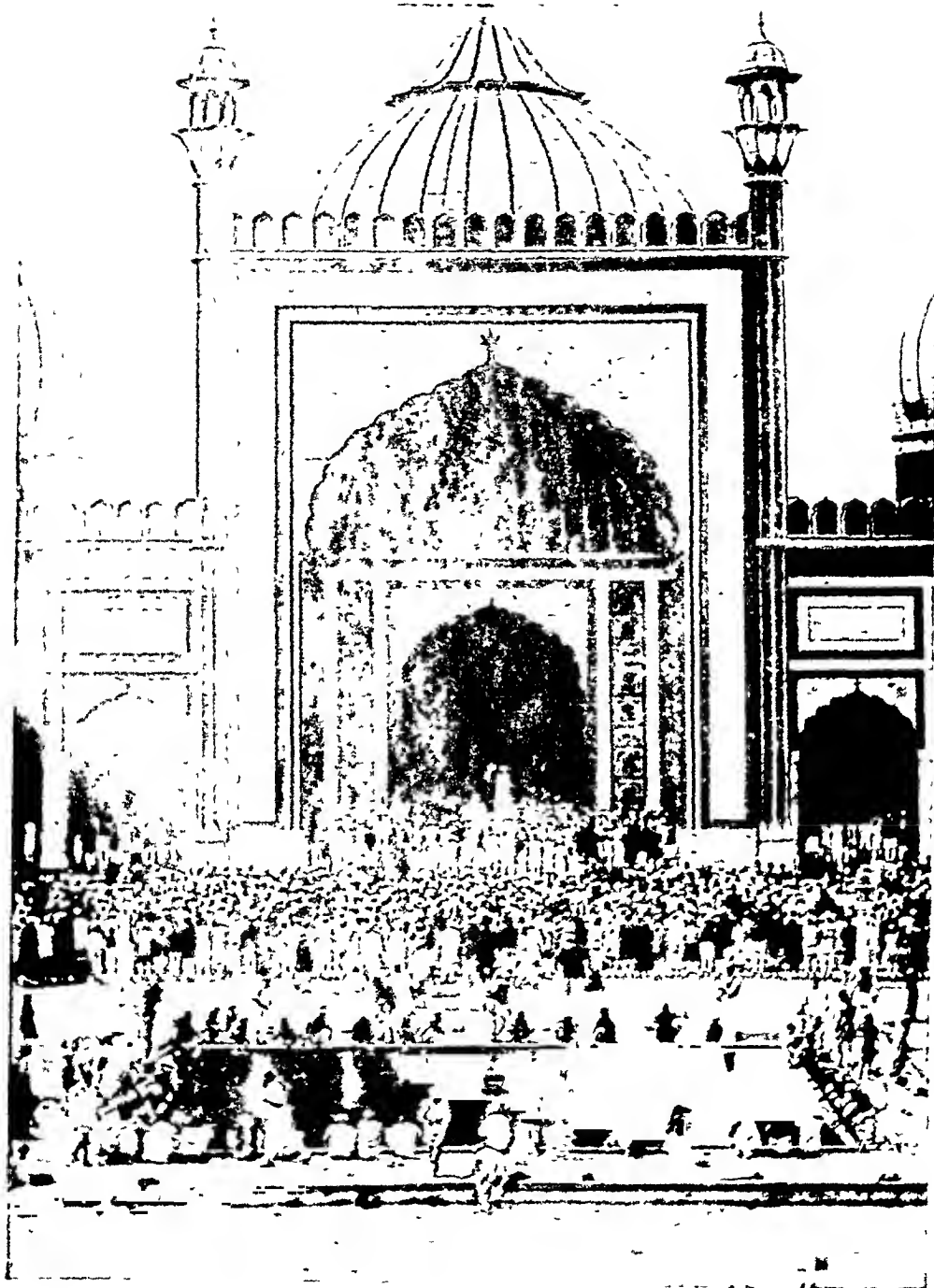
One by one the Japanese Pacific outposts were retaken. The avenging ring of the two great navies drew closer and closer to the group of islands that makes up the real Japan, the allied bombers made havoc of Japan's manufacturing cities.

In the month of September, 1945, the Japanese nation was forced to make an unconditional surrender. She had to sign terms of peace which were dictated by the Allies, to accept the occupation of her home islands by a foreign army, and the cutting off of all her conquests of the past fifty years.



CONTEST IN SKILL

Wrestling is one of the most popular national amusements and a championship attracts great crowds. Ju jitsu wrestling has spread from Japan all over the world.



COURTYARD OF GREAT MOSQUE AT DELHI

This is one of the largest Mohammedan buildings in the world, but even so worshippers overflow into the marble and granite courtyard. Its domes are of white marble.

INDIA'S TEEMING MILLIONS

Origin of India's complex social code - the "Untouchables": daily life in the cities: village life: the crippling laws of land inheritance: ancient crafts. the immense size and variety of India: Hinduism: education of women: the country's rapid awakening. British India and the Native States.

THE life of the teeming millions of India is governed by the most complex social code known to the modern world.

The origin of this code—the famous caste system—may be traced back to the original Aryan conquest of India about 2000 B.C. The aborigines and the then governing race of Dravidians were absorbed into an Aryan society which perpetuated its conquest in the social order. Warriors and priests were separated from the bulk of the rest of the people and formed distinct classes, the Brahmin priesthood imposing on society an elaborate sacrificial ritual.

Subsequent attempts to alter this system or to unify the country had only partial success. The Muslim conquerors of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were unable to impose conformity to the religious principles of Islam. The replacement of the decadent Mogul empire by British power was marked by a tolerance of the existing social conditions in India.

The Brahmin wields his power upon the daily actions of Hindus of all classes, especially those of the lower castes. In social and religious matters, he is paid ungrudging deference by the rank and file of Hindus. And centuries of ruling power have equipped the Brahmins better than others to play leading rôles in public life.

The Kshatriyas, second in rank to the Brahmins, were originally the war lords and large landowners.

The Vaisyas or third rank were

mainly cattle breeders, traders and land cultivators. A lower rank was added, whose ancestry excluded them from the ruling classes, and whose descendants, the Sudras, to-day are the servants of the superior classes.

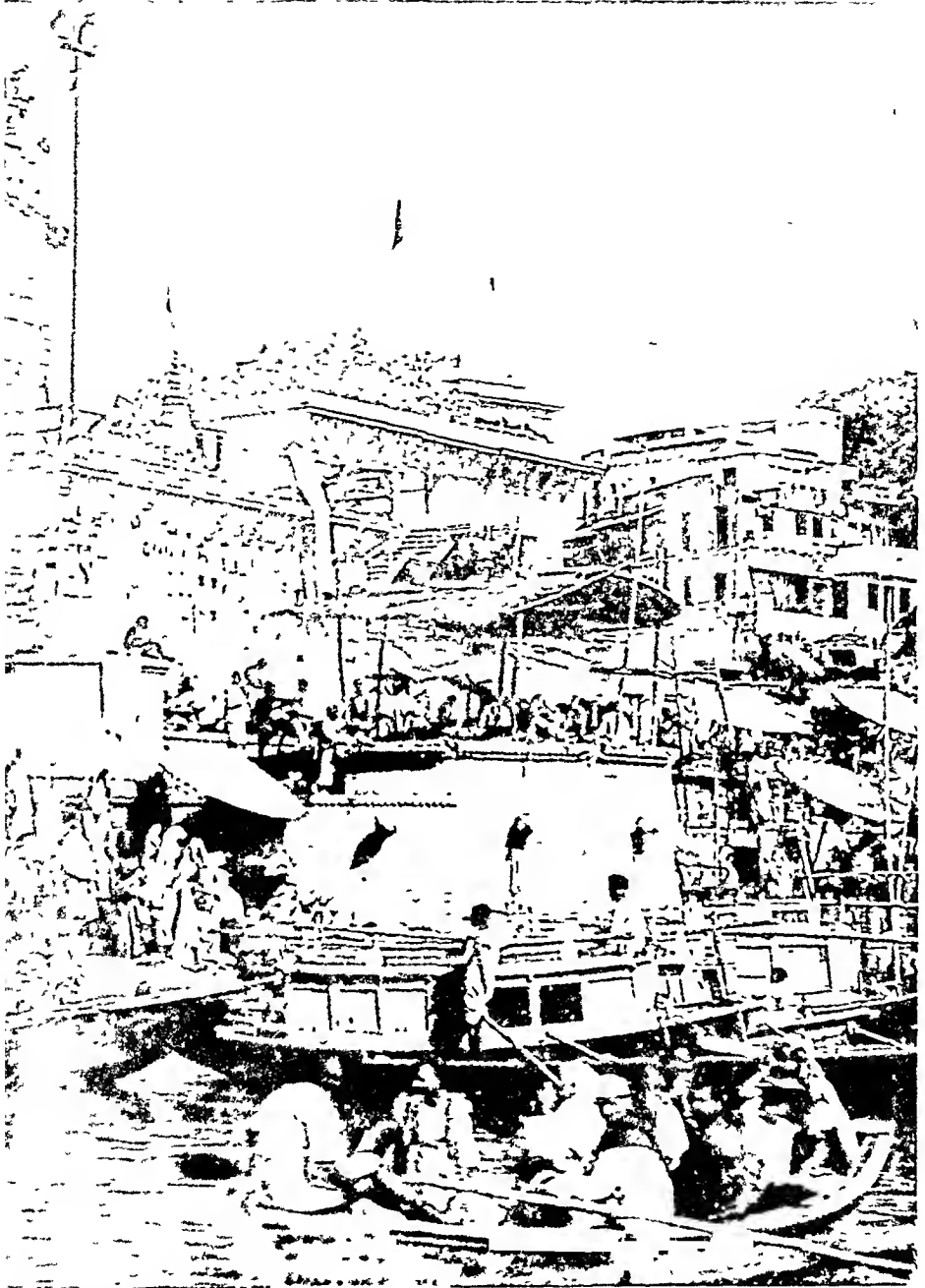
The depressed classes, or "Untouchables" have yet to be considered, and one explanation of their origin is as follows: there was always a non-Aryan element in ancient India and this element was drawn from the primitive tribes. A social stigma rested on them because of their race, and when they followed menial occupations, such as scavenger, executioner, potter, etc., this stigma was intensified. Their touch was considered pollution. Caste rules are being slightly relaxed so that the social conventions which support untouchability are disappearing. In some areas "Untouchables" are still forbidden free use of the roads and their children are occasionally not admitted to schools. They are forbidden to use Hindu temples or to draw water from wells used by higher castes, but Gandhi's vigorous campaign against untouchability is yielding results and their grievances are being remedied.

India is a land of a bewildering variety of religions. Out of every 100 persons, 22 are Muslims and 68 Hindus. Besides these two principal religions, there are also Buddhists, Christians, Sikhs, Jains, Animists and Parsees. Most of these religions exercise a strongly marked effect on the lives of all their many followers.



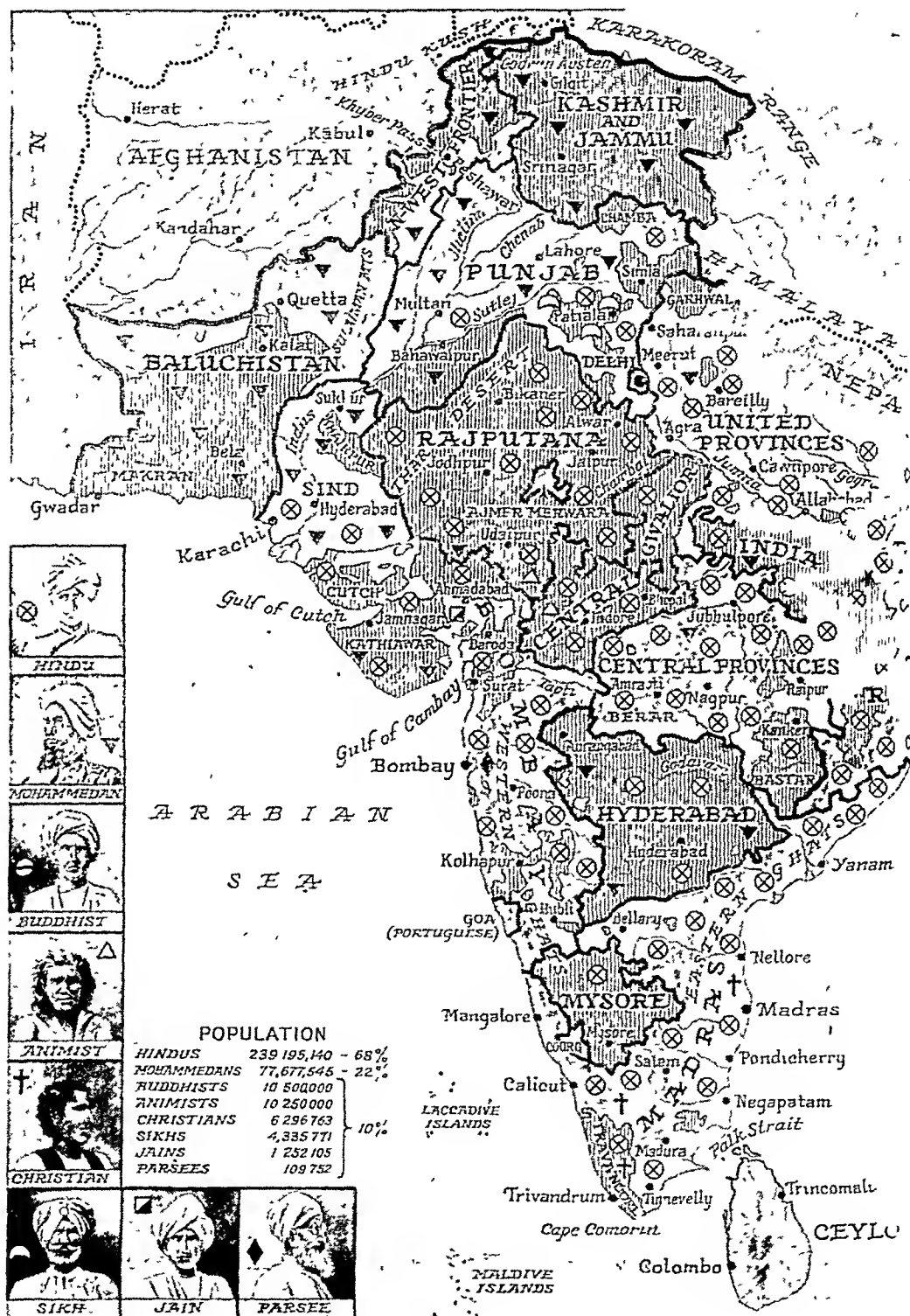
SACRED RIVER GANGES—

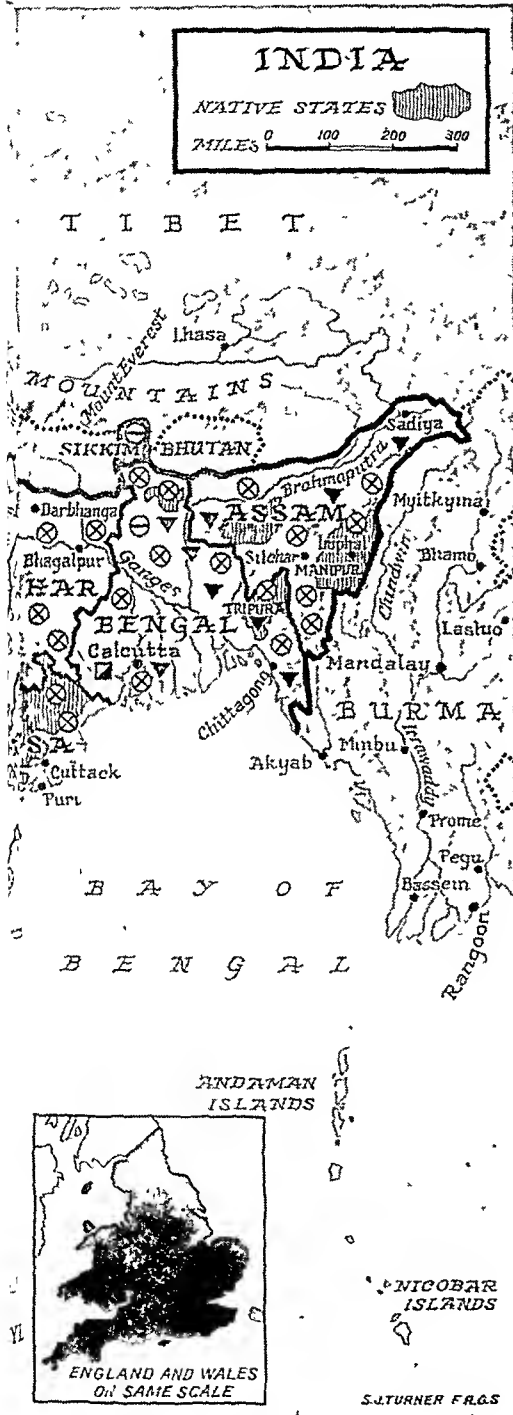
The ardent wish of every devout Hindu is to die on the banks of this holy river, to have his body burned on one of the terraced burning-ghats shown on the left, and



"THRICE BLESSED OF THE GODS"

his ashes cast into the water. The Ganges always presents a picture of vivid animation as the people bathe or pass down the river in their small boats.





Let us see how all this works out in the ordinary daily life in town and village

Shirin is a Muslim girl who lives in Bombay, one of the most colourful of Indian cities, full of variety and contrast. Her father is a merchant and fairly well-to-do, so Shirin, her mother Shameem, and her brothers Ali and Abdul, live comfortably in a modern block of flats.

They have five servants, the chief one being the "boy" or butler, who waits at table, supervises the other servants, and acts as valet to Shirin's father, Hussein. Then there are the cook and the car driver, as well as the *hamal*, a man who does all the work of the flat except for cleaning the lavatories and bathrooms. This latter work is done by a sweeper, and Shirin's family share his services with the occupants of several other flats. As Ali and Abdul are quite small, an *ayah* or nurse looks after them and she also does some sewing for Shirin and her mother. The wages of all these servants are not very high—the average salary of a butler is Rs. 30 (£2.5 0) per month, that of a *hamal* Rs. 18 (£1 7.0), and the *ayah* receives Rs. 25 (£1 17 6). Although the servants are both Hindu and Muslim, they work together happily, though they do not eat together.

It is estimated that 97 Indian women out of 100 cannot read or write, but Shameem, who is an enlightened Indian woman, gave Shirin a good education at a local co-educational school, and encouraged her to study medicine. Forty per cent of Indian women earn their own livelihood, mostly by menial labour, but a few are professional women.

Shameem and Hussein are a happily married couple. The dominating influence in the Indian home has always been that of the woman, and Hussein

respects Shameem's ideas and wishes, never condemning her to wear the *burqa*, a garment that covers the Muslim woman from head to foot, apart from a latticed window before the eyes. Indeed, such a garment is not seen very often in Bombay, though it is common in the north.

Hussein is allowed by Islamic law to have four wives if he chooses, but in common with most other Muslims, he favours monogamy. His Hindu counterpart may also have more than one wife, but for social and economic reasons, few practise polygamy.

Indian Dress

Shirin goes daily to the University and as she does so, never fails to notice the great variety of the city in which she lives. There are wide spacious streets and dirty alleyways, modern European stores flanked by shabby little shops opening on to the pavement. There are swarms of half-naked children, already experienced beggars, and many street hawkers sitting on the pavements, so that pedestrians have to forsake the footpath and walk in the road, much to the annoyance of the drivers of cars, bullock carts, gharries (a kind of hansom cab), buses and trams.

The people are dressed in various ways and it is possible to tell from their dress what is their religion. The Parsees, for instance, wear starched black alpaca hats of a peculiar shape. These people are Zoroastrians and worship the sacred fire. Originally, the Parsees came from Persia in the eighth century and most of the 100,000 members of their community are settled in Bombay, playing an important part in Indian life because of their commercial skill. Then there are the Hindus, who wind their turbans slightly differently from the Muslims, and who usually wear a *dhoti*—a piece of cloth four to five

yards long which covers the man from the waist downwards. The Muslim usually wears a fez, a cone-like cap with a tassel.

Few Indian women wear European clothes, preferring the *sari*, which has been described as the most graceful feminine garment in the world. It is not so easy for a European woman to wear, as Indian women are naturally more graceful than their western sisters—even a peasant woman carrying three or four filled water jars on her head has a grace and beauty of figure hard to rival. It is necessary to wear a waisted petticoat beneath the *sari*, as one end of its five to nine yards is tucked firmly into the waistband of the petticoat. The *sari* is then wrapped around, the other end being taken over the shoulder and sometimes covering the head. The cost of this garment may vary from the few annas paid by the coolie woman to the expensive jewel-studded creation costing several thousands of rupees which may be worn by a sophisticated Indian society girl at an important social function.

Entertainment

Shirin herself is wearing a lovely blue *sari* with a gold border and it makes a perfect setting for her dark beauty. As she goes through the city she notices that a new Indian film starring the well-known actress, Devika Rani, is coming shortly to Bombay, and she makes a mental note that she must persuade her family to go with her to see it. Indian films are long, averaging about 3½ hours, and they are often so popular that one may run for months. Shirin notices, too, that a political meeting is to take place on the *maidan* (open space) that evening and knows that her father will be anxious to attend. Shirin will be taking part in a tennis tournament this afternoon and



INDIAN OFFICE SCENE

Sitting cross-legged on the floor, for he finds such a position most comfortable, this man attends to his books. His business is run as efficiently as any western concern



INDIAN MOTHER AND CHILD

She usually carries her child on her hip, a habit which sometimes causes the infant to grow bow-legged. Here is a typical working class mother with her little girl.

IN CENTRAL INDIA

Teams of oxen draw the carts through the market place of this central Indian city, where trees shade the stalls from the blazing summer sun

looks forward eagerly to this test of her skill.

At home in their flat, which is situated on Malabar Hill and has a magnificent view over the sea, Shameem is listening to her *hamal's* request to be allowed leave in order to visit his "native place" for his marriage.

He promises that he will be back soon after the colourful Hindu festival of Divali, the festival of lights, when houses and shops are decorated with electric or oil lamps, which shine like brilliant starlight when darkness falls.

The Muslim festival which equals it in importance is the Id, which marks the end of Ramazan (the month of fasting), when Muslims congregate on the *maidans* or in their mosques for prayers, which are accompanied by prostrations of the body. Beggars receive food and the day is spent in rejoicing and merriment, the Muslims wearing new and brightly coloured clothes, perfuming themselves and applying antimony to the eyes.

Peasants Drift to Towns

Shameem grants the *hamal's* request to go home, which is one that most servants make from time to time. Her *hamal* originally came from a little village about 50 miles from Bombay but instead of finding work in a mill, he chose domestic service. With the growth of industrial life, the drift of villagers to the cities is increasing, leading to overcrowding and disease. Many mill workers live in tenements (called chawls) which by their structure deprive the inhabitants of sunshine and air, and one room, measuring 10 to 12 feet



square, in a chawl may be shared by two or more families, each family consisting of about five persons who have only one meal daily. So it is not surprising that villagers coming to the city deteriorate physically and mentally, a large percentage suffering from malaria and tuberculosis. The rent for a share of a room is about 2/- a month



and as the average wage of a millworker is Rs. 25 (£1 17.6) a month, his wife often has to do casual coolie work—casual because there are small children to be cared for

On the other hand, Indian village life is not at all easy. Ninety out of every hundred people in India live in villages and most of them are small

cultivators, called *ryots*, who till their own allotments themselves or who are landless labourers. The most prosperous villages are to be found in the Punjab, which is a better irrigated area than Bombay, for instance, though it may be said that the monsoon is heavier in Bombay. That is true, of course, but the monsoon is always an uncertain



WASHING DAY IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE

Clothes are made white by thrashing them against huge stones on the water's edge, the inmates of Gandhi's ashram (a communal centre where his followers foregather from time to time) are shown in this picture washing their linen in the river.

factor. This utter dependence on the rainfall is something peculiar to India and it dominates the people's lives in a way that inhabitants of other countries find difficult to understand. In the old days, a scanty monsoon could cause incredible hardship and even famine, but now with improved communications and better transport, such ghastly catastrophes are more infrequent. The village is no longer a self-contained economic unit and the peasant can now take a bus and see more of his own country, instead of limiting his expeditions to a visit to the next town on market days as he used to do. Thus he hears more outside news and comes back to tell his friends and family about

it. If his village has a loud speaker, as a few villages have, he can learn quite a lot of things, apart from the news; the present drive to eliminate illiteracy in India depends a great deal on broadcasting.

The peasant farmer or *ryot*, whether Hindu or Muslim, is hard working enough, but the pity is that such patient labour should yield such poor results. The farmers may work hard, but because of centuries of training that a man must do things as his father did them, the peasants are prejudiced against new methods; even if they were to sink their native prejudices, they are too poor to buy modern implements, and must therefore struggle on in the



BENGAL VILLAGE

The villagers roof their huts with dried leaves of coconut palms. The dwellings are primitive but the village is tidy and often economically self-contained.

old primitive way, scraping the surface of the earth with a small wooden plough, hand-sowing the grain, and threshing it at harvest time in the old wasteful way, under the trampling feet of bullocks

The soil, too, is ill nourished, for it is difficult to persuade the Hindu to use cow dung for the fertilization of his fields, when he requires it for fuel, and as a disinfectant to smear on his hut floor. But the impoverished land is not solely responsible for the poverty of the peasant cultivator. The breaking up of land, and stubborn adherence to ancient laws of inheritance eventually make a man's holding so small that it is impossible for him to make any profit from it. More than that, the majority of small farmers are so much

in debt that they cannot hope to free themselves in a lifetime.

The peasant is practically always in the clutches of the moneylender, there are constantly times when he must borrow money, perhaps for seeds for crops or on such festive occasions as a marriage. The compound interest demanded on borrowed money, both in agricultural and industrial centres is appallingly high, varying from 35 to 75 per cent, and although the co-operative movement is slowly gaining a foothold in India, it is still unable to rescue the villager from the clutches of the usurer, who is sometimes a shop-keeper in the village as well.

Every village has its own washerman and carpenter, and other crafts which have been practised in India for



SACRED COW IN BOMBAY

Cows are held to be sacred by Hindus, so when one wanders into a shop and helps itself, a blind eye must be turned. Pitifully underfed, this animal is typical of most of the cows in India; their owners are usually too poor to feed them well, yet unable to destroy surplus animals as it is against the tenets of their faith.

centuries still manage to exist there, in spite of competition from machine-made goods. Carpets, woodwork, baskets, pottery and shoes are all made by craftsmen in the villages, but the most wonderful of all is the work done on various metals—brass, copper, silver and gold. The villager's dress is made of coarse cloth, for the spinning of yarn and the weaving of cloth on the handloom are the most popular of all Indian village handicrafts.

Across India

To this kind of village Rama, Shameem's *hamal*, belongs. That evening he goes to one of the big railway termini in Bombay and buys a third class ticket to his native village. He looks forward eagerly to seeing his own people again, to sitting round the village well, smoking *bidis* and chatting, or else listening to the village school-master reading out the news from a vernacular newspaper. He forgets for a moment the abject poverty, the starvation and filth around. Rama sits cross-legged in the Indian manner and chats happily in Hindustani with the man nearest to him. The station is crowded and coolies with their bright scarlet turbans hurry hither and thither carrying enormous trunks.

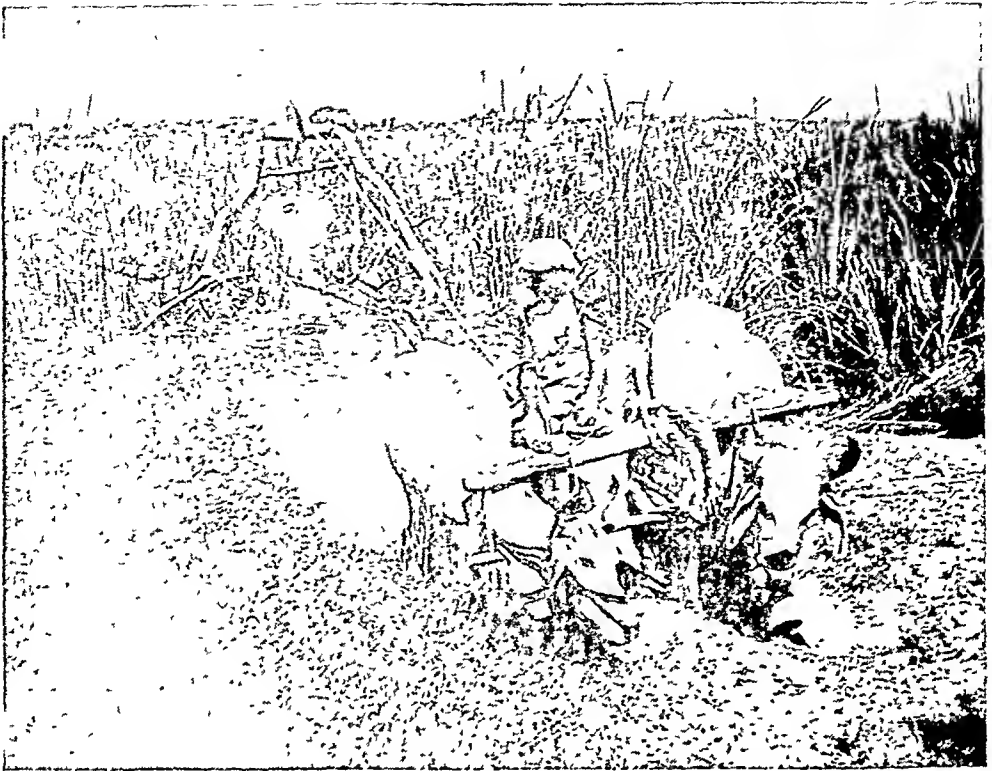
Hussein is at the station, too, seeing off a friend on a much longer journey than Rama's, but his friend is a wealthy merchant and he travels by the air-conditioned first class coach which is attached to the same train. Hussein has a vivid imagination which has not yet been successfully smothered by the long hours he spends in commerce, and as the train draws away from the platform, he thinks of the different climates and peoples it will meet as it travels through parched plain, kindly valleys, clear cold mountain slopes, right across the rich country of his birth.

For the huge country of India—it extends 2,000 miles east to west and 2,000 miles north to south—is rich in natural resources, commanding huge quantities of iron ore, so much so that at the outbreak of the Second World War, India ranked next to the United Kingdom as a producer of iron and steel. Nature has also been kind in other ways, providing the country with shelter and protection in the shape of the Himalaya range of mountains in the north, and the oceans on the east, south and west. Such an enormous country must necessarily have tremendous variety of climate, from the blazing heat of the plains—Jacobabad in Sind touching 125° in the shade—to the Arctic cold of the Himalayan region, and yet, thanks to the Himalayas, India's climate is so pleasant that it can be delightful in all parts of the country for some months of the year.

The wide variety in India's physical features is repeated in the Indians themselves—they can be tall or short, quite fair-skinned or very dark. India's present population is over 400 millions, and perhaps nowhere in the world can such a variety of human types be found. By journeying across India by rail (places as far apart as Bombay and Delhi, Lahore and Karachi, are linked directly by train) it is easy to realize that the people of the south are different in their mental and physical make-up from those of the north.

Hinduism

The Hindus are the largest religious body. Hinduism is less a creed than a way of life, and the Hindu's Supreme Being is approachable through many gods. It is impossible to divorce social practice of any kind from religious considerations, as the Hindu sees divine implications in everything that touches his life. Nothing can happen which is



PRIMITIVE IRRIGATION

This peaceful scene is common in India, where much has still to be done to improve irrigation. The peasant is watering his land in the way his forefathers did for centuries; he is dependent on the monsoon, the failure of which can cause utter ruin

not covered or governed by one rule or another of his highly complicated mythology, and this condition of mind affects his progress in ways that are bewildering and paradoxical

As the follower of Hinduism believes in rebirth, he also believes that the physical form he assumes is dependent on the way he lived his previous lives. If he continues to improve, he will achieve such perfection that he no longer needs to return to earth but will be absorbed into the Supreme Being, attaining nirvana. Hindu religion enjoins its followers to follow a strictly vegetarian diet, but the meat-eating habit is growing, though beef is never eaten. At one time, it was thought to

be contrary to the Hindu religion for its followers to leave India, but now many Hindus travel widely. The Hindu dead are generally cremated.

A few years ago, the Hindu woman was regarded of value only in as much as she was the potential mother of sons. As such, she was a costly possession. Since, in families of high caste, ostentatious display is a social obligation, the marriage ceremony of a daughter is a brilliant occasion. Her dowry is large; she has a trousseau which includes jewels, clothing and household furnishings; her father spends money lavishly on the ceremony itself, entertaining Brahmins, the bridegroom's relatives and other guests over a period of several

days; more often than not, expenditure on this scale involves the bride's father in financial difficulties which will not right themselves for many years. Efforts are being made, however, to secure for women the opportunities offered only to men and the striving for domestic independence is already noticeable. When the young Hindu marries, he usually takes his bride to live with his parents, his unmarried brothers and sisters, and the wives and families of his married brothers, this age-old institution being known as the Hindu joint (or undivided) family. The more emancipated young Hindu woman,

however, manages occasionally to have her own home and household which, though it may seem the normal thing to do in the west, is an enormous overthrowing of tradition in India.

Marriages between people of different religions do occur, but very rarely, and cause horror and distress to relatives of the parties concerned.

The women of India have a great task before them, and as the number of educated women grows, the task will be tackled more and more vigorously. It is estimated that there are five literate men to one literate woman, yet already the educated woman is carrying on



STEELWORKERS AT JAMSHEDPUR IRON WORKS

Although India, despite her wealth of natural resources, is not so highly industrialized as some countries, her people are quick learners and the Indian labourers shown here at one of the country's most important iron works, are skilled workers.



KHYBER PASS

Through this narrow defile, historically one of the most important passes in the world, wind the merchants' caravans from Afghanistan to the plains of India. This pass is less used to-day than in the past, as travellers can now use the railway.

In the primary and secondary stages of schooling, instruction in the regional language is given, and the Osmania University, which is situated in Hyderabad State and was not founded until 1918, imparts instruction through Urdu, with English as a compulsory second language. Hyderabad State is one of the most interesting examples of the modernized Indian State. The Nizam of Hyderabad is a Muslim and represents the Mogul Empire, while the majority of his subjects are Hindus. Like the Maharajah of Mysore, he has made his capital into a model of efficiency, with fine administrative buildings, handsome shops, wide, clean thoroughfares, electricity and other modern amenities.

A street in a Native State in India is a thrilling and colourful sight. Turbaned men with flowing beards and armed with flashing scimitars may be seen striding majestically along the principal thoroughfares; others may ride haughtily on horseback, their servants running at the stirrup; closely veiled *purdah* women in brilliant robes, with jingling bracelets on arms and ankles, walk gracefully through the tortuous streets of the shopping centres where trade is carried on in the open. Outside one of the stores may be seen an expert craftsman, using the primitive tools of centuries, yet turning out exquisite articles, while camels with a supercilious air, and elephants, richly caparisoned, slowly but deliberately push their way through the jostling crowds.

Variety of India

Officially, there are two Indias, one of the States, another of British India. But actually there are hundreds of Indias within the framework of the one country. Nowhere is this more evident than in the streaming life of the great highways that link India.

Purdah ladies and brides may ride in streamlined cars with specially thickened windows, instead of gaily painted and curtained bullock wagons or tinselled litters; huge lorries and petrol driven vehicles and bicycles set the quicker pace at which all India is learning to move; yet men still ride the highways on horseback as only those of the North-West Frontier can ride, for their physique is superb.

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Highway Pageant

Along the road walks a muscular Sikh from the Punjab, his silky beard parted and twisted in a roll over his ears, his long hair coiled under an intricately wound turban, sometimes containing eight yards of material, an astute Afghan moneylender strides along with his staff, wearing baggy trousers; a dignified Jain intellectual, his sacred cord signifying his adherence to the Hindu faith, treading carefully to avoid crushing small insect life under his feet, on his way to a Jain temple in Benares; pilgrims going to bathe in the sacred Ganges, to seek favours from the gods for their children who accompany them; a *baboo* from Bengal, adroit, smart man of business, as European as possible in his attire; and always the travelling ascetics, the Buddhist monks in saffron robes, Hindu and Mohammedan Fakirs, and Hindu Sadhus with ash-smearred bodies and dung-reddened eyes, stream along the road on their never-ending pilgrimage, hungry for food and alms, which the attendant disciple receives in his begging bowl. There is no question of charity on the part of him who gives, on the contrary he is the debtor; for according to the tenets of his faith, he receives a priceless boon, since only by priestly generosity and intervention with the gods on his behalf can he obtain a passport to the higher life.



PALM-COVERED BULLOCK CARTS

The Singalese wend their way through a street in this lovely island and holiday resort off the south-east coast of India. Its principal products are rubber and tea, and on its east coast is Trincomalee, one of the finest natural harbours in the world.



VOTIVE OFFERINGS

At festival times the Burmese visit the Pagodas to make offerings at the various shrines. The women's gay clothes vie with the flowers to make the scene colourful

IN BURMA AND MALAYA

Burmese village life: influx of Indians and Chinese into Birma. the teak worker, his job, his home, his pleasures: Malayan peasants' love of ease immigration of hard-working peasants from China and Eastern India: the industrious Tamil and his life on the rubber plantations of Malaya

BURMA is a difficult country to enter, except by way of the sea, for it is separated from its neighbours Bengal, Assam and China, by mountain ranges mostly covered with impenetrable jungle. For this reason, the inhabitants of the country were safe from invasion for many centuries; only inside Burma did peoples seek to conquer peoples (the men from the bleak hills coming down to attack those in the warm fertile plains) until the Burmans of the plains finally prevailed over the Tibeto-Burmans, the Mon-Khmers, and the Shans, and gave their civilization to the country.

Inland communications in Burma are far from satisfactory and there are scarcely half-a-dozen really large towns, Rangoon with its large shops, broad streets, docks and factories, being the foremost. Only ten per cent of the population live in the towns, the Burman of to-day being primarily interested in agriculture.

Burmese villages, with their wooden houses thatched with grass or with leaves, are extremely picturesque, and the people are clean and neat in their homes, dress and appearance. Their staple food is rice, steamed or boiled, and fish.

They are a naturally religious people and Burma, for its size, has more religious monuments than any other country in the world. Every village has its monastery which conducts a boys' school, and there are also government schools, ranging from kindergartens to

colleges and the University of Burma.

Marriage is not the "arranged" affair it is in many of the eastern countries. The Burmese girl is free to choose her own husband and is usually married at the end of her 'teens. The ceremony is very simple; the young couple join hands, say they intend to live together as man and wife, and eat rice together. The husband is then expected to work for a time for his wife's family before setting up a home of his own.

Rice, tobacco, cotton, peanuts and beans are the main crops of Burma and of these rice is the most important and the country's chief export. Of other valuable products, rubber, oil, and teak are the most valuable, Burmese teak, in fact, being possibly the most durable timber in the world.

The greater part of Burma is covered with forest and teak trees are to be found scattered amongst scores of other kinds of trees, from Myitkyina in the north to Amheist district in the south. Tens of thousands of mature teak trees are felled every year, cut into logs and transported to the timber mills in Rangoon and Moulmein.

A number of different peoples earn their living in these timber operations—and indeed in most Burmese industries, where Indians amongst many others are employed in their thousands in the rice fields, in shipping and cotton factories. Of these varied peoples, the most efficient in the timber trade are the Sgaw Karen, people of the hills and forests, breeders from times immemorial

of domestic elephants, which drag the logs from stump to stream. But outside Karen country, the people who supply the greatest number of teak workers are the Burmans.

Moung Ho Din—the Teak Worker

Dweller of the plains, and Buddhist by religion, the Burman does not usually move far from his bamboo-housed village, which nestles amongst shady fruit trees, and is situated near to his rice fields. But teak grows in the depths of the jungles, and the Burman seeking employment in a timber camp packs up his belongings, takes his wife and children, his dog and cat, and migrates into the forest.

He may be a tree feller or an elephant rider, but in either case he must first build the bamboo hut in which he and his family will live. This takes a surprisingly short time, and when it is finished he is ready to go to work.

In the meantime other Burmans have felled the trees, cut them into logs and prepared a "nostril" or drag hole in each. Our Burman—let us call him Moung Ho Din—is an elephant rider; while he has been eating the boiled rice and jungle vegetable curry his wife Ma Pyu, has cooked, the Burman follower (there are two attendants to each elephant) has followed up his elephant, which has spent the time feeding in the forest, bathed it in a nearby pool and harnessed it. Moung Ho Din climbs up on the elephant's head, sees the harness and dragging chains are correct, and rides off to the log which has been selected as the first to be moved. The follower hooks the chains on to the log, and the teak starts on its journey of many hundreds of miles to the mills, most of it on the bosom of the great Irrawaddy river.

In the rainy season Moung Ho Din and his elephant will work from dawn

to late afternoon, but in the warmer summer weather elephants must be loosed earlier because of the heat. The life cycle of his elephant is much the same as Moung Ho Din's own. The new born calf is about three feet high at birth, and for some five years or so follows its mother everywhere. Training in simple domestic duties then commences, and when about twelve years old, it will be carrying light loads such as stores and foodstuffs for the camps. By seventeen it will be almost of mature stature, and will be taught to drag logs from the stumps of felled trees to the river bank, or to a depot from which transporting the logs by buffalo carts is practicable. At forty it has reached middle age, but is still in good fettle for some years, until its physical powers begin to decline; it may expect to be "pensioned" whilst in the fifties. So Moung Ho Din and his elephant "Pa Geh" (which means Mister Handsome) may have been born about the same time, may spend their working lives together, and may finally retire at about the same age to a life of ease.

Moung Ho Din At Home

Whilst her husband is at work, Ma Pyu sweeps out the hut, and takes her children to the stream, where she washes them, herself and her clothes. She draws water in a bamboo container for household purposes, and then goes into the forest armed with a *dah* (slashing knife) in search of jungle vegetables. In the rainy season she will find bamboo shoots, and in the dry weather wild spinach, among other edible vegetation. She returns in time to greet her husband and prepare an evening meal.

If Moung Ho Din is fortunate enough to work for one of the big British companies, he will be able to buy such



ON A MILL SLIPWAY

In the timber industry elephants, here ridden by Indians, are faithful servants. Their strength is of great value in transporting logs from jungle to river.

things as dried prawns, salted fish, peas, beans, and tinned stores such as biscuits, milk, and sardines, from the camp store at cost price. And he can draw free kerosene for lighting, and medicines for his health. But the worker

for a local contractor does not live so well.

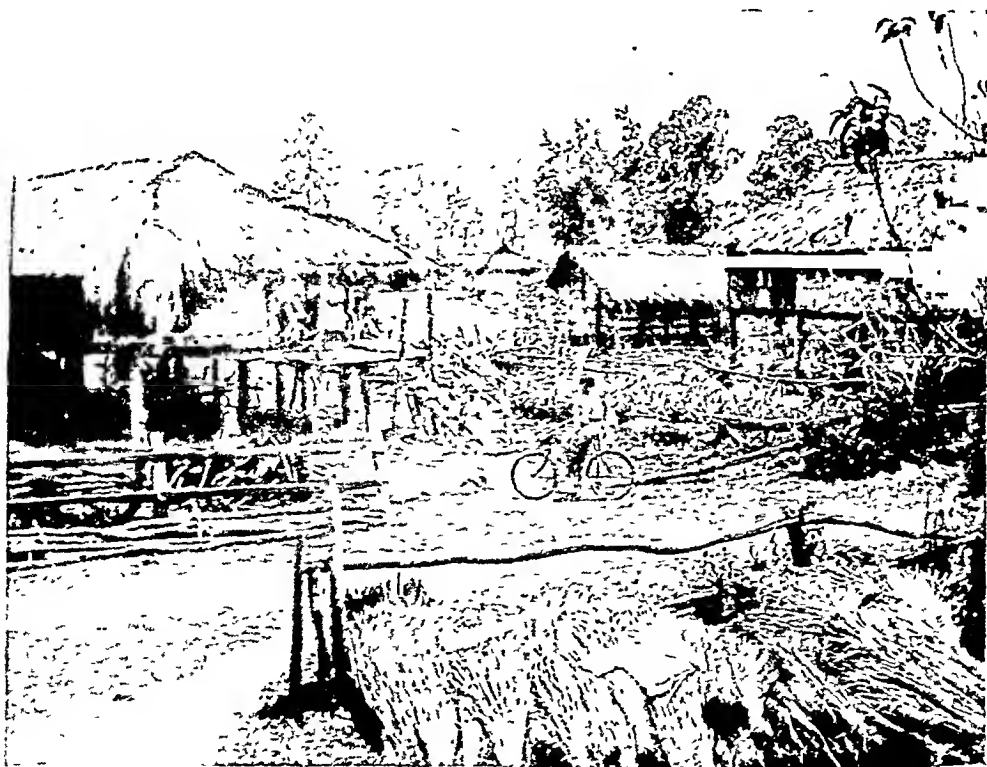
Camp life is hard work, and there is little time for pleasure. In the wet season, Moun Ho Din is soaked through all day and every day with

rain, in the dry season he is soaked with perspiration. No broad brimmed hat can entirely protect him from the remorseless rays of a blazing sun, nor from the continuous downpour of rain. Nevertheless it is a happy existence, and as the big companies put aside money for every employee towards a provident fund against retirement, Moungh Ho Din is sure of a nest-egg with which to buy a patch of rice land when he wishes to work no more.

The Burman is an improvident, carefree, cheerful fellow, and loves all kinds of public festivals, and itinerant theatrical shows. When opportunity occurs, he will take leave for a few days, and walk with his family to the nearest village to join the inhabitants in the fun.

Ma Pyu puts on her best clothes and as much jewellery as she possesses or can borrow. As Moungh Ho Din is paid regularly by the European in charge of the forest operations, and as he has little chance of spending money in camp, he has money to spend on these occasions. He and his family will eat at the most attractive stalls set up for the festival, and spend the night on their bamboo mats spread on the mud floor of the theatre. All the time they will smoke large Burma cheroots, or chew betel nut.

Many of the great festivals are in connection with the Pagoda and the Buddhist religion, and Moungh Ho Din and his family will go to the Pagoda, taking offerings of food and clothes to



BURMESE VILLAGE

The Burman's bamboo house with its grass-thatched roof provides adequately for the simple needs of his family. Household utensils are also made of bamboo.

the yellow-robed priests. With her brightly coloured silk skirt, her white silk jacket and brilliant silk shawl, wearing sweet-smelling orchids in her jet-black hair, Ma Pyu makes a charming picture, and the diverse but never clashing colours intermingling in the crowd of visitors to the Pagoda platform make a wealth of colour, which is typical of sunny Burma

Life in Malaya

Living as he does in a rich peninsula, the Malay should be the richest of men; yet he rarely is, and for this he has no one to blame but himself; for the Malay does not really like work, and his needs being few, he will cease to labour when they are supplied, until he feels the pinch of want again. It is the Chinese and East Indians who are the workers in Malaya, and of these the Chinese, who number a quarter of a million, are the most shrewd inhabitants.

Some Malays act as servants to the richer Chinese and Europeans, and some do light work in the towns; but for the most part the Malay is to be found in his own small rice field, or fishing in the lovely surrounding waters, doing only as much as he must.

The houses in his village are scattered under the trees near the roads, and are usually made of bamboos or boards, and a thatch of palm leaves. The houses are about fifteen feet square, and each has one or two rooms. Mats are spread on the floor for beds, and furnishings are scarce; a coconut ladle and an iron pan are all that the housewife requires in her kitchen.

The people of Malaya have short straight figures, small hands and feet, and a mulatto complexion. The men wear a bag-shaped sarong which reaches to the calf—or white ducks or brilliantly coloured pantaloons if they are amongst

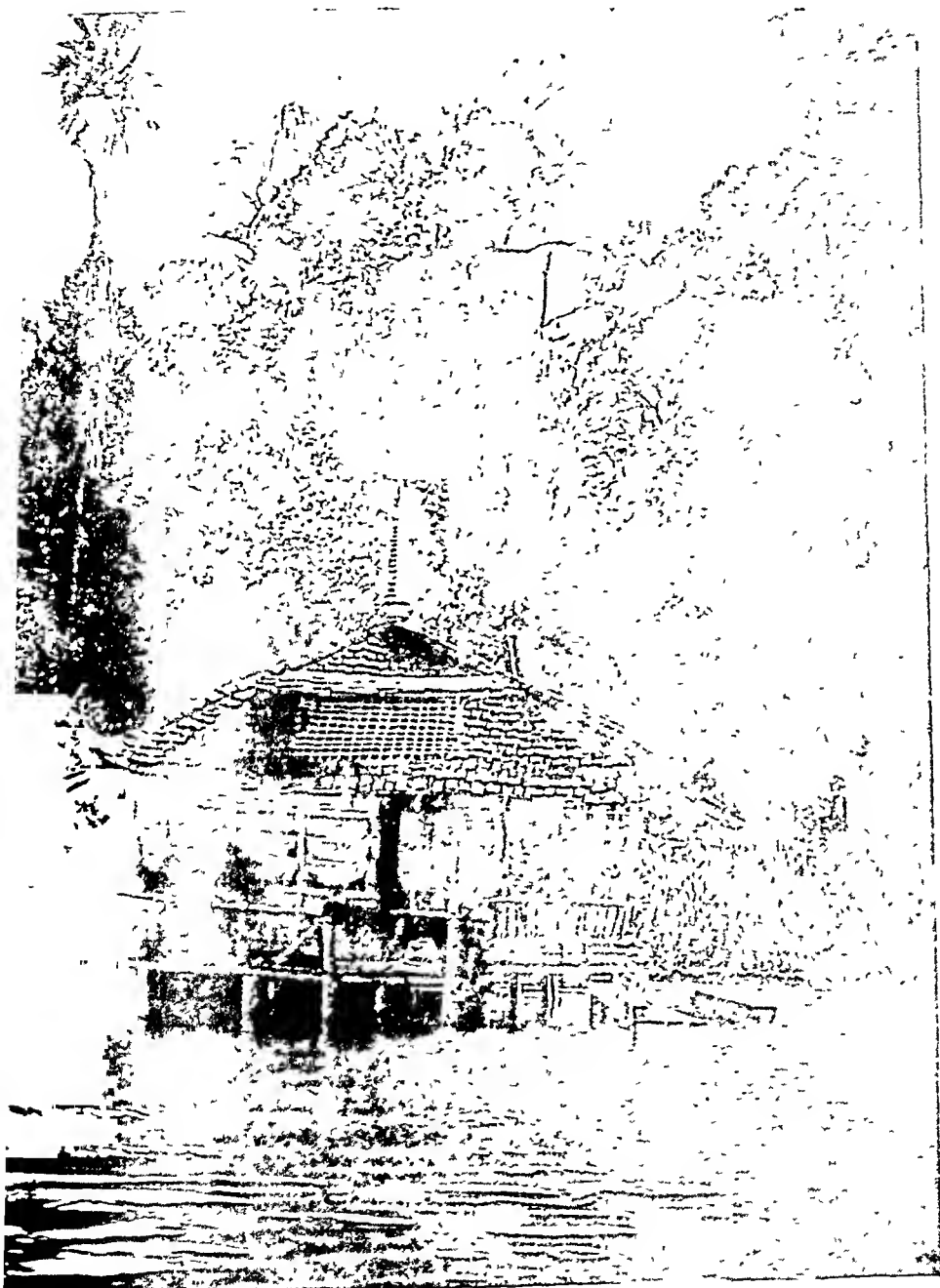
the richer Malays—a handkerchief turban and sandals or slippers. They marry young, their brides usually being about seventeen, and the wedding ceremony is long and expensive, each guest being expected to give a money present of as much as he can afford

The Malay Peninsula, which consists of British territory, the Federated Malay States, and the non-federated states, is 500 miles long, and varies in breadth from 40 to 200 miles. The towns and cities are becoming increasingly European in their characteristics, but the country villages are still unsophisticated.

The Malays are fond of fishing, and because of this have in the past journeyed to adjoining islands, often settling there, as they did in the Dutch East Indies; to-day no less than 30,000 fish for sport, but their catch is only for home consumption. There are in the peninsula plantations of coconuts, pepper, sugar, tapioca and sago, but the mainstay of Malaya is the thousands and thousands of acres planted with rubber. The country is primarily one of huge unbroken forests, and the rubber plantations have been made only after the ground has been won from the jungle; and to keep it free is the ceaseless job of the coolies.

On a Rubber Plantation

Let us glance at the life of a rubber plantation worker. Krishnan is a Tamil, from south-east India, who works on an estate of about three thousand acres in one of the northern states. He is no stranger to Malayan conditions, for he has been on the estate six years and knows the ropes. He has twice been home to visit his friends and relations in his own village, and the journey by train, the ship quarantine regulations, and the inevitable formalities of immigration are an open book to him.



PILES AT THE WATER'S EDGE

will work only until they are supplied, preferring to leave the strenuous occupation to the Chinese and East Indian people who have immigrated to his country



AT WORK ON A RUBBER PLANTATION

The bark of the tree is skilfully cut and a cup fixed to catch the trickle of latex. The latex is then collected in pails to be taken to the factory.

The idea of going to Malaya was first suggested to him by an uncle who returned to his village with money to spend, and an account of his own importance in Malaya! Krishnan found it all much easier than he expected. A ticket warrant took him to the Emigration Depôt, where he received a medical examination, and was interviewed by representatives of the Government of India, and of the Malayan Labour Department: they questioned him very closely as to his reasons for emigrating in order to satisfy themselves that he was going of his own free will, and not on any other inducement.

On arrival at Penang, Krishnan, in common with all other labourers, was sent for a period to the Labour Department, where an officer again impressed

on him that he was an entirely free man, in debt to nobody for his passage and accommodation, and that he could leave the estate on giving the usual notice.

A few hours' railway journey took Krishnan to the estate; he liked it so well that he has had no desire to change, and is now a skilled labourer earning good wages; he is a member of the Committee of the Estate Co-operative, a member of the Temple Society and well on the way to becoming an overseer.

Krishnan is married, and has two children, and enjoys the dignity of living in a house of his own instead of a room in the long barrack-like "lines". It is not a very imposing house, but it is better than anything Krishnan or his parents and grandparents ever saw. It

is built of wood, with a thatched roof, and stands on posts as a protection against the dampness of the soil, and the invasion of snakes and other unwelcome visitors; the space underneath is convenient for storing firewood. There are two rooms and a cooking place, and water can be obtained from a neighbouring standpipe; washing and laundry are done in the communal bathing houses.

Like all Tamils, Krishnan is fond of flowers, and his house is surrounded with a garden. In addition he owns two goats and has a share in a herd of cows which supplies the labour force with milk; he has a nice balance in the Post Office Savings Bank, from which he makes a remittance home

The estate has become his home and his centre, and in fact he regards himself as part owner. His children, when old enough, will go to the estate school, and if he or his wife is ill he or she will go to the estate hospital.

Krishnan's work begins when the gong sounds for morning muster. In Malaya there is no twilight at dusk or dawn; darkness falls as the sun sets, and light returns as it rises.

To give a good run of latex, the rubber trees have to be tapped before the sun grows hot about seven o'clock. Krishnan draws his tapping knife and buckets from the store, and while it is still dark sets off on his round. His task is to tap a fixed number of trees by peeling off a shaving of bark from



TAMIL BOY PICKING TEA

Emigrants from the Madras coast of India, the Tamils are to be found at work on the tea estates of Ceylon as well as in the rubber plantations of Malaya.

the V-shaped cut which makes the tapping panel. At the base of the V an earthenware cup is fixed, and into this the latex trickles.

Krishnan is an artist at his job and his shavings are mere wafers: this is important, for the less bark that is wasted the longer the panel (which cannot be retapped until the bark has been renewed) will last.

Entertainments

By the time he has tapped all his trees the flow of the earlier cups has ceased, and his next job is to repeat his round: pouring the latex from each cup into his pail and washing and refixing the cup for next day, since tapping takes place at twenty-four-hour, or longer, intervals. He then takes his pail to the factory to be weighed, and reports to the owner or an assistant manager any cases where the yield is unsatisfactory. This finishes the first part of his day's work, as he is not employed in the factory.

His next job may be weeding, drain cutting, treating diseased trees or any such work on the estate. He has a mid-day break for food, and continues working until two or three in the afternoon, when his official day's work is done. Any work he does for the estate after this is paid as overtime.

He then goes home for a bath and a rest: afterwards he may work in his allotment, or repair his cottage, or he may join one of those committee meetings which to the unaccustomed hearer seem likely to finish in immediate bloodshed, but which in fact represent no more than an entirely friendly argument.

Or, if he is in a festive mood, or there is shopping to be done, he may take his wife through the estate to the main road where they will pick up a bus that will take them to the nearest

town, where they can go bargain hunting in the little shop, or visit the local cinema.

For such an occasion Krishnan makes an elaborate toilet, including a liberal use of coco-nut oil, and his wife puts on her gold ornaments and her best sari; but for working Krishnan's outfit is no more than a loin cloth and shoulder wrap, which as the day heats up he uses as a head covering. The temperature seldom drops below 70 degrees in Malaya, and excessive clothing is not only expensive, but dangerous, for the risk of pneumonia from garments damp with sweat or dew is very real.

Krishnan and his family return to the estate before dark, not so much from fear of tigers or snakes or robbers, as from a dread of the spooks and spirits the darkness may harbour. After a meal of rice, vegetables and curry it is almost bedtime, but there is just time to see what amusements are to be found on the estate. The Tamils are a cheerful people, fond of music and acting, and there are few nights when there is not an impromptu concert or dramatic performance held on the estate.

Peaceful Life

If Krishnan's is not an exciting life, he is happy; he has come to love the long sombre rows of the rubber trees, the open patch where the "lines" are situated with their perpetual stirring of human life and movement, and the distant mountains. He enjoys the cool freshness of the mornings, and the shade of the rubber trees during the stillness of the mid-day heat, and above all the calm warm nights when the moon is so bright it is possible to read by its light. Even Malaya's fierce storms, which in ten minutes can turn every little stream to a rushing torrent, have their charm in their contrast to the prevailing peace of the country.

IN A SINGAPORE STRLET



A MEAL BY THE ROADSIDE

The Chinese toddler with her attentive amah is a familiar sight in Singapore. City-dwelling Malaysians often act as servants to richer Chinese and Europeans.



BALINESE DANCER

The beauty and grace of these Balinese dancers are world-famous. In their rich jewelled head-dresses, they epitomize Balinese love of colourful entertainment.

SOME PEOPLES OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

Java, land of oriental splendour: influence of western civilization: the old and the new in Bali: beauty of the island: the Balinese, their homes, customs and love of dancing: matriarchal system in Sumatra: life among the Mmangkabau and Batak tribes: ancient and modern Celebes.

THE pre-war visitor to the Dutch East Indies will recall a picture of dazzlingly white buildings, in which the merchants and Government officials of Holland, immaculate in their tropical kit, live, work and conduct their efficient administration, long established as an amicable co-operation between subject peoples and their guardians. For this new order arose out of the little Holland which original colonists developed in Java on the Jacatra River.

Side by side with this spick and span official life goes on the life of a picturesque medley of races and people. they come from China, Japan, Europe, and the Malay Peninsula, and a diversity of languages is heard in the towns and ports.

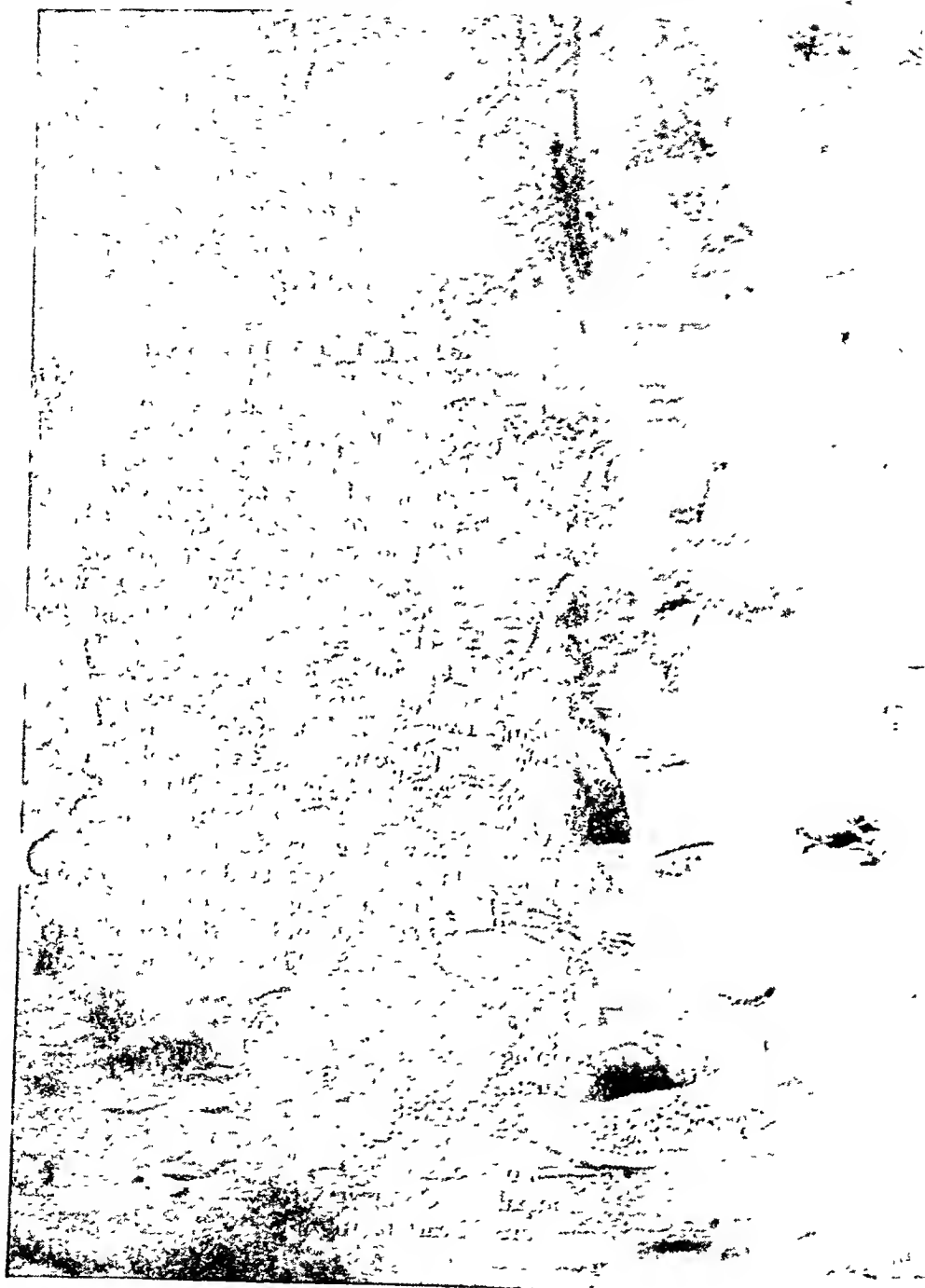
The old Java is seen most vividly in the Javanese Sultanates, which have been likened to the Royal States of India. Each native prince, in practice as well as in theory, is a reigning monarch; and the two autonomous states of Soerakarta and Djokjakarta in central Java retain their privileges practically unimpaired. The Soenan of Soerakarta ranks as the principal monarch, and his court and jewels are said to be more magnificent than those of the Sultan of Djokjakarta. Scenes of oriental splendour mark their state receptions and ceremonial occasions, and elaborate Court etiquette is strictly observed. No subject for instance may

stand in the presence of his rulers, and the ladies of the Court must remain squatting throughout the long hours of court functions.

The *kraton*, or palace, of a reigning Sultan, is bigger than any state residence of a European royalty; it is a world in itself set within the capital city and surrounded by a double wall. Behind this live thousands of people, all of whom are employed in work of some kind for the royal household: carvers, sculptors, weavers, batik workers, artists, and artisans produce exquisite work in stone, marble, leather, tortoiseshell, precious metal and gems, designed entirely for royal use; this includes the gorgeous head-dresses and stage properties used in all Wayong performances sponsored by the Sultan; and every detail is carried out with the consummate skill of inherited craftsmanship.

Javanese theatre lore derives its inspiration from religious cults. There are several forms of Javanese Wayong, in which puppets or masks are employed to depict stories from the Sanskrit, or more secular Javanese myths.

Grouped around the *kraton*, the heart of traditional Java, are trading centres where Javanese produce artistic trifles for their foreign customers. The influence of Europe and the United States of America, creeping into the oriental way of life in ancient Java, is seen here with paradoxical



CONTRAST OF THE OLD AND THE
Modern white buildings form a strange background to the age-old market where the Javanese peasants still sell their wares—sugar and coffee, oil and coconuts.



NEW LIFE IN ANCIENT JĀVA

In education, architecture, agricultural methods and transport, western civilization is increasingly showing its influence on the way of life in the Far East.

effects, for while visitors seek for examples of native art, modern shops with machine-made goods cater for the native population.

The crowded cities where the mechanical efficiency of the modern world is in full running order, serve the needs of the European planters who cultivate rubber, kapok, sugar and tea. Golf courses, clubs and smart hotels minister to their leisure. Cars, bicycles and bullock carts crowd the excellent roads intersecting the length and breadth of the island, leading out to the terraced countryside, the inundated rice fields where seed-time and harvest meet, and towards the mountains and cinchona plantations where quinine is garnered.

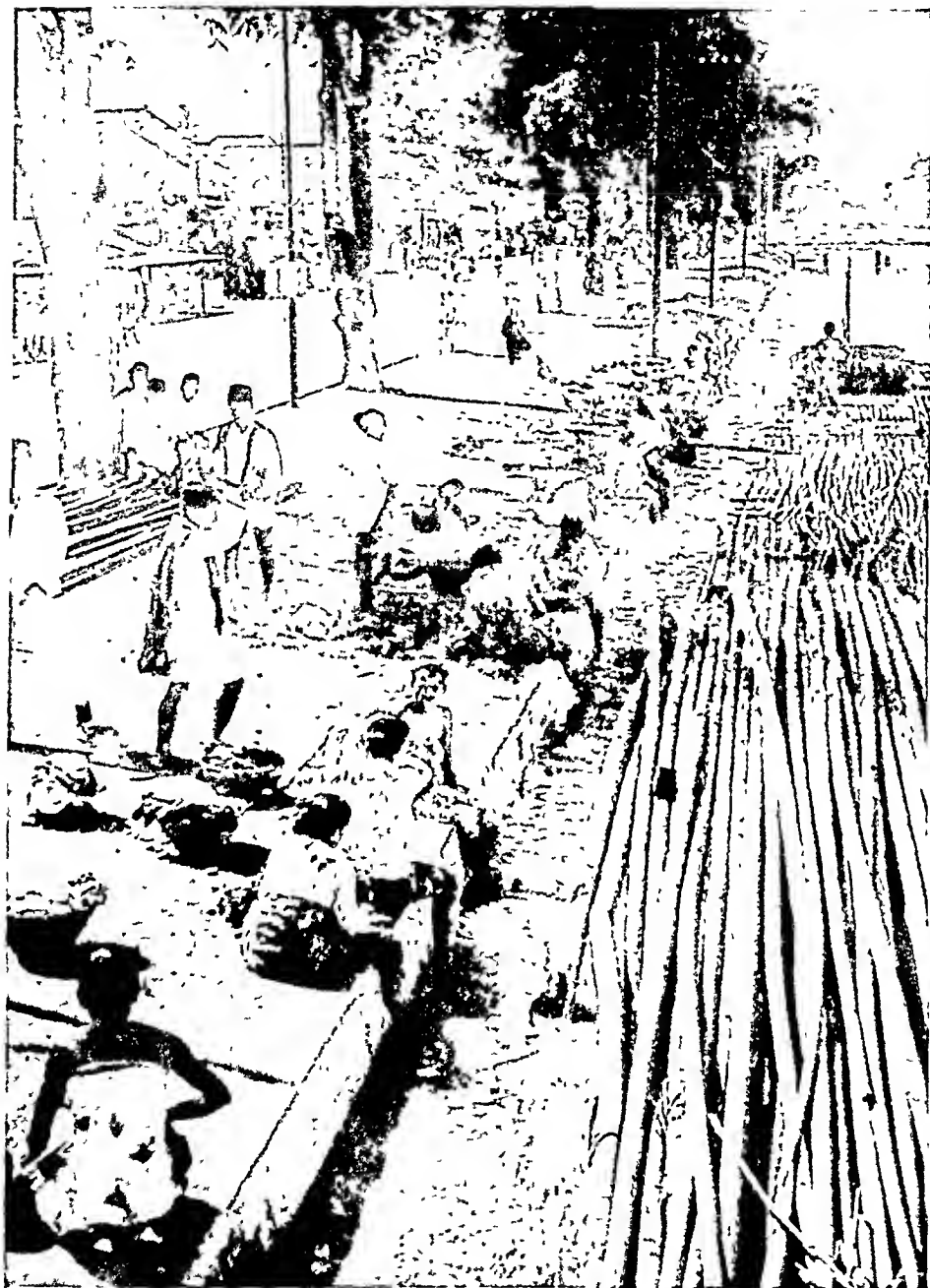
Rice is raised in every district as it is the most important food of the Javanese; yet despite the efforts of the Dutch to introduce more modern agricultural methods, the ricefields are tilled by the Javanese peasant much as in the days of the Hindu supremacy. More and more, however, they learn to select their seeds.

Many of the natives are already educated, and the Dutch have established schools, so that eventually all the population will be able to read and write. There are many secondary and vocational schools and the Dutch pay their teachers well. There is a fully fledged modern university established, where all the faculties are taught.



OPEN-AIR BATHROOM IN BATAVIA

Family life in the Dutch East Indies is a communal affair and Javanese housewives find the river's edge ideal for bathing the children and doing their laundry.



CANAL-SIDE LAUNDRY

Malayan and Chinese women who have settled in Batavia wash their clothes in the picturesque old Molenvliet Canal, where the menfolk ply their loaded bamboo rafts.

ROMA



MILES 0 10 20 30 40 50

P A C I F I C

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

O C E A N

BRITISH, GEORGE

INDONESIA

DUTCH NEW GUINEA

MOLUCCAS

CELEBES

INDONESIAN

EAST

TIMOR

TIMOR SEA

Darwin

AUSTRALIA

In Java, where the bulk of the people are Moslem, there is little to retard the processes of modernization in science, agricultural engineering and architecture. In Bali, the small island east of Java, the outlook on life is mystical rather than practical. Religious observance, a compound of Buddhism, Hinduism, and Animism, attuned to the temperament of the Balinese, not only controls but dictates their life, affecting every detail of work and pleasure.

Bali—and the Balinese

The Balinese run their island themselves, largely maintaining the ancient social rulings which, although founded on the Hindu caste system, have become modified. The guiding hand of the Dutch government may be traced, however, in improved methods applied to native industries, particularly agriculture and cattle breeding, and in the construction of fine roads, linking up the breadth and length of the island. These are not only served by an adequate bus service, of which the people take full advantage, but also carry all forms of motor transport from the rural districts to the towns and ports; yet age-old means of transport have not been ousted, and pack horses and oxen, bearing both travellers and merchandise, still travel side by side with motorized vehicles.

There are no railways, for the island is so small; and the ingenious native ways of diverting mountain rains into channels to feed the rice terraces have been augmented and preserved. This has helped to keep the island's beauty unimpaired, and it is difficult to exaggerate the loveliness of Bali.

The inhabitants themselves call it "Chosen of the Gods", and their idea of Paradise is to be allowed to leave heaven occasionally to become Balinese once again. They believe that the gods

themselves gladly accept the invitations of the priests to come down and stay in the temples on an occasional visit, and they prepare special bathing pools for their use. These are usually placed, in a friendly fashion, near the bathing places for human beings and animals.

Several times a day the Balinese are to be seen at their devotions, which include ablutions in the form of a shower bath, followed by prayers.

As in Java, volcanic peaks, rising to a height of ten thousand feet, dominate the Balinese landscape. Fertile uplands rise from the plains, and natural "basins" catch the essential rains as they come down from the heights. Small rice terraces, in varying geometrical patterns, rise in tiers from the plains to slopes that halt only at the base of the mountains. To the beauty of the pattern is added that of colour; emerald of the new rice shoots, gleaming gold of ripened patches, and the silver of flooded fields.

Against this exotic scenic background live men and women of outstanding beauty of face and form. The women are the more striking, perhaps because, as in India and Burma, centuries of carrying loads on their heads has given them statuesque bearing and perfection of poise.

Balinese Beauty

The Balinese are fairer than the Javanese; their warm golden tan complexion is an excellent foil for their blue black hair and sparkling dark eyes. From the waist downwards the women are swathed in a tight fitting robe of brilliant colouring, cotton ornamented with batik designs for working-day wear, rich brocades often embroidered in gold and silver for festive occasions.

But the Balinese girl's beauty is short lived. When she reaches the age of



FRENZY OF THE KRIS DANCE

Young Balinese men who take part in this dance of religious origin, work themselves into such frenzies that they often have to be disarmed lest they hurt other actors

twenty-five or so, she accepts quite philosophically the fact that her good looks are vanishing, making no attempt to retain them by artificial aids

Diet and bathing may account to some extent for the physical beauty of the Balinese. Like the Hindus of India, they eat very little meat. Two meals a day are sufficient; these are usually of rice and fruit with dry fish or a little chicken or pork, when a feast is in progress, elaborate curries of the famed *rice-tafel* are served with the ceremony due to a course including anything from twenty to forty varieties of curry.

Bathing is an important ritual in the daily routine of the Balinese girl. She stands in one of the many carved rock pools, while cascades of water flow over her supple body. Her toilet

finished, she thrusts a fresh hibiscus bloom through the knot of her dark hair, and goes with her free and graceful walk to her daily tasks

These are not easy, for in Bali it is the women who maintain the family, and the most women expect from their menfolk is that they will tend the irrigation of the rice fields; in this they are expert. Apart from this, the average male Balinese does little work. His two absorbing interests are training and entering his birds in cockfighting contests; there is no home so poor in Bali that it does not possess one or two baskets in which the fighting cock is carried to and from the field of combat. during the two years it takes to train a bird, he is massaged, groomed and fed with a care that is never extended to members of his master's family.

The woman's life is vastly different. From childhood she is trained to buy and sell in the market, to work her loom, to tend the fields, and to be responsible for the upkeep of the home from repairing the buildings to preparing the meals for her family.

Family Life in Bali

Family life is a communal affair; different households live together under one roof, or in enclosed groups of dwellings. The houses are surrounded by a compound which separates them from the road, and are enclosed by a high wall to keep out the evil and mischievous spirits. Only when the gate is shut and kith and kin are within the walls, do the inhabitants feel safe. Even then, mischievous spirits sometimes creep in, and the domestic animals fall sick, or the hens refuse to lay. The exhibition of the bewitched objects by the entrance—eggshells are often hoisted on sticks—is sufficient to indicate to all what kind of malignant spirit is upsetting the household.

In the front of the compound are storehouses, rice barns, and cattle stalls; immediately beyond these are the domestic rooms; and at the back are the family temples and shrines. Whether the family dwelling is palatial or a collection of thatched huts, the general plan is always the same, and where bamboo is used in Java for the understructure of the houses, stone is used in Bali.

By the time she reaches the age of fifty, the ordinary Bali woman has but one ambition; that is, to save every coin she can to pay for her cremation. Every Balinese considers this the crowning point of his or her earthly career.

A really imposing cremation is an expensive affair, necessitating years of saving where the family is poor. Sometimes several families pool their

resources and arrange a communal ceremony, when scores of bodies receive the final rites. Meanwhile the bodies are buried in sand in the family compound; or actually kept in the house; only in wealthy families are the bodies embalmed.

When the day arrives the remains of the deceased, usually little more than a heap of bones by then, are placed, with due ceremony and ritual, in a tower resembling a pagoda; this varies in height according to the importance of the family concerned.

A huge colourful procession of people in holiday mood, dressed in their best and gayest, precedes and follows the funeral tower, for the Balinese cremation is not an occasion for mourning, but one of rejoicing. The crowd leaps, runs and laughs to distract and outwit any evil spirits that may be lying in wait to harm the soul; and the tower is pushed from side to side in a mad frenzy by the crowd to confuse the spirit so that it will never be able to find its way back to its home to haunt the living. When evening draws near, the great spectacular burning takes place, and the crowd dances and sings, rejoicing that at last the soul is freed.

Love of Dancing

No opportunity for dancing or a procession is neglected by the Balinese, and in this their religion aids them. Marriages, births, religious festivals, harvest ceremonies, all are celebrated with a procession.

Rarely is there a night in Bali when some form of dramatic entertainment is not to be had. The girl dancers are mere children; they start their training in infancy, make their debut at the age of ten, and as a rule, end their stage career at fifteen or on marriage. But although they are so young, their performance is perfect. Their slender



MINANGKABAU WOMAN AT FORT DE KOCK MARKET

In no other island of the Dutch East Indies are women so powerful as in Sumatra where the Minangkabau tribe have a matriarchal system. Descent and inheritance are in the female line. The women handle all business affairs of the tribe.

bodies are closely swathed in rich handwoven brocades, glittering with threads of gold and silver, and coloured tinsel, and on their heads are crowns of ornate gilded leather, garlanded with frangipani blossoms which give off an intoxicating sweetness as the dancers move.

The men have their dances too. Among many others, the Kris may be mentioned as an example of the hypnotic dance. The dance of Good and Evil is a wildly thrilling spectacle, it is danced at night, luridly illuminated by torches. It is a dance of purely Hindu conception, and it is not to be seen in any other island of the Dutch East Indies.

The Balinese are naturally artistic and one of the duties each Bali man is expected to do in his lifetime is to add to the adornment of the village temple with his own hands. It seems to matter little to the Balinese that their works, carried out in soft sandstone, will crumble away after a few years; others will come after them to carve and build anew.

Women of Sumatra

If Bali is a woman's country in that women predominate in numbers and have a greater responsibility for the work, this does not mean that they have established an authoritative place for themselves in the social scheme; on the contrary, they seem to be content with the subordinate position allocated to them by the tenets of the Hindu faith. This is in contrast to their Moslem neighbours of Java, who show intense interest in feminine emancipation; and to their neighbours the Minangkabau women of Central Sumatra, who are also of the Moslem faith, enjoy the ancient powers and privileges of a matriarchate, and as such, occupy a prominent position among other hill

tribes of this most prosperous island.

The Minangkabaus and the Bataks are two great tribes of Sumatra. No doubt the preservation of the racial characteristics of the Minangkabaus in the hills is largely due to the fact that they are geographically isolated from the Batak population of the northern plains, although they fraternize freely in the course of their business.

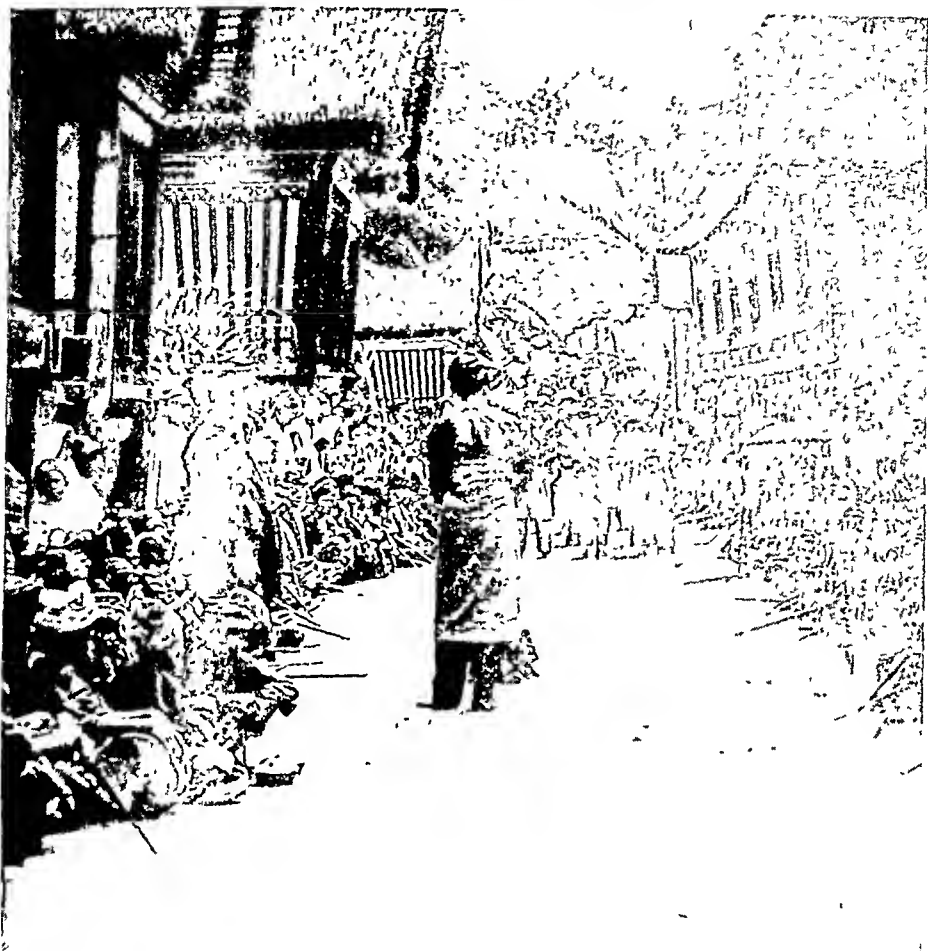
Matriarchal System

There is nothing quite like the Minangkabaus' matriarchate in any of the other islands of the Netherlands Archipelago. The Minangkabaus have a system of confederate villages, governed by their own chiefs in council, although descent and inheritance are strictly in the female line.

When a Minangkabau girl marries, she stays on in the household of her maternal relations, and there receives her husband as a visitor—although he has had to pay a substantial sum for the privilege of marrying her. The children of any couple who may decide to separate, always remain with their mother, while their father is thrust out of the home and has to start life again from scratch.

The houses of the Minangkabaus from the Padang highlands are very much like those of the Batak in general form, but infinitely more decorative. They are built on piles, with steep thatched gables and very spacious balconies; the outer walls are ornamented with elaborately carved and painted woodwork, or with plaited bamboo fibre wrought in intricate designs, the patterns being picked out in colours, in which those of red and black predominate.

In most Batak villages, the houses are grouped round a market place, where the open-sided *adat*-house, or assembly hall, is the point of focus.



A STRANGE WEDDING PROCESSION

At a Minangkabau wedding the bridegroom is led through the streets lined with guests and onlookers to the marriage place; but the bride does not appear.

The interiors of the houses are simple, and domestic work is reduced to a minimum; the Batak housewife need do little to her hardened earth floors, for there are good sized openings to let in the air and light, and sweep out the dust. There are no windows to clean, but every pot and pan shines with cleanliness and colour.

Besides her domestic cares, the Minangkabau woman has to adminis-

ter inherited estates, and trade is almost entirely in her capable hands. On market days she may be seen carrying on her head a basket of bright-hued merchandise, maize, red peppers, pink water-fruit, green and gold bananas, nuts, sweetmeats, rice cakes and embroidered linens. Her dress is as gay as her wares, and the open market place at Fort de Kock, typical of most Minangkabau markets,

is truly a vividly coloured picture.

Batak women who live near Lake Toba and are mostly of farmer or breeder stock, usually dress in the dark blue obtained from indigo which they grow themselves. They are expert weavers and introduce clever effects in white and occasionally in colour into the material; the wearers are tall, and look handsome in their graceful robes and striking head-dress—an elaborately folded turban or cap, flat and wide, which holds in place the huge single earring of coiled silver.

Western ideas and the European community are accepted by the islanders; but, although influenced in some measure, they are by no means dominated by this foreign conception; the result is a harmonious combination of the new and the old ideas.

Ancient and Modern Celebes

After the dominantly feminine atmosphere of Bali and Sumatra, Celebes seems essentially masculine. The mark of European progress is unmistakably evident in Macassar, where bicycles, cars and buses throng the thoroughfares, and passenger planes make landings at the airport. Huge ships lie in harbour, taking on cargoes of rice, rattan, kapok, copra and ebony, and other products, for the island is extremely rich.

Slender racing dug-outs with enormous sails, and sailing praus manned by handsome Buganese and Macassars, bring coconuts, spices from the Moluccas, fruits and native crafts to this great distributing centre.

Yet for all its modern efficiency, Macassar does not represent the true Celebes. In the interior of the octopus-shaped island, ancient ways of life remain. Headhunting has been stamped out, but formerly here as in Borneo and New Guinea the inhabitants

believed the dead liked company and would kill another native to supply dead relatives with a "companion".

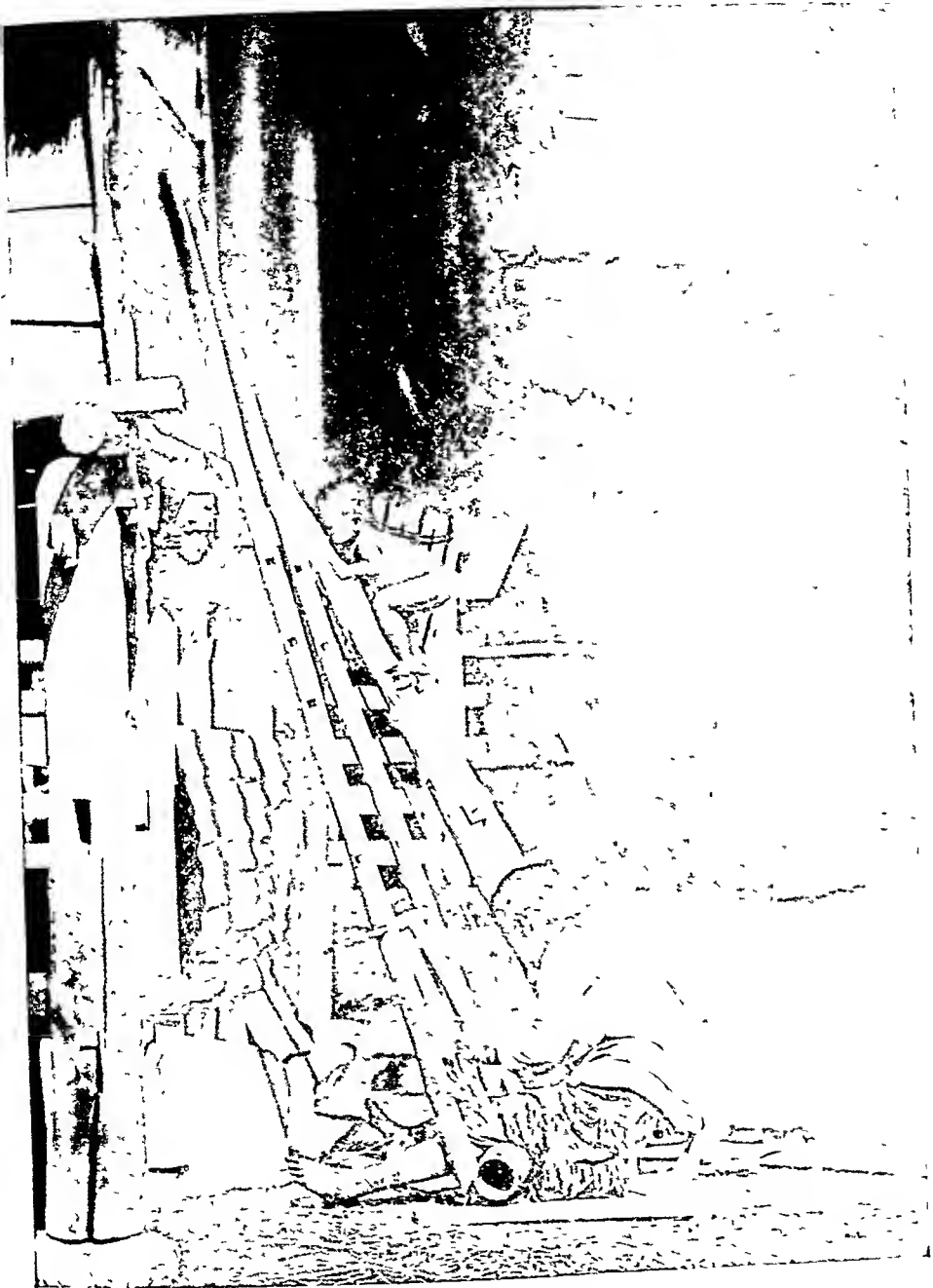
Practical Farming

The Celebes farmer cultivates his rice fields intelligently, and has a keen sense of business. His home is set against a background of gorgeous mountain scenery, and feathery palms; it is distinctive in style, and together with the communal rice barns, ornately decorated.

The natives in some parts of the island bury their dead in chambers hewn out of the solid rock, rising in tiers to a great height; round the tomb are galleries of "watchers", or carved life-size figures, to protect the dead.

In parts of the island strange rites are attached to the marriage ceremony. In some villages of the west coast, the bridegroom takes part in the feast of fruit, sweetmeats and intoxicating drink made from toddy-palm; but the bride is not present. When she does appear, she is slung across her father's shoulder and he carries her down the bamboo ladder to the courtyard. She is beautifully dressed in silk and velvet, with silver ornaments, her face whitened, her lips vermilion, and her eyelids blue. She is limp and lifeless—drugged so that she shall not look upon her husband until the ceremony is over; neither must her feet touch the ground for the three days of nuptial celebrations, and during that time she is carried about by the head of the family.

Celebes is thinly populated, and peoples from the more densely populated islands are migrating to Celebes and the other islands. This will in time have its effect on the inhabitants of Celebes; meanwhile they are among the most interesting of the many interesting people who live under Dutch rule.

**BATAK PEASANT AT HOME**

This Batak mother sits weaving while her baby plays in the sun. The doorway to her simple house is above the ground and entrance is gained by the ladder.



NEW ZEALAND SHEEP FARMER

The rugged sheep farmer of New Zealand epitomizes the spirit of a country which is toiling valiantly that its sons and grandsons may inherit a better world.

NEW ZEALANDERS

Their ancestral and characteristic links with Britain story of the country's growth and development: high standard of town and country life benefits of social security system: government influence on dairy farming: Maoris—the original settlers: sources of national wealth

IT is still often said of the New Zealanders—but nearly always by people who are not New Zealanders themselves—that they are “more British than the British”

On the surface, there are several things to suggest that this saying contains some truth. Apart from the native Maoris (about 90,000 in number), the 1,600,000 people who make their homes in this smallest Dominion are 98 per cent. British in blood and origin. They cling to many of the traditions and customs of the Old Country. Their speech has altered less than that of the people of any other Dominion. They maintain an apparent modesty and reserve that may easily be likened to those same characteristics of the people of the British Isles.

Even to-day there are many New Zealanders among the older generations, who think fondly of Britain as “Home”—because they themselves were born and brought up in England, Scotland, Ireland or Wales. But such close ties as those of sentiment and kinship are losing their original meaning among the children of these people, and their children's children. What amounts almost to a new race of British people—with physical characteristics, outlook, ways of living and even traditions of their own—is growing up in New Zealand.

We must remember that the story of New Zealand's growth as a white country is a brief one—it spans little more than a single century—but it is

crowded with events that have had a profound bearing on the development of its people. It is more like the story of western America than that of any country of the old world. It records the struggle of the hardy British pioneers to turn forest into farm, to open up the wild back country with roads and railways, to build homes and towns and finally cities. It has bright pages of prosperity and dark pages of slump and poverty. It is quickened by the mad scramble of the gold rush, and even by years of bitter warfare between the Maori and the white man, and through it all runs the theme of the common man's never-ending quest for security and equality and happiness.

The setting of this story, as it unfolded chapter by chapter throughout those turbulent years, was a country fantastically unlike Britain in its natural features. New Zealand lies in comparative isolation in the South Pacific Ocean, 1,200 miles away from its nearest neighbour, Australia. It is as close to the equator in the Southern Hemisphere as Italy in the Northern, and it is blessed with abundant sunshine—nearly three times as much as Britain gets each year—and ample rainfall. Behind its long coastline is concentrated almost every conceivable kind of landscape and scenery. the rich green valleys and rolling downs of the dairying country; the warm and sheltered orchard land, the grain-raising plains, the steep hills that carry millions of sheep; lakes, rivers, sounds,

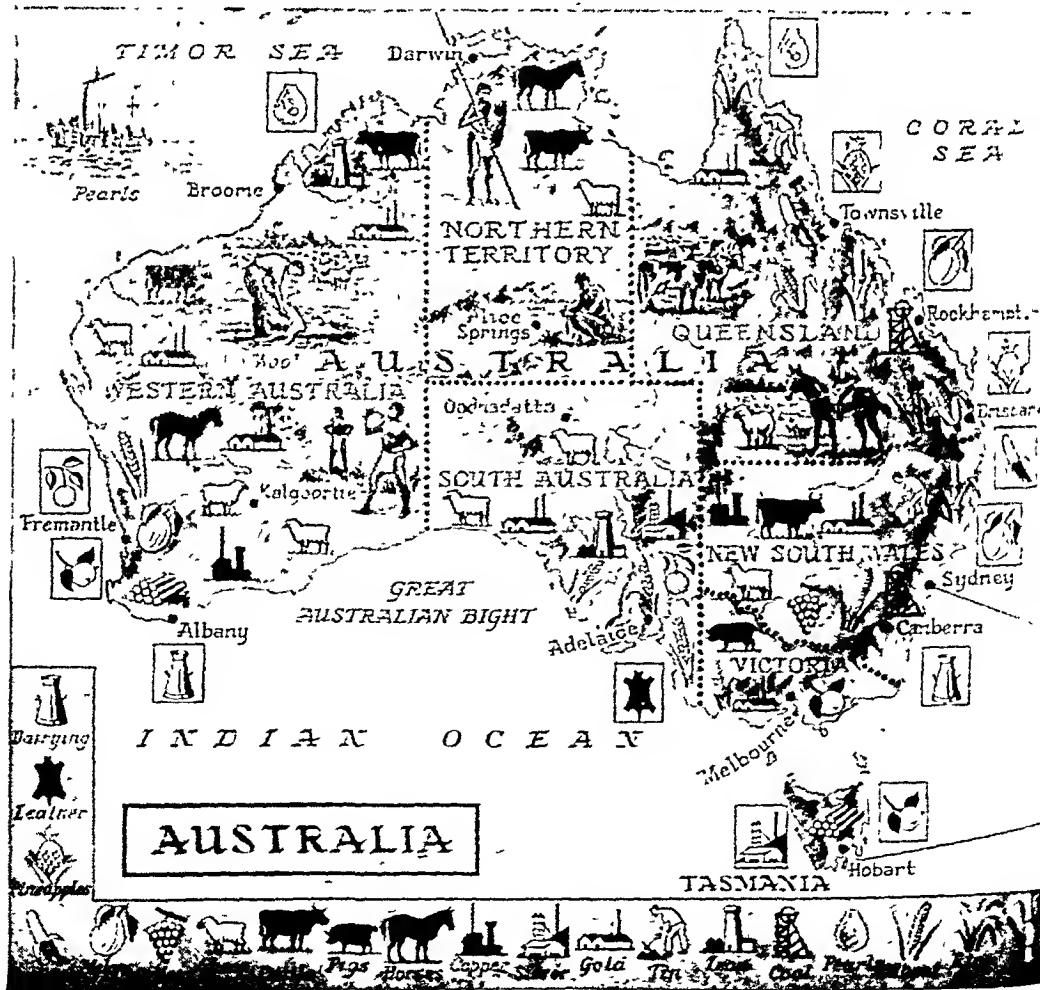
harbours, hot springs and even a little desert country; the evergreen forests, as luxuriant and dense as tropical jungle; and the towering, dominating mountains capped with eternal snows.

Small wonder then, that the people whose lives are lived against this background—so different from that of Great Britain—of history, landscape and climate have themselves changed. Yet it is perhaps as well to remember how truly British they are in origin.

The pioneers left Britain in the first place not to transplant a corner of the Old Country to the South Seas; but to begin in the new country a new life,

and if possible a better one. Their sons and grandsons have inherited from them a high standard of living, a resourcefulness and ability to think and act for themselves, and a practical appreciation of liberty and democracy.

The New Zealand of to-day is predominantly an agricultural and pastoral country, and in her production of butter, cheese, meat and wool, the bulk of which is exported to Britain, lies the foundation of her national wealth. But manufacturing industries, turning out commodities to meet her own needs, are growing fast. Her small population is spread evenly between



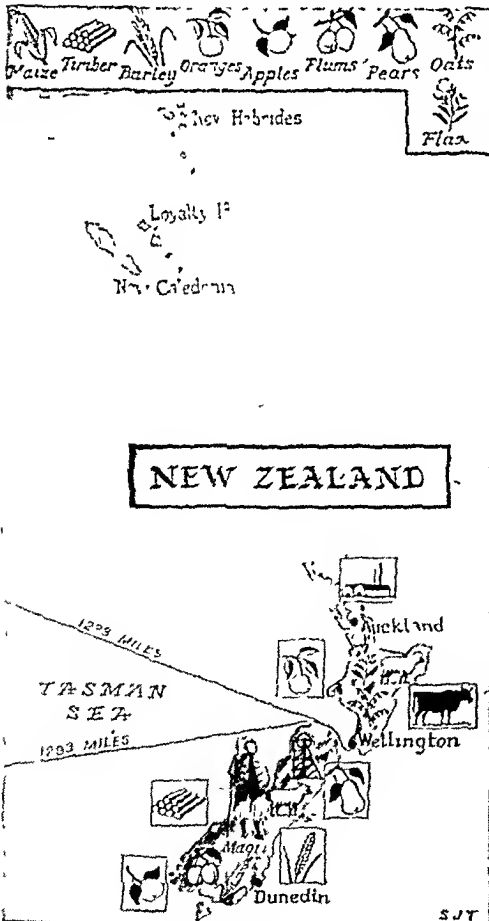
the urban and the rural areas; no single great metropolis dominates the nation, and town and country know each other better than in many lands.

John Jones, the townsman, does much the same kind of work as his cousin does in an English town. He works at a trade, or in a factory, or an office; he may be a doctor or a lawyer or an engine driver. If he is a man of average means he earns £6 or £7 a week and lives in a comfortable, well-equipped house in the suburbs. More than likely, his house is built of wood, in bungalow style, with a corrugated iron roof painted red or green. It

stands by itself amid its lawns and gardens—terraced or even semi-detached houses are almost unknown in New Zealand; and John Jones is more likely than his English cousin to have a telephone, a motor car and an electric kitchen. In normal times he drives his family to the beach every week-end of the long summer, and during his annual leave from work, he often shuts up his house, or rents it to a country family, and goes off on a motor-camping holiday.

His children, in nearly every case, go to schools where tuition is free, from kindergarten, through primary and grammar or technical schools, to university. Few indeed are the parents who pay for the teaching of their children; those who do pay do so from choice, when they send their children to one of the very small number of privately-owned schools. Lessons are much the same as in England, and increasing use is made of radio, films and similar modern methods. The children are given free milk and free dental care. Because of the mild climate, New Zealanders are great lovers of outdoor sports, nearly every child learns to swim (all the big towns are built on the seaside) and nearly every boy starts to kick a Rugby football as soon as he can walk.

While her husband is away at work and the children are at school, Mrs. Jones busies herself about the house. There is very little domestic help and because of this the houses in New Zealand are built as simply, and with as much economy of space, as possible. Yet Mrs. Jones works harder than the average English housewife. She spends most of her time in the kitchen and in the laundry—which is built into almost every New Zealand house. The coming of the long summer holidays, in which Christmas also falls, brings little relief,





MUTTON FOR EXPORT

New Zealand finds one of the main sources of her wealth in the huge quantities of meat which she can export. Here sheep are being "yarded" at a typical farmstead.

for it means a round of jam making and fruit preserving on top of the seasonal festivities. But her children start helping her in their early teens.

If there is illness in the family, the Joneses can obtain free treatment from their doctor or in the public hospitals, and free medicines. And if there's another baby, there are no doctor's bills to pay. These are some of the benefits the people enjoy under New Zealand's system of social security.

William Smith, the countryman, may specialize in one of a number of different kinds of farming. The Dominion's farms range from great sheep runs of over 50,000 acres to small

holdings, but the most popular unit is the family farm, usually dairying, of 90 to 100 acres. Most of the farms in the North Island grow dairy products, and in the South Island sheep and grain predominate.

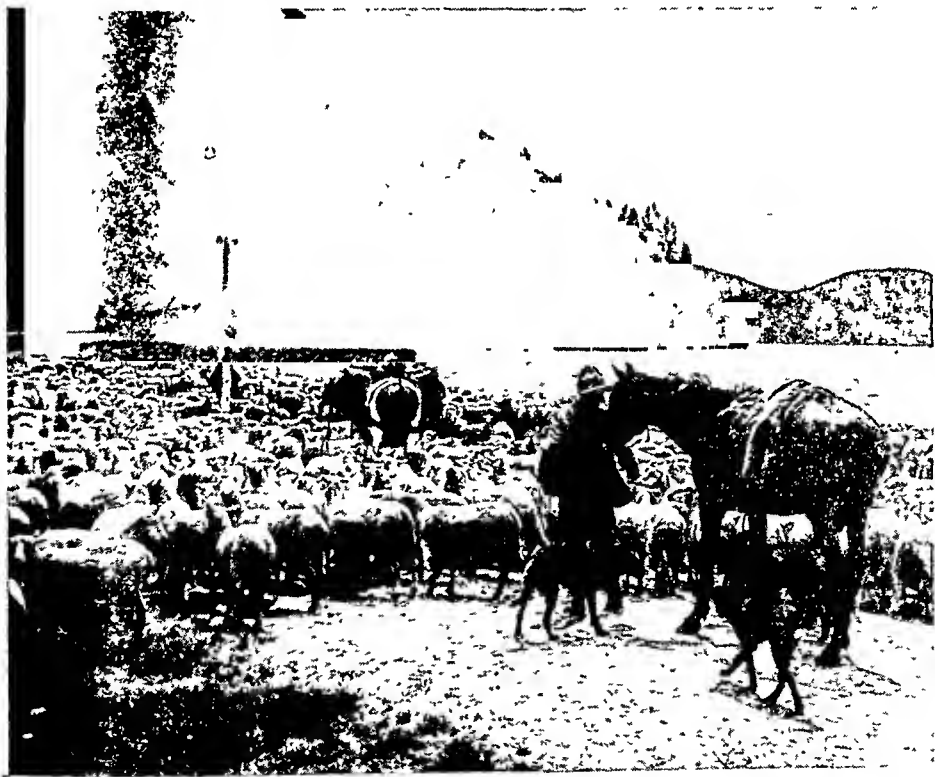
Let us suppose William Smith to be a small dairy farmer. His farm lies in country that was covered in scrub or even virgin forest much less than a century ago, and is still very sparsely settled; but he keeps in touch with the nearest town by means of his telephone, his own car, or the daily "service car"—a small bus that carries passengers, mail, newspapers and groceries through isolated areas. His household may

consist of himself, his wife and children and one or two farm hands. The farmhouse is of the same style as a town dwelling, though usually a little bigger, and stands well apart from the other farm buildings, these are fewer than those of the English farm because it is seldom necessary to bring the cattle inside for shelter from the weather.

William Smith's wife, and his children too, when they grow big enough, has to shoulder much of the work. She helps in the fields (New Zealanders call them paddocks) and the milking sheds, as well as being responsible for the house. But electricity has been brought to almost every

farming district, and this, together with extensive use of machines, does much to lighten the burden of the day's work.

The children are picked up each morning, and brought home in the afternoon, by a special bus which takes them to the same kind of school as children in the towns. But some farms are so isolated that school lessons have to be taken by mail! Another daily caller at the farm is the truck that calls to take the cream away to the nearest butter factory, which is a co-operative concern. In New Zealand the Government has a large amount of influence on the affairs of the farmer, it gives him much expert advice and



LARGE-SCALE SHEEP FARMING

Huge sheep and dairy farms now flourish in country that was scrub and virgin forest less than a century ago—a tribute to the hard work of the pioneers.



MAORI WOOD CARVER AT WORK

While maintaining their own mode of life, traditions, and crafts, the Maoris now enjoy the same rights and privileges as the white population of New Zealand.

assistance, buys produce at fixed prices and makes itself responsible for selling it both on the home market and overseas.

Huge quantities of butter and cheese and chilled or frozen meat—the wealth of the country—are carried by rail and road from the rural areas to the cities, towns and ports. New Zealand's four main cities, Auckland and Wellington in the North Island and Christchurch and Dunedin in the South, are either seaports themselves or are close to good harbours. The largest of the cities, Auckland, has little more than 200,000 people, but each city is modern in appearance and growing in size.

The New Zealand known best to the sightseer or the tourist is the New

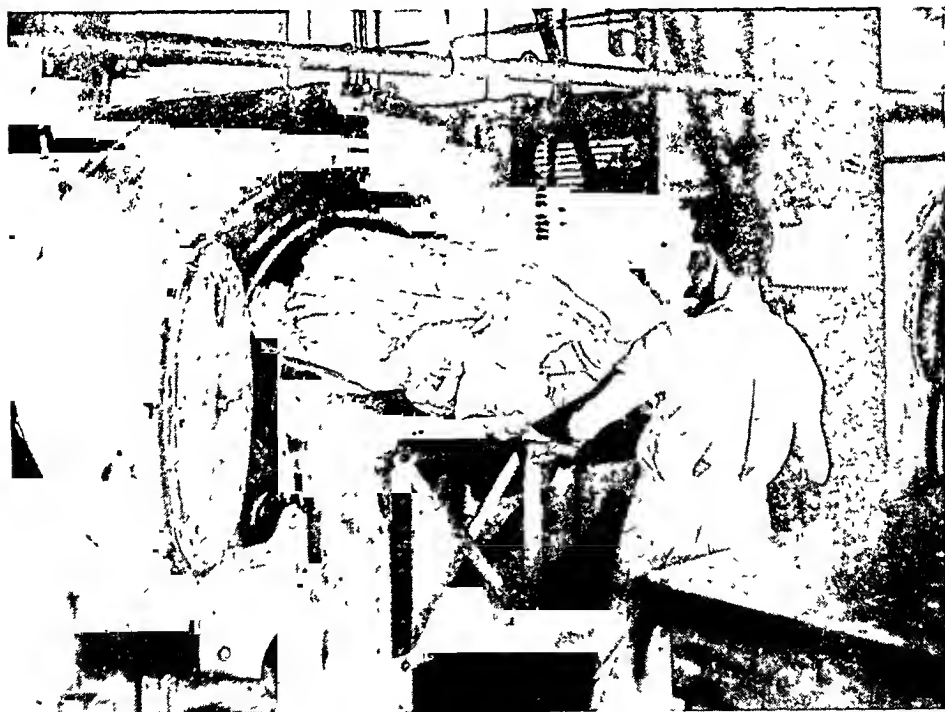
Zealand of primeval forests, lakes and sounds, of sports in the snow and on the water, and of fishing for rainbow trout and deep-sea monsters. A strange tract of land, some 30 miles wide by 100 miles long, in the heart of the North Island has attracted thousands of wondering tourists looking for the first time on natural geysers and steaming pools of boiling water and mud. Here too, many of the Maoris are to be found—the highly intellectual natives of fine physique and happy-go-lucky ways who settled in New Zealand long before the white man, and who now enjoy the same rights and privileges, of citizenship as the white population. Their children go to the same schools, the adults have a vote in the elections,

and are represented in Parliament by four members. Some have become doctors and lawyers and scientists; but most of them live comparatively simple lives as farmers, bush workers and fishermen.

Those of the Maoris who live in the Rotorua area of natural geysers often turn these weird works of nature to their own purposes. It is a common sight to see a Maori woman bathing her children in a warm pool, or doing her laundry there; or lowering a wooden box of peeled potatoes into a steam hole and leaving them there to cook.

For her size, New Zealand is rich in variety of minerals, but except for coal and gold the known reserves are

not great. It is in the fruits of the surface of the land that she will continue for many years to find the main source of her national wealth. As a self-governing member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, electing her own governments and making her own laws, she has sought her own solution for the problems of mankind. She has often led the world in industrial and social reforms. She claims her average standard of living as one of the highest in the world—but she is not satisfied to leave it at that. The New Zealanders, whose interest in politics and government and practical democracy has always been intense and vigorous, have been in the thick of the fight to make a better world.



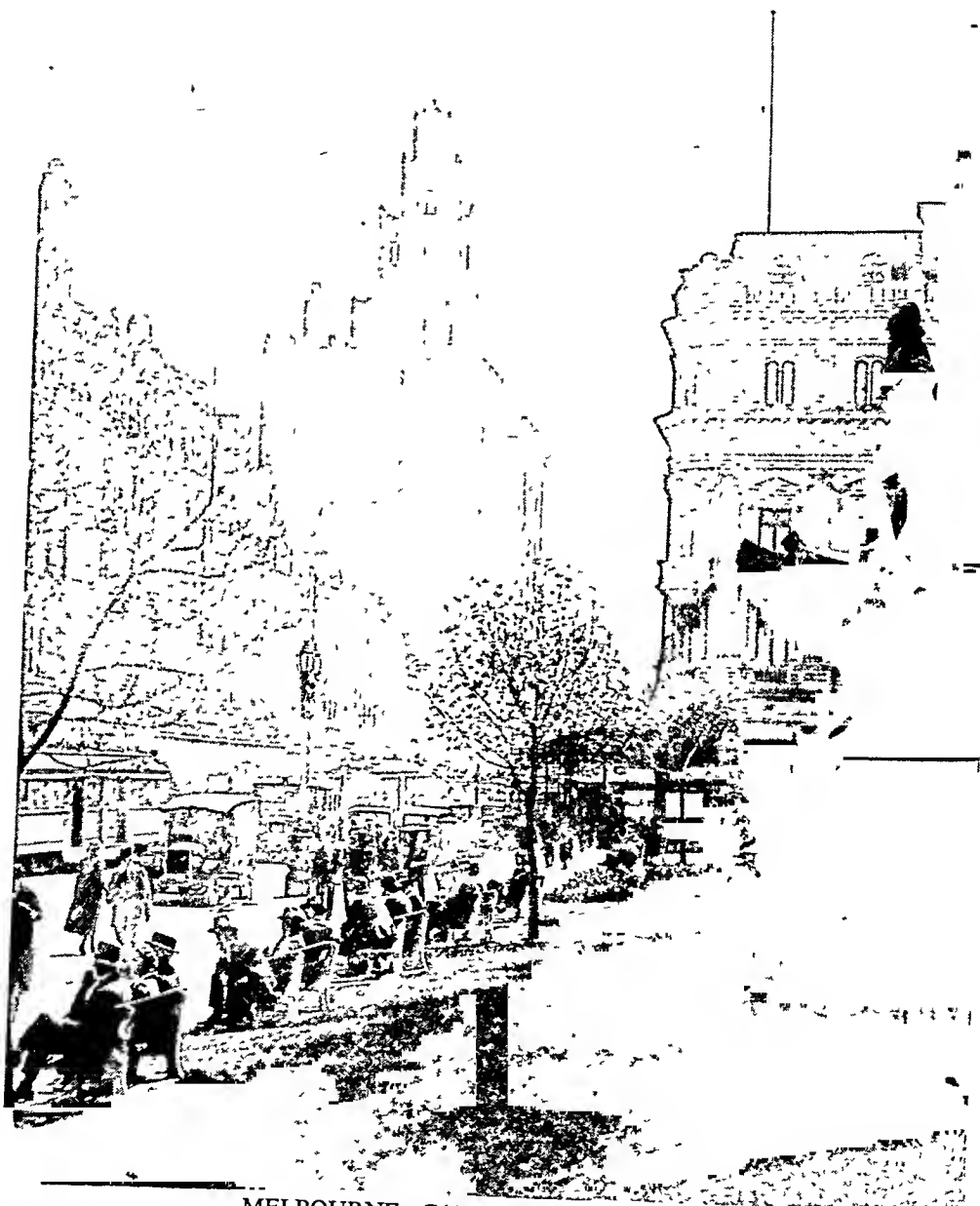
NEW ZEALAND BUTTER IN THE MAKING

Butter factories in New Zealand are run on co-operative lines, the Government making itself responsible for the marketing of the finished product.

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MELBOURNE, CAPITAL OF VICTORIA

It is a strange fact that such lovers of the open air as the Australians should have half their population living in the six State capitals. The cities are modern and dignified: in Melbourne the buildings are limited to 132 feet in height.

AUSTRALIA AND THE SHEEP FARMER

The vastness of Australia, and the broad ways of her people: the grazier. importance of wool: the average holding: tending sheep: children's life: the shearers' visits: city lure: heavy industry: cities' increasing self-sufficiency: the aborigines: Australia's remarkable prospects.

OUTDOORS! That one word best captures the feeling of room-to-breathe under an infinite sky, and the broad, wide ways of a people. That, briefly, describes Australia and the Australians. With life varying from the highest standards of modern civilization to primitive nomadic aborigines, Australia has 98 per cent. British stock, of whom about 84 per cent. are Australian born; but there is no one outstanding Australian type. The sun-tanned surf-rider frequenting the hundreds of miles of beaches; the million or more who play, rather than watch, all known brands of sport every week-end; the man getting excitement from a radio description of a horse race being run 500 miles away; or the man on the land, sunburnt king of his own wide land—are all typical Australians.

The one whose roots go deepest into the soil is the sheep-man—the grazier. He began with 105 sheep in 1792, four years after the first settlement, and today collectively owns 125,000,000 sheep roaming half a million square miles of grazing lands, supplying the bulk of the world's merino and other high class wools for which world buyers pay about £60,000,000 a year. The 1,000,000,000 lb. annual production is more than twice that of the next biggest producer, America. From this derives the saying, "Australia rides to prosperity on the sheep's back". With Australia becoming secondary-industry-

minded the saying is a bit frayed today, but that wool cheque is still the mainstay of national economy, meaning solvency overseas.

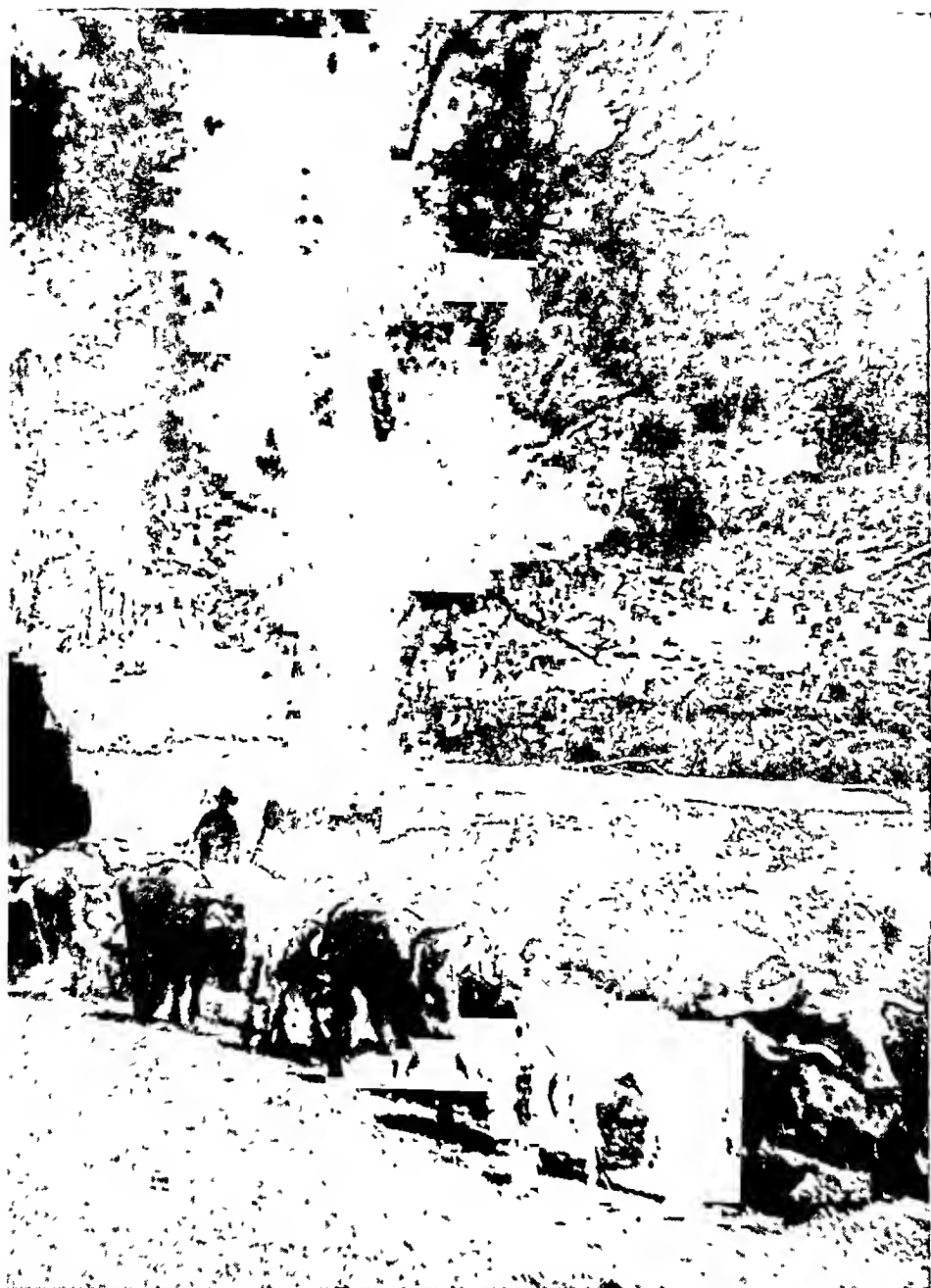
The man who has done this lives on his "station" property, anything up to 300 miles from his state capital, on the rolling plains inside the coastal mountain ranges. The world's largest merino stud covers 520,000 acres in New South Wales, and grazes 120,000 sheep. Holdings are necessarily large, because light rainfall (over 20 inches a year is good) and a long dry summer, make one sheep to the acre plenty. Ten miles of highway from the large country town, which is the hub of life in the sheep zone, and five miles of secondary road, bring you near the sheep-station. In mile after mile of wire fences (to keep the sheep in, and rabbits and foxes out), the only sign of habitation, more often than not, is a rusty petrol can, one side cut out and nailed to a fencing-post by a swing-gate. That is the letter box where mail-cars deliver letters and periodicals (voraciously read) twice or three times a week. It may be miles in from that gate before you reach the tree-sheltered homestead, located near a stream or water-bore. But with telephone and radio, the grazier's home is not isolated; with electric light and maybe a refrigerator run off his own power-plant, it has amenity.

Shirt and waistcoat have become almost standard dress for the man on



TRANSPORTING

The picturesque wool wagons drawn by teams of bullocks were once a familiar sight, but they are being ousted by motor transport which is making use of the excellent



WOOL TO MARKET

road system. When the sheep are shorn the wool is sorted and packed into large bales and taken to the railway station, which may possibly be as far as a hundred miles away.

the land, his jacket being something to put on for weekly shopping trips and gossip "jags" to the town. This town regulates its life to the sheep man's desire to shop on Wednesday or Saturday; on those days sun-blistered cars—they can't be immaculate when passengers are just as likely to be sick sheep as wife and family—crowd all kerbs. Life in the town is never dull; often more rest is possible in a city than a big country town. It is nothing, in a country of such vastness, to go sixty miles to a ball or carnival, or even for a day's shooting. You shoot over the grazier's property, it being understood you do not disturb the stock and that you shut all gates behind you; and his streams, stocked with trout by Government hatcheries, are public property and open to all rodmen.

Care of Sheep

Senseless and delicate, sheep must be nursed. It is a full-time job for the grazier and his station-hands to "ride" the paddocks by horse or utility truck, pushing the sheep to water, herding them to shade if hot, or to high dry land if wet, inspecting them for insect-pest attacks, or to change the pasture ground. So once a year he takes a holiday shepherding the family to the state agricultural show where he enters his best stock, hopes for a blue card prize to frame over the mantelpiece and "yarns" endlessly with his kind.

Statistics say he has two (and a decimal) children—"pigeon pair" of boy and girl. Until 14 they go to compulsory primary school, riding their ponies, bicycles or "community truck" up to ten miles a day each way. Well outback, some of these schools may have no more than ten pupils, running through all eight grades. These children already have tiny crowsfeet at eye-corners from squinting into strong sun

and over glaring plains. Later these children will go to High School or "tech." in the nearest large town, or high-fee private colleges in the cities. Their school year is split into three terms, with the long six-weeks break over hot Christmas, till the end of January. During this period country and city have a "swop" migration—the city goes to the country and the country to the city and the beaches.

The family sit down to Christmas dinner on Christmas Day much as in England, except that Dad is in shirt-sleeves, the children in practically nothing at all! They eat the same heavy meal, but ask them why and they can't explain, for with the temperature round 100 degrees, turkey and plum pudding rest heavily. There is a growing tendency, particularly in the cities, where about 4,000,000 of the 7,000,000 people live, towards the picnic Christmas dinner—cold, with salads and fruit, eaten by the shore or in the shade of riverbank willows.

Dealing with the Wool

The grazier's rush time is the shearers' invasion, when tough, wiry men arrive at the station, wield clippers at magical speed and leave, in the same flurry as they came, for the next station. The clip is sorted in the shed and baled (300 lb. to the bale), and taken by road to the nearest railhead. Replacement of the 20-bullock-team wool wagons by motor transport has taken some of the romance from the industry. The grazier may not even own his trucks, but engages public haulage firms on contract. In the state capital, brokerage companies give the wool expert sorting, and display it for inspection by buyers from a dozen countries, who later enter the "mad-house" of a wool auction. Here, at desks ranged tier upon tier in an



PANNING FOR GOLD AT Warburton, Victoria

These miners use a peculiar swirling motion when washing their alluvial gold with water in a pan. This causes the light, worthless material to be thrown out.



They began making such items as matches, biscuits and soap, and they started processing food for purely domestic city consumption, but have developed to the stage of 10,000-ton ships and giant four-engined airplanes. Hundreds of British and foreign

manufacturers have established branch plants in Australia.

Factory areas in the cities are defined by by-law, and with plants run mainly on electricity generated 100 miles or more distant and brought overland, cities are kept clean of industrial smoke

and smuts. Most factories are new enough to have all modern planning, and are frequently set back from the road in their own lawns and gardens.

Because of distances separating them, and transport costs, each city has tended towards self-sufficiency in small consumption manufactures. For instance, you seldom see a Melbourne-made biscuit in Sydney, or a Sydney-made box of matches in Melbourne. What interstate trade there is, is carried chiefly by sea—coastal steamers carry normally 85 per cent. of inter-state cargoes. Railways mainly carry freights for their own state

Different Types of Cities

No two cities are alike, because of climate and special planning necessary to make the most of their natural setting. Their only important point in common is a low skyline, controlled by regulation. Melbourne buildings are limited to 132 ft in height and Sydney, built on rock, is allowed 150 ft. in the city and 100 ft. in the suburbs. But with much of it built on high headlands round its magnificent harbour, Sydney gives the impression of a skyscraper city. In Brisbane airy weatherboard homes are perched high on wooden studs to protect them from white ants, but the other cities have adopted the brick bungalow, with plenty of garden space round it. With space to expand, and limits on tall structures, it is natural that the cities spread. Brisbane, with only a third of a million people, covers an area larger than Greater London. Flat-life is developed to any extent only in Sydney and Melbourne.

Apart from holidays in the country, or very popular camping trips, the Australian has not cultivated the country home in addition to his city one. If he has a week-end place it is a

shack at his favourite quiet beach. He considers a second roof unnecessary when he is only a twopenny tram or bus fare from his beach.

Australian Recreations

He is a film-fan. Annual attendances at the "pictures" (not "cinema" in Australia) exceed 130,000,000. The stage waned between wars, dropping to an annual patronage of only about 4,000,000, but it is showing signs of revival. He is an enthusiastic appreciator of music, and thousands of Australians go on a Sunday afternoon to lie on the shaded lawns of the Botanical Gardens and listen to an open-air symphony concert. There are Australian singers of world reputation today who owe their opportunity to a public subscription to finance the cost of their training.

It rather surprises the Australian to ring a doorbell and have it answered by an aboriginal maid! This may happen only once in a thousand times, but it is about the only reminder in the cities that the aborigine still exists. There are aborigine intellectuals, they make first class stockmen for cattle stations, and a few of their women are in domestic service, but even so the aborigine has not taken to civilization. There are only about 52,000 full-blooded black fellows left, still living their loam-clothed (or less) native life in arid central and northern Australia. With spears and primitive weapons they hunt for game and dig for natural root foods. Their habit of living off the country compels constant wandering in small tribes. They cannot afford to increase beyond the available food resources, and families are limited by abortion or infanticide to three or four children to keep tribal numbers static. They are a race almost apart, the only natives bearing any resemblance to these

heavy-browed, thin-shanked. people being found in some parts of India, Malaya and the islands to the north-west of Australia.

They are great hunters, able to stalk game days after it has passed by. This characteristic has made them valuable as "black trackers" for state police forces, as they can follow a criminal's tracks long after scent has gone too cold for dogs. They are strong believers in the supernatural, and have something of magic in their own make-up. Men have been known to begin mourning the loss of a relative at the very moment of death probably 500 miles away. One will "point the bone" (that is, throw an invisible spear great distances to penetrate the body

of the victim without leaving a trace), at another a hundred miles away, and the victim will ail and die. Governments try to help the race from dying out by establishing protected areas and special services, but the future is doubtful.

There is nothing small about Australia except its population. It is a country of remarkable prospects, being the last of the new world countries to await full development of its rich resources. Happy and hospitable, the Australian has a strong belief in the destiny of his country, and its importance in the Pacific. He wants a population of 20,000,000 in 15 years, and if he can get it, he knows Australia will become one of the most prosperous and high-standard countries in the world.



CROCODILE HUNTING

The aborigines are great hunters and uncannily skilful trackers, but the race is a dying one, only about 52,000 now living in central and northern Australia.



SPORTSMAN OF THE SOLOMON ISLES

He competes with his friends in shooting fish with bow and arrow, or spearing them by the light of flares; he catches crabs to barter for tobacco with inland tribes.

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS

Inhabitants of the Pacific islands: Polynesian, Melanesian and Micronesian groups: daily village life: education: social importance of coconut wealth: religious beliefs: the Papuan of the coast and the interior. marriage by barter. fighting and feasting: the Gilbert Islands: Caroline Islands.

THE inhabitants of the Pacific islands vary in habits and appearance according to their ancestral roots which are represented by three groups, the Polynesian, the Melanesian and the Micronesian.

Let us glance first at a typical Polynesian village family establishment. There is no difficulty about this, since there are no secrets in the Polynesian home. Collective house-keeping is common to all Polynesian peoples, and several families live under one roof, which is thatched and held up by posts; the sides of the house are open, and closed by palm leaf shutters only in bad weather.

The village stirs at daybreak. Soon the house and village is practically deserted, with the women away gathering food, and the men fishing in the coral reefs and shallow waters.

All return to the communal dwelling-place in the early afternoon when the chief meal of the day is prepared.

The bread-fruit is the staple food of the natives, and they like this equally well cooked or uncooked. The bread-fruit tree yields a harvest two or three times a year, and any surplus crop is buried in an emergency larder against devastation by hurricane.

Once the bread-fruit and tubers are prepared, they are wrapped in leaves and placed on the hot oven stones, on a thick layer of banana leaves which have been slightly damped down. While the meal is cooking, the men prepare cream from the flesh of the coconuts.

The distribution of the food is usually made by the men; leaves are used as plates, and the children share that of a grown-up. The men, who sit together, are served first, and everyone receives a liberal helping. The cool milk of green coconuts is served as a drink.

When the fishermen return, their catch is laid out before the house for all to see. After a time, it is divided meticulously between the groups represented in the fishing crew. Any man who was prevented by good reasons from joining the expedition will get a share; but deliberate shirkers will not.

The village now settles down for a siesta. As the day cools, everybody wakes up to new tasks and recreations—some to spear fish, the young people to dance and play games, the men to their club house, where local and tribal affairs are discussed. Children with their light brown skins gleaming with coconut oil, with which they are daily rubbed, play until they drop asleep; there are no set hours for slumber, it is taken when sleep asserts itself.

Of the islands' natural resources, which include bananas, yams, mangoes, avocados, bread-fruit and taro (a root plant) only copra, the dried broken kernel of the coconut, is exported; this is dried and bagged for market, ready for the trading schooners which make periodical calls at the islands: in exchange the native receives knives, matches and printed cloth. Even so, he has a greater interest in accumulating stores of coconuts than trading them;



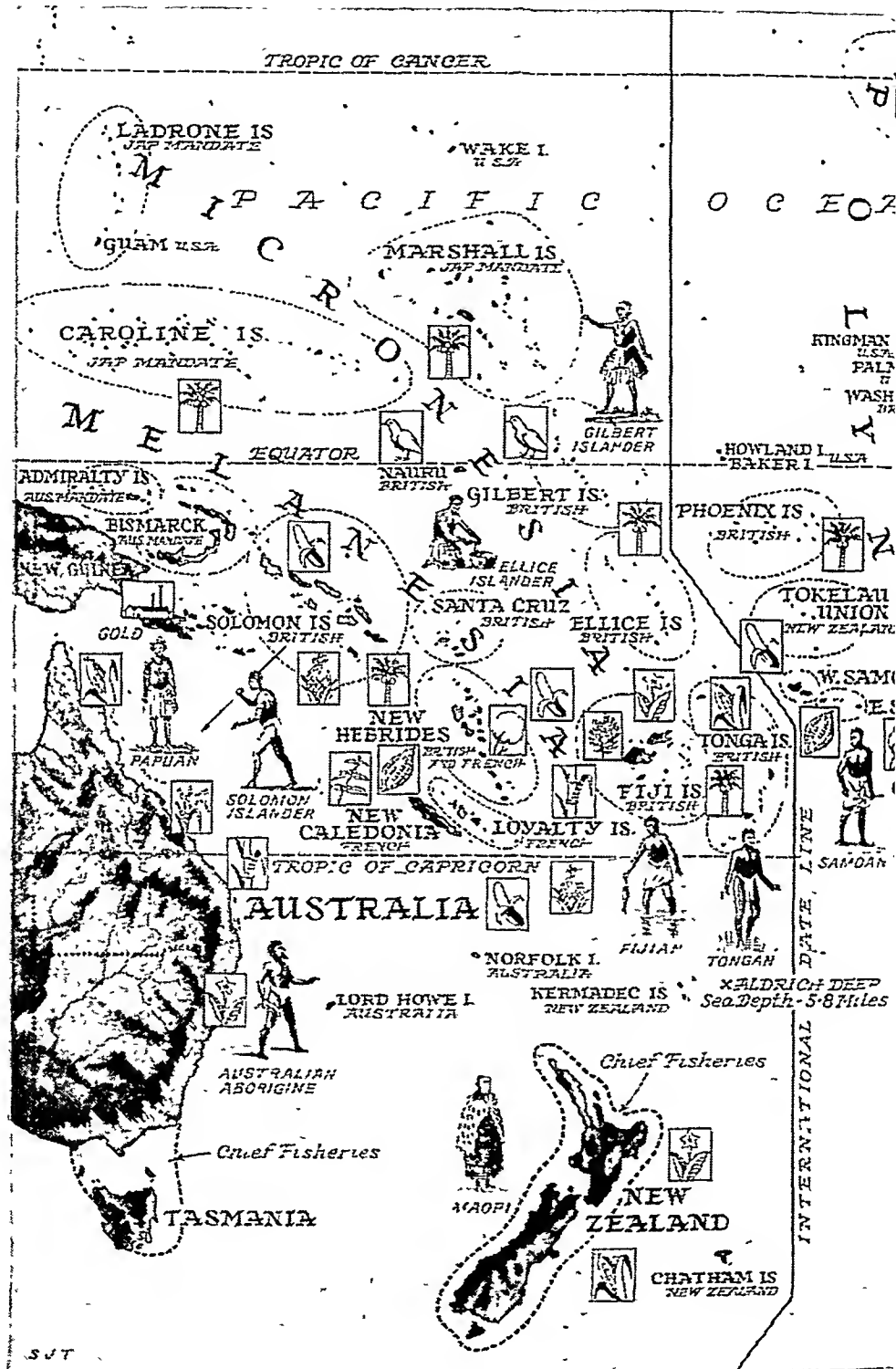
DAY BEGINS IN A

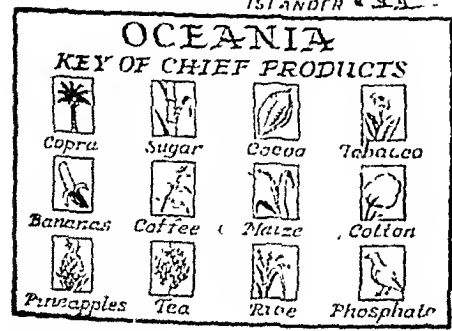
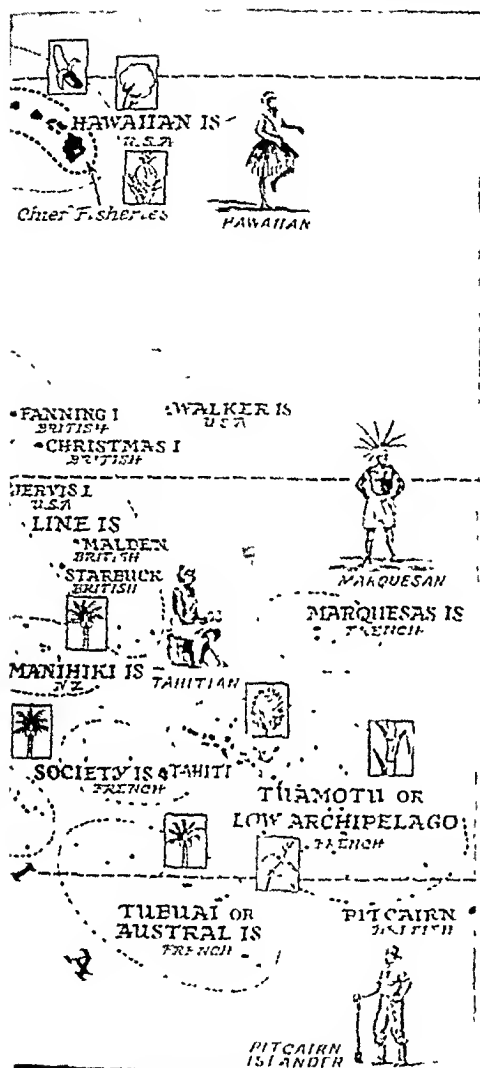
The village stirs at daybreak, when the people run to the bathing pools for their morning ablutions; the women are quickest and return to prepare food and tidy the house. Bark sheet coverings and pandanus mats are the native beds. The



SOUTH SEA ISLAND VILLAGE

food ovens, shallow holes in the earth into which are put heated stones, are opened to cook the meal prepared overnight. Most of the men go away fishing; the women look after the children, fetch water, weave mats and search for food.





for coconuts mean wealth to him, and he requires them for inter-tribal feasts, for wedding gifts, tattooing fees and many other social obligations.

The education and care of the children is the first duty, not only of the parents, but of the whole family. In extreme infancy a child does not leave his mother's side, but as he reaches the crawling stage, his father takes charge of him. His mother's brother is responsible for his religious training, and his grandparents teach him the history of his ancestors.

When a young couple become engaged, the bridegroom's parents send fish and as many coconuts as their rank and standing dictates, to the girl's parents; they in turn give taro puddings for distribution, these, with bark cloth and woven mats, represent the wealth of the young people who do not set up house on their own, but go to live with the bride's family.

Marriage between Polynesians is a comparatively simple matter, unless the contracting parties are from important families, a simple announcement is sufficient to legalize the union. Custom varies in the different islands.

The Polynesians are a fine upstanding people. The men are very tall with skin of a lighter tone than either the Melanesian or Micronesian. They wear their hair in long flowing locks or curls, the natural colour of which is dark brown—as are their smiling eyes.

Tattooing is a beautifying process for both men and women, and is important in the social order of most Polynesian people; but it is costly, and many families strain their resources to the utmost to have their children treated.

Polynesians share in the native religious institutions common to all groups, although the names and attributes of their deities may vary, they have a definite belief in the survival of



PAPUAN NATIVES AT WORK

Above, children are taught pottery making; how to mould and glaze. Below, native millers pounding the pithy interior of the sago palm, their staple food; the men standing are making washing troughs from the crown fronds of the palm.

armed with a weapon on the chance of finding bush pigs in his wanderings. The Papuan's wealth is measured by the number of pigs in his possession, and with them he can buy anything, even caste. By giving donations of pigs to the priests for sacrifice, he can buy his way into the pig cult or *sugue*, one of the many secret societies which flourish in the New Hebrides.

Neither headhunting nor cannibalism has been entirely suppressed amongst the wild men of the South Sea Island jungles.

Traders to these islands often meet genuine cannibals; they are clothed in a belt of bark cloth, twisted round their waists, and huge shell ear-rings; these men come from the interior to exchange vegetables, yams and paw-paws for tobacco, clay pipes, and beads; nothing else is of use to them.

The cannibal's rolling eyes and overhanging brows, his thickened nose deformed by the practice of thrusting cane through the septum, and coarse lips, give him a look of brutal ferocity, although he may be a kindly person.

Pygmy Tree Dwellers

On the other hand, the pygmy tree dwellers of Papua look like children at first sight. Their light-brown to black bodies are beautifully proportioned, and both men and women are about four feet nine inches tall. Their dark hair curls over a high forehead, and their eyes, although closely set, are not cunning; their noses are not deformed like those of most Melanesians by incisions for ornaments.

They build their tree-top dwellings in clusters, supporting them on poles, and their houses serve as fortresses as well as shelters.

The pygmy dwellers in the mountains of the New Hebrides build their houses on the mountainside, above valleys

where they grow their food in irrigated trenches. In neither case do the pygmies appear to be well protected against the tropical rains or extreme cold, but they are a hardy little people, remarkably free from disease, and what they lack in stature, they make up in adroitness and finesse.

Micronesia

Micronesia is the third of the racial groupings which embrace the peoples of the South Sea Islands. These islands, three thousand of them, lie to the north of Melanesia and consist of the Ladrões, Carolines, Marshall and Gilbert groups, and innumerable smaller islands.

The people living in their jungles and mountains are linked with the Polynesians and Melanesians in one great language and family, their ancestry is a mingling of Polynesian and Melanesian stock and that of earlier peoples. They are slightly mongoloid, of middle height, with yellowish brown complexions, black hair and eyes, and high cheek bones.

The home of the Gilbertese is much like that of his neighbour, his low thatched house stands in a scrupulously clean street, bordered by shady palms, its roof is supported by pillars of coral lime, or posts of pandanus palm, six feet high. The house is open to the four winds, and partitioned by leaf shutters at night. All day long the household routine is open to view, chatter and laughter fill the air.

The central point of any community in the Gilbert Islands group is the *maneaba* similar to the Melanesian *sugue* or clubhouse. Its supporting pillars of white coral hold up a well thatched roof of cathedral-like effect, its eaves drop sharply to the ground, leaving only sufficient height for a man to crawl through. During the day its vast dark coolness is silent, save perhaps



RELIGIOUS CEREMONY OF FIRE WALKING

The priest, garlanded and robed, leads an evergrowing procession, first of devotees, then of ordinary people, backwards and forwards across a trench in which a fire is burning; there is no sign of scorched soles or clothing.

for the voices of old men who have their special niche among the singing places of the clan to which they belong.

In the Gilbert Islands, where vegetation is relatively scanty, and before trade in copra enabled the native to exchange the crop of his coconut plantation for commodities, it was not always easy for a man to find food with which to feed his family. But the Gilbertese is an intrepid sailor, and his knowledge of the stars enables him to venture far in search of food; his skill as a fisherman is proverbial.

Of the Caroline group, one of the most interesting islands is that of Yap. Here currency is of monumental proportions, and consists of high circular stones of polished calcite hewn

from rocks of Pelew and Guam, and transported by canoe over the hundreds of miles which separate the islands. Many of the stones are well over 12 feet in diameter. These represent the communal wealth, and are used for important purchases such as plantations of coconuts, or for communal presentations. Transport from buyer to seller is no light matter and can be managed only by trundling the stone money by means of a tree-trunk thrust through the central hole. For daily use, small change in shells and coconuts is legal tender.

As in the Gilbert Islands and the Carolines generally, the Yap club or council house, used exclusively by men, is the outstanding feature of each

village, but in Yap the women also have their own house of retirement where no man may enter.

Another distinguishing feature of the social structure of Yap is the unique slave system. Like the stone currency, these slaves are owned by the community as a whole; they can neither be bought nor sold by the individual, but are servants of the community, they have their own villages and to some extent frame their own laws, but in all essential matters they are entirely subordinate to their master tribe. One of the few external differences between a Yap slave and a freeman is that the latter wears a comb in his hair, its size varying with his rank and prestige.

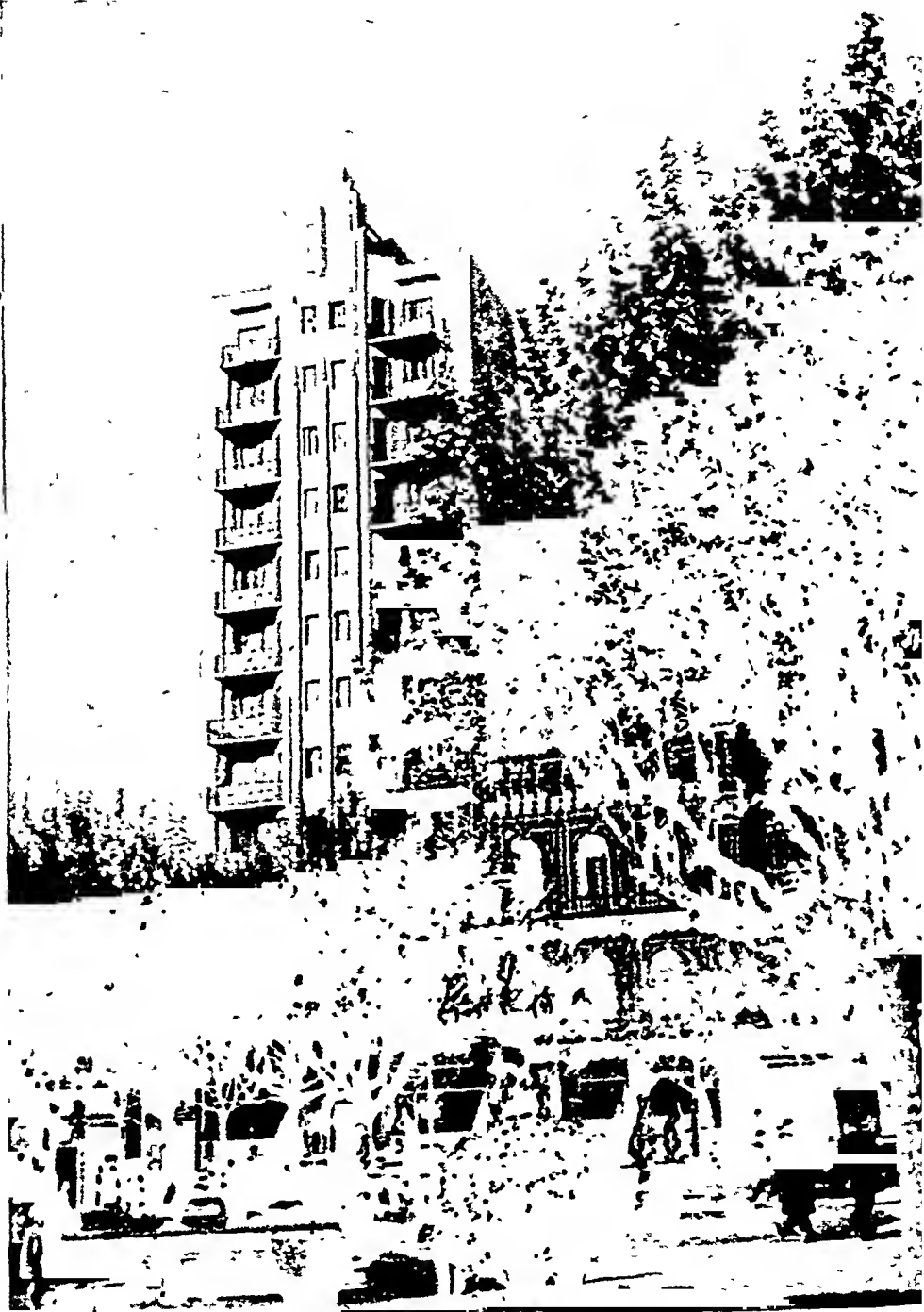
What of the future of the peoples of the South Sea Islands? That the islanders have a claim to take a share in the work of the progressive peoples of the world can be substantiated by the potential importance of their contribution to the world's material wealth by the productive qualities of their fertile lands, at present only partially exploited, and by their ability to develop these resources

Modern civilization has drawn them from their seclusion, they are not lacking in intelligence, perception or aptitude to grasp and utilize what is advantageous to themselves, and they have something of great value to contribute to the modern world



ANCESTOR WORSHIP IN THE NEW HEBRIDES

The Islanders believe in the survival of the individual after death. Everyone is said to have two spirits; one dies with him; the other lives in a spirit world, from whence it can return to earth, watch its relatives, and punish any wrongdoers.



SOUTH AMERICAN SKYSCRAPER

Like all large South American cities Buenos Aires, capital of the Argentine, really comes to life at night, when its brilliantly lit plazas are filled with people

LIFE SOUTH OF THE U.S.A.

*Variety of Latin America. extremes of climate: mountains and rivers
agricultural continent: eastern cities: old Spanish customs in Montevideo
primitive life of the peasants in Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador: gauchos of Brazil
industries of Ecuador: tropical Central America.*

WHEN one is asked the question, "What is life like in South America?" one feels rather like the father of a small boy who asks, "Daddy, how does an airplane work?" Because this vast land mass, fourth largest of the continents, and comprising 14 per cent. of the land area of the entire globe, holds within it such extremes of climate, of countryside, of rich and poor, of civilization and the primitive, that it is hard to know how best to give a picture of the life of its seventy-five million people.

Racially, they are descended from the Spanish and Portuguese who first colonized the continent and from the native Indians with whom the colonizers intermarried. But the great difference in climate and, therefore, in ways of living, has developed these descendants along varied lines, so that there is a good deal of difference, both in physique and temperament, between, for example, a citizen of Venezuela in the north and an Argentinian in the south.

The continent of South America stretches for 5,000 miles from north to south, and is 3,000 miles across at its broadest part. Its climate ranges from the tropics of the north, with the steaming forests of the Amazon, to the bleak frigidity of Cape Horn, only a few degrees from the Antarctic Circle. In addition, South America enjoys quite a different climate on its western, or Pacific, coast, than it does on its eastern Atlantic coast. Climate, of course,

affects the gifts and riches of the land, and these in turn must affect the way of life of the people. So it is easy to see that life in the tropical northern republics of, say, Colombia or Venezuela, is very different from life on the great temperate plains of the Argentine, or in the mountain fastnesses of inland Chile.

Apart from the number of degrees of latitude which pass through the continent, the climate is largely determined by two main geographical features—the immense mountain range of the Andes, running the whole length from north to south, and the three great rivers—the Amazon, the Plate and the Orinoco. It is the mountain range of the Andes which is responsible for the difference in climate between the west coast and the east. Heavy rainclouds, sweeping in from the Atlantic, strike the mountains and their moisture runs down the more gradual eastern slopes, making the land fertile, while the western side gets little rain and in some places none at all.

The South American rivers—the Amazon and Orinoco in the north, and the Plate in the south-east, with their innumerable tributaries—not only irrigate the land, but form wide lake basins and table lands, such as the famous pampas and savannahs.

All these different climates and geographical formations bring different ways of living, but when everything has been taken into consideration South America is pre-eminently an agricultural continent, though it has great

STREET IN QUITO

Life in this high, remote town, capital of Ecuador, is primitive. The peasant shown here has loaded his donkeys with firewood which he hopes to sell. Practically all the peasants use donkeys which carry produce from the outlying villages.

mineral wealth. In fact, all the riches of the earth lie there, some inaccessible or hardly developed, and others that have already brought much wealth to the people. And here again is a factor making for extremes in the way of living. On the one hand are the great rich, civilized cities, such as Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Sao Paulo, and on the other, isolated agricultural communities, gauchos and cattle raisers, coffee plantation workers, miners, simple fisher folk, and Indian tribes, in some places still wild and ferocious, in others gentle and peace-loving.

Let us take a look first at life in the big rich cities of the east, and then at some of the smaller towns, many of them full of culture and charm.

The Argentine

Buenos Aires, capital of the Argentine, is the largest city in South America. It is a tremendous mushroom growth which, during the last forty years, has risen to well over two million inhabitants. In the centre of the town the original narrow Spanish streets still exist, and these are now so congested with traffic that it is hard to get along them.

Like all South American cities, Buenos Aires really comes to life at night. The city is brilliantly lit, and the people stroll about its many fine plazas and avenues, or take the air in Palermo, the Hyde Park of Buenos Aires. The rich citizens have built themselves magnificent palaces, usually



in the French Renaissance style, and if you walk along the Plaza San Martin, the most fashionable residential street, you are astounded at the luxury and sometimes the rococo vulgarity of these houses.

In holiday times the thing-to do is to go to one of the many boating clubs just outside the city. The most popular one is on the River Tigre, and here



charming country villas have been built. On a Sunday nearly everybody in Buenos Aires goes to the races, and the immense private pavilion reserve of the Buenos Aires Racecourse, with the tremendous sweep of its awning supported on ornate pillars, has become familiar from many films.

Life in this city, in fact, is expensive and luxurious. The exclusive Criollo

families are dying out, though you can still find some of their old one-storey houses built round a central patio. These houses never have any windows facing the street, for above all else the Criollos prized privacy. The main street is the Avenida de Mayo, and here are all the smartest shops.

In order to understand the reason for all the wealth which is in Buenos Aires,

you must go down to the docks through which four-fifths of the country's imports, and three-fifths of its exports, pass. All along these docks tower the immense grain elevators, for Argentina's wealth is largely built on grain.

In contrast to this glittering city, Montevideo, 120 miles away across the River Plate, seems almost provincial. But life here has great charm. The city is built on a small peninsula and then straggles inland and along the coast. At night all of this is brilliantly lit up, and the water is dotted with the lights of launches and anchored liners.

Montevideo is essentially Spanish in character, and the central part of the town is a pleasing mixture of commercial and residential. In many places the old custom of the merchant living above his premises still exists, and because of this shops stay open till very late, and the night life lasts even longer than it does in Buenos Aires.

Social Life in Montevideo

In the Plaza Independencia there are many cafés, and here in the evening burning political discussions take place. Walking along to the Plaza Matriz you come to the Uruguay Club and the English Club, both of them great centres of social life. Wherever you look you will get a great impression of solidity, because although the houses are usually only two storeys high, they are solidly built of stone, instead of the usual stucco and cement. All round the city are suburbs both for the workers and for the rich.

At holiday times everybody flocks to the Playas, the waterside resorts nearby. People stream out in trams to stroll on the promenades, listen to the bands, and take part in the gay carnivals called *Noches de Moda*. Everything is a blaze of electricity, even the piers and bathing boxes. Yes,

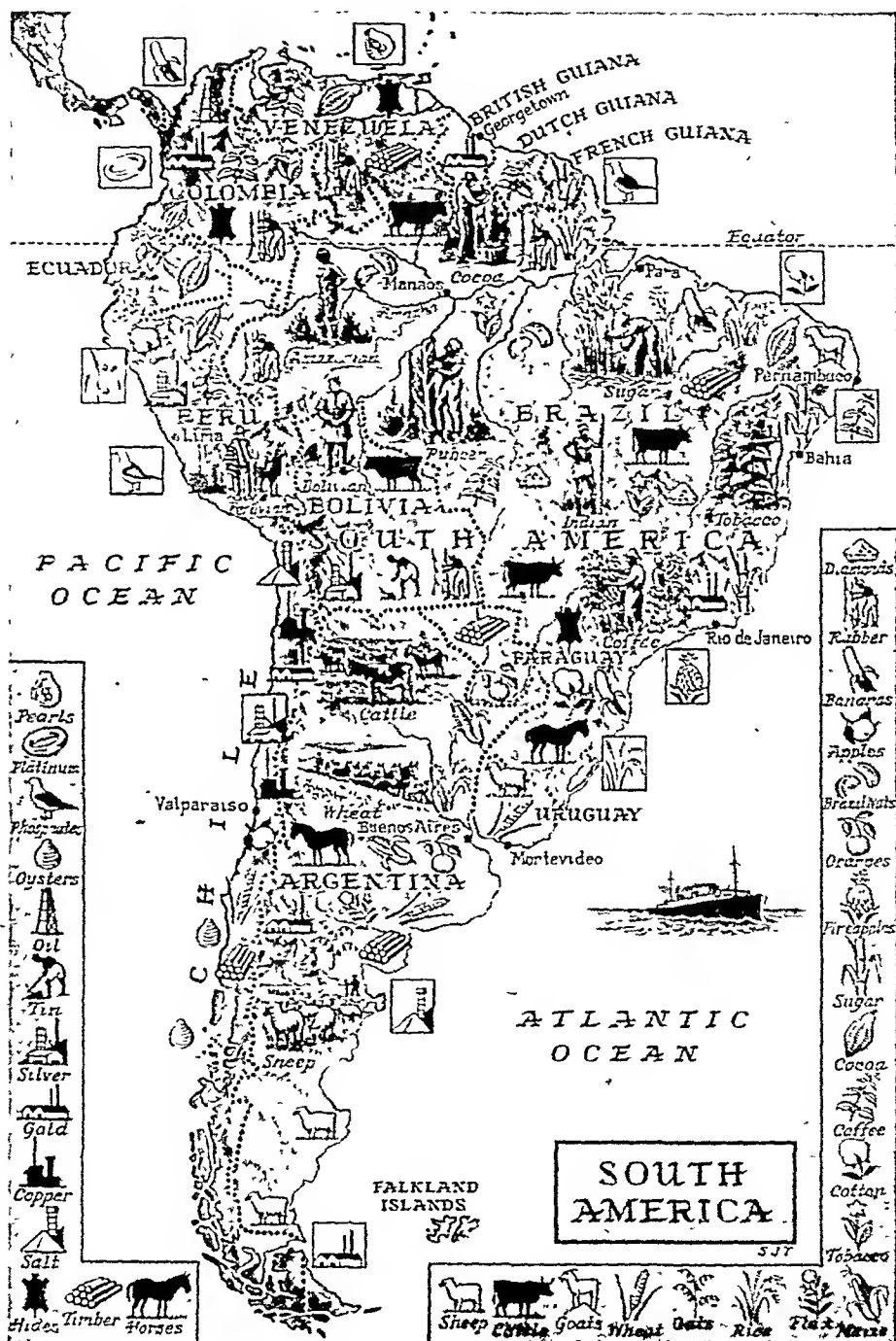
this city is a friendly, hospitable place, lacking the great palaces of Buenos Aires, and the bustle of its commerce.

Much of old Spain remains, and along the residential streets in the cool of the evening you will still see lovers talking to their chosen ladies through the barred windows of the old houses, for courtship is very strict, and follows well-defined formal lines.

Pleasure in Rio de Janeiro

Perhaps the gayest city of all, and certainly the most beautiful, is Rio de Janeiro. This city of a million and three-quarter people is a town of luxury and spending, built round one of the most famous bays in the world, an out-of-door, night city. The evening meal is elaborate and of great length, and then, when the air is cool, there is every kind of pleasure at your disposal. You can motor along the sea front in a magnificent madly-racing car, dance on starlit roofs, sit and gossip on a balcony or in a café. At midnight the city is fully alive. Boys are still selling newspapers, and the scores of chairs set out on the broad pavements of the plazas are still filled with men. They drink either tiny cups of black coffee or, surprisingly enough, glasses of milk, but they talk always about politics.

Everyone born in the capital is called a carioca; this means born within sight of the Carioca Square, just as the cockney must be born within the sound of Bow Bells. The carioca is a gay and witty person, rejoicing in lampoons and topical songs, reading dozens of newspapers, going frequently to the theatre where light topical farces with a political flavour are the most popular fare. From a housewife's point of view the city is a delight, for nearly everything is done by electricity, although the poor still





ON A BRAZILIAN CATTLE RANCH

On the great temperate uplands of Brazil are immense cattle rearing plains. The branding of cattle is exciting work. This animal refused, after branding, to join the others in an adjoining enclosure and is being forced to do so.

cook on charcoal. As a result the air is smokeless, pure and clear, houses can be painted in bright colours, women can wear the lightest and gayest clothes. Even the street cleaners are white clad.

All over the richer part of the city are the immense palacetes of the successful Brazilians. These are dream houses, with delicate white marble staircases, gay open loggias, balconies and verandas, all painted with amusing scenes, and decorated with figurines. Luxurious roof gardens, filled with the bright colours of bougainvillea, passion flowers, and convolvulus, are a lovely

finish. Shopping in Rio, though expensive, is breath-taking in its variety. Along the Ouvidor are the English and French bookshops, and the most wonderful jewellery shops in the world. No artificial jewellery is on sale in Rio; even the poorest worker invests his savings in jewels.

If Buenos Aires and Rio have all the Eldorado glitter associated with South America, the towns like São Paulo provide the solid rock on which this wealth is built. This city is the greatest industrial centre of South America, and all its life centres round the coffee trade, which is the staple industry

of Brazil. Even the sumptuous mansions along the Avenida Paulista are described by the residents as "built on coffee". This great Avenida runs along a sort of hogback, and in the distance, on either side, can be seen the great plains of rich red soil in which the coffee shrub flourishes.

The heart of the city is a small tree-shaded triangle called the Rua São Bento, and here at night the inhabitants take the air. As in Rio, electricity is cheap and plentiful, keeping the air clean and bright, but in contrast to the gay pleasure-loving crowds of Rio and Buenos Aires, most of the streets of São Paulo are filled with hurrying workers. There is a large Italian colony, especially in the factory district, and

big English and American colonies. But whatever the nationality, the chief topic of conversation is always coffee.

One of the great sights of the city is the wonderful fruit and vegetable market every morning, and to visit this you must get up at about 4.30 a.m. There you will be able to buy not only every kind of fruit and vegetable, but even live baby goats to take home and cook for your dinner. There is little poverty in the city, and no slums, and the whole place seems well-kept and fresh. To get away from the noisy clamour of the central city, with its 160 miles of trams, it is interesting to visit one of the neighbouring snake farms.

The older, smaller cities of the west, and the inland, mountain towns, pre-



IN PERU

There is little life in the remote desert region of Peru, where this Indian farmer cultivates his land with a primitive wooden plough. In the background rise the high Andes, which run almost the whole length of South America.

sent a very different picture. Life in Santiago de Chile, for example, is much more reminiscent of old Spain and old France.

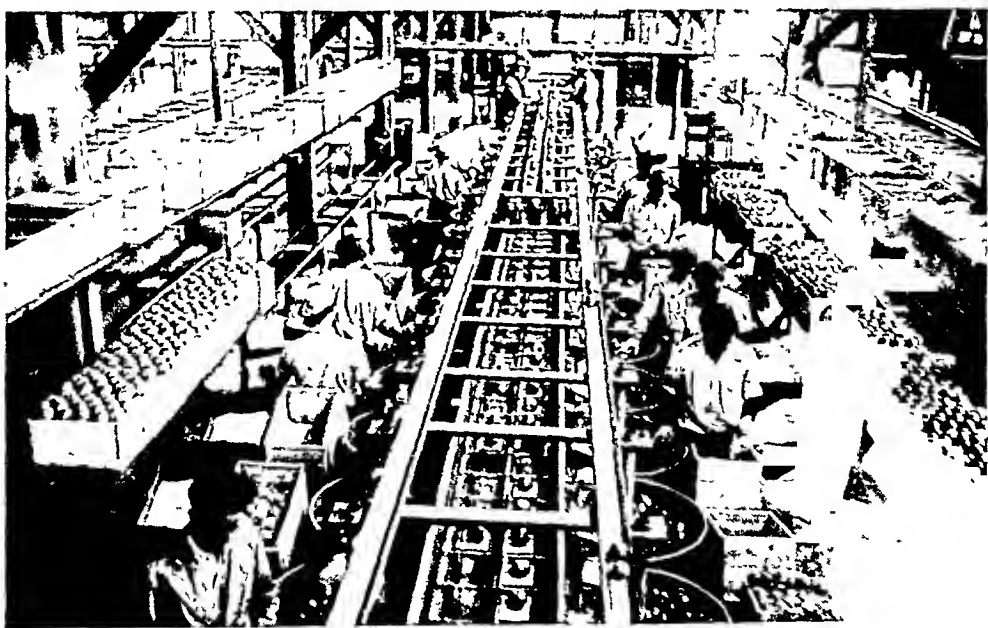
This city is 1,800 ft. up in the mountains, and well beyond the tropics. Most of its main avenues, as well as being tree-planted, have channels of running water, and a river, crossed by many beautiful bridges, runs through the town. Luxury is not so ornate in Santiago, and the buildings, with their balustrades and stucco vases, are nearly all stucco-tinted in pastel shades, giving a charming effect. If you own one of the fine private residences here it will have an immense doorway, wide enough to admit a mounted horseman, and a central patio with fountains and flowers. Any windows you may have on the street will be closely barred.

The people are kind and courteous, and social life consists of promenades

along the Avenida, picnics in the big gardens laid out on Santa Lucia, and visits to the fine municipal theatre.

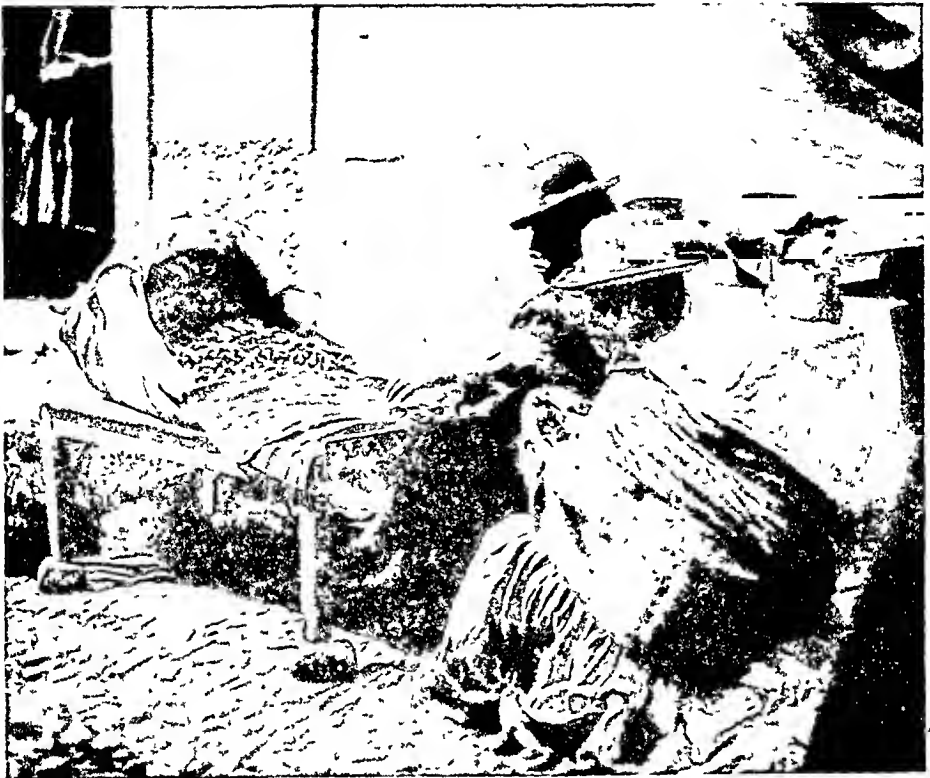
The Chilean is an active, enterprising person, who joins in business with the large number of Europeans, chiefly German and English, who have settled in his country. As in nearly all South American cities, there is a magnificent cemetery, more like an ornamental park, and this is one of the first beauties shown to visitors.

Lima, the capital of Peru, is considered one of the cultural centres of the continent. Behind it rise dark, bare mountains, and in the winter the city is made unpleasant by the garua, a peculiar kind of mist, and the only form of rain which falls here. During this time the city is quite cold, and as there is no heating in the houses except for small silver charcoal braziers, the Peruvian ladies wear their furs indoors during the cold winter months



IN THE UPPER VALLEY, RIO NEGRO

These Argentine factory workers are feeding a large machine with fruit, which it mechanically cleans and grades. Grain, meat and fruit are this country's main exports.



LA PAZ, BOLIVIA

Two coca merchants and their baby sit by their wares which are laid out on a low table shielded from the sun; they do not lack customers, for Indians will buy coca with their last coin.

But the mist makes the flowers and fruit grow luxuriantly, and the daily food market is a wonderful sight. Street fruit sellers pack their wares in wooden panniers slung across the backs of donkeys, and every variety of fruit is to be had for the equivalent of a few pence. Nearly all shopping is done out of doors in Lima. In the shady plazas, booths and stalls sell every variety of clothes and household requirements, usually hung on cords slung between the trees.

The chief charm of Lima is the contrast between dim old streets and bright new ones with their pale painted houses. The great social time of day

here is the afternoon, when everyone gathers to drink the popular maté tea.

Life is civilized and pleasant in these cities, and very agreeable to Europeans. But cities like La Paz in Bolivia, Bogotá in Colombia, Quito in Ecuador, and others towns high above sea level, are much more remote. In La Paz, for example, native houses still survive in one quarter, and the streets are full of Indians in their bright-coloured clothes. Maize is the staple food, and frozen potatoes with the skin removed are sold in great quantities. The Indians eagerly consume the rum and the cakes of brown sugar from the sugar plantations



CAUGHT.

Mexican horsemen here display their superb skill in lassoing an escaping horse. They throw the rope so that the galloping horse puts its forefeet into the loop of the lasso-sling; this is then drawn tight, and the animal forced to stop.

Droves of llamas are driven casually about the streets, frequently holding up the trams. In the main boulevard the houses are brightly painted, and their front gardens usually enclosed behind delicate ironwork, but nearly all the streets are on a steep slope, and the upper storeys of houses are often decorated with rickety wooden balconies, always seemingly filled with people.

Bogotá, the capital of Colombia, is 8,000 ft. up in the mountains, and almost the only way of reaching it is by old-fashioned paddle steamers along the River Magdalena from the sea. The city is built over a number of little mountain streams, and the numerous

bridges always have several inhabitants leaning on the parapets gazing at the scenery. Although it is so remote, the city has a fine reputation for culture, and it is very rich in old Spanish colonial history. The central plaza in Colombian towns is laid out in a formal style, often surrounded by arcaded buildings. In these mountain cities Europe seems far away, and life peaceful and slow-moving.

A very large percentage of the population of South America lives in the cities and towns, and so there are great stretches of countryside only sparsely inhabited. Rural life can be broadly divided into three types: life on the pampas and savannahs, life in the

tropical river basins, and life in the bleak mountainous and desert districts

In Argentina lies the great Cordoba plain, producing wheat, alfalfa, flax, oats and Indian corn. This famous cereal zone has a temperate climate. It is divided into vast estates, divided by wire fences, and here graze the great herds of cattle, providing the meat which is Argentina's second richest industry. Life on the pampas is isolated and remote, and there are many difficulties for the farmer. The countryside is subject to periods of terrible drought and sometimes plagues of locusts sweep over the plain from the

tropical interior. During the periods of drought, sandstorms blow across the pampa, even darkening the streets of Buenos Aires. These difficulties are being gradually overcome, and nowadays farming is more scientific. The estancias have commodious houses usually surrounded by plantations of trees. On some of these estates you will see stacks of "jerked" beef, or *charqui*. The meat is sun-dried, and after being cut in strips can be preserved for a long time.

On the great temperate uplands of Brazil there are also immense cattle-rearing plains, tended by the gaucho, and here much of the old life of the plains is preserved. But the vast Brazilian tableland, comprising nearly one-fourth of South America, also bears the tremendous acreage of the coffee plantations. These plantations are called fazendas, and in the harvesting season thousands

of workers, using short primitive ladders, pick the coffee beans and spread them out on the immense open-air drying floors. There are well-defined wet and dry seasons, and everything is suitable for the settlement of the white man. One part of this table land is called Minas Geraes, and this mining district is rich in gold, diamonds and other minerals. It is round this district that the market gardens and farms, which supply the large cities, are laid out.

Very different are the steaming tropical jungles of the Amazon, where man has scarcely touched the vast



GIANT CACTUS

Some idea is gained here of the height to which cactus may grow in Mexico and tropical America.



NETMAKING

Indian Tarascas, native Indians of the Isle of Janitzio on the beautiful Lake Patzcuaro, sit skilfully making fishing nets and string bags. The woman wears native costume and the man a large straw hat to protect them from the brilliant rays of the sun.

strength of the forest. Here are humble half-caste workers, paddling their canoes along unexplored channels, and living in solitary camps. In Paraguay also, in the basin of the Plate, life is primitive and simple. For the most part Paraguayans have a strong admixture of Indian blood, and the workers live in humble mud houses surrounded by small patches of beans and maize. The principal industry is the gathering of the maté herb for tea, and in Paraguay nearly all the work is done by the women.

Petroleum Centre

Venezuela, too, is largely tropical, though up in the hilly region the air is cooler and there are cattle ranches. In the savage backwoods there is still danger from Indians with poisoned arrows. Nearer the coast grow all varieties of fruit and palms, cocoa, rubber trees, sugar and cotton plantations. But Venezuela's great wealth is her petroleum, the big distributing centre for which is the town of Maracaibo.

Little Ecuador on the north-west coast is a real tropical paradise, reaching upwards to volcanic mountains. A favourite excursion from Quito, the capital, is to go on horseback up the active volcano Pichincha. At the top one can look down into the crater and see the surging rise and fall of a red hot lake of lava. One of the industries of Ecuador is the making of panama hats, and great carpets of these hats are spread in the village streets to bleach. If you take the train up from the coast to the capital it will stop many times at villages, where you will see the Indian women milking their cows, and selling the milk direct.

In contrast to the lush tropical life in countries like Ecuador, or in the coastal districts of Venezuela and Colombia, or the forests of Brazil, is the

bleak hard life of the people who live in Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego in the far south; the workers in the nitrate and copper mines of Chile; the Indians of the high plateaux of the Andes, where the soil is poor and grudging, yielding them a bare living. The Patagonian Indian is a hardy, stalwart person, different in type from the people in most parts of South America. His livelihood is chiefly made by lumbering and fishing, although imported sheep are beginning to do well on the upland pastures. The Patagonian farmer is entirely dependent on the climate, and transport is almost non-existent. From November to April a fierce south-west wind blows all day, making it impossible even to plough.

Almost as remote as the Patagonian Indian are the dwellers on the shores of Lake Titicaca in Bolivia. This vast inland sheet of water can carry quite big steamers, and these contrast strangely with the native reed canoes. Copacabana is the great centre of life on the shores of the lake, and its annual festival attracts thousands of Indians.

Ancient Peru

Another strange, remote district is the desert region of Peru, still covered with the architectural remains of the Inca civilization. Here there seems hardly to be life at all. The sun is misted over, there is little wind, and the only thing that grows is a queer desert plant without roots, which lies loose on the gritty, grey sand, and somehow derives nourishment from it.

Here then, are a few brief glimpses of the varied and colourful life which goes on in this great continent. It is impossible of course to give a full picture, and even now we have not mentioned at all the charming little tropical republics of Central America.

This narrow stretch of land, lying

between the isthmus at the south of Mexico and the isthmus of Panama, comprises six Spanish-American republics, and one British colony—Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama and British Honduras. As in the great southern continent, a mountain range runs down the centre. It has many volcanoes that shower down the volcanic ash which makes the land so fertile, and in the folds of the mountains lie lovely lakes and valleys.

The Atlantic side of this stretch of land is the tropical paradise of which one dreams—wonderful flowers and

fruits, enormous butterflies, mangrove swamps, transparent skies. The people are chiefly engaged in growing cocoa, coffee, tobacco and all sorts of fruits. There are charming little coffee estates, and small tree-shaded towns. The standard of living is low, but there is no poverty as Europe understands it, because of the great fertility of the soil.

Ever since the seventeenth century peoples from various countries in Europe have been settling in South America. Many parts of it are ideal for the white man and its development in the last half century is only a beginning.



IN BARBADOS SUGARFIELDS

Clad in light cotton garments and gay turbaned headdresses, workers in the West Indian sugar-fields make a colourful picture. Windmills are used to grind the sugar-cane.

THE WEST INDIES

A glimpse of life in the West Indies; the Spanish man of historic battle and romantic tale: a chain of islands, discovered by Christopher Columbus, to-day as in the past, in the possession of many different nations.

THE chain of islands, called the West Indies, extends in a great arc for over 1,000 miles from off the south-east coast of Florida to the northern shores of South America.

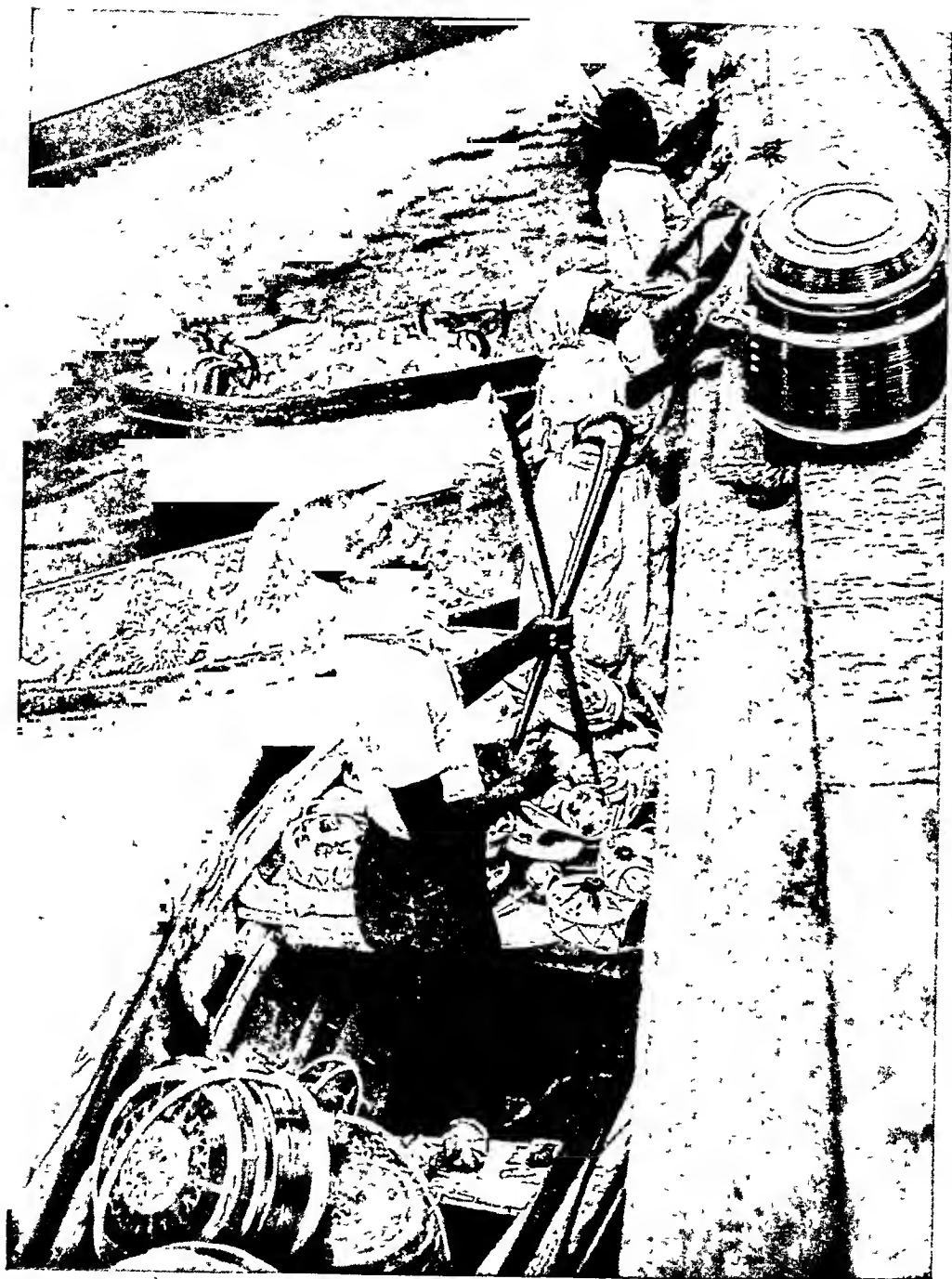
To-day, as in the past, they are in the possession of many different nations. Cuba is an independent republic, as are Santo Domingo and Haiti. The latter incidentally was the site of the first white settlement in the area, and is now wholly negroid in population. Puerto Rico is a U.S. possession. Martinique and Guadeloupe are French. Curaçao and Aruba (with their huge oil refineries) are Dutch. Jamaica, Barbados, the Bahamas, Trinidad and Tobago, the Windward Group and part of the Leeward Group, are British.

Their populations are cosmopolitan in the extreme. There are considerable communities of British, American, French, Dutch, Danish and Spanish (who predominate in Puerto Rico and Cuba). Few of the types of pre-Columbus days, the Arawak and Carib Indians, remain, but successive importations to supply the needs of the sugar plantations brought not only West African Negroes as slaves, but East Indians, Chinese and Portuguese as free labourers under contract. The latter two are now the shopkeepers of the West Indies. At the present time, except in Cuba and Puerto Rico, the Negro descendants of slaves form the bulk of the population, although Trinidad has a large East Indian element.

The West Indies are not industrialized, though some small local industries

have grown up, mainly processing local agricultural products and making useful everyday needs like matches, jams, biscuits, cigarettes, soap and shirts. Otherwise they are agricultural, growing such tropical crops as sugar (the main crop of the area), cocoa, coffee, coco-nuts, cotton (the famous Sea Island variety), bananas, spices, citrus fruits, tobacco. Rum is manufactured as a by-product of sugar, and petroleum (the Empire's largest source) is produced and refined in Trinidad. Some of these crops are largely plantation crops, that is, grown in large units, sometimes running into thousands of acres owned either by local whites, or by outside companies who hire labourers, men and women, by the day or by the "task" to work on their estates. Other crops are mainly grown by small holders on their own land or on land leased from estates either for rent or on a share system, the landowner taking an agreed part of the produce.

Labourers and peasants in the country districts live in "barrack" ranges of wooden huts with galvanized iron roofs or, more generally, in "tashi" or "wattle and daub" houses. These have a framework of wicker or wood plastered over with wet mud or clay which, when allowed to dry and rubbed smooth, is lime- or cement-washed and looks most attractive. Roofs are of "tashi", that is, the dried leaves of sugar-cane or of palms. Windows are glassless, but are provided with shutters which not only act as a shade against the sun but enable the house to be hermetically sealed at



KINGSTON HARBOUR, JAMAICA

Souvenir vendors offer their wares for sale to tourists. Buffalo horns, dried tropical fishes, coral and home-made baskets are displayed with enthusiasm by these Jamaicans, who have brought their goods to the jetty in their own row-boats.

night, to shut out the night air of which the Negro is superstitiously afraid. Incidentally, he also hates to get his head wet, and if caught in the rain will cover it with whatever is nearest to hand, a handkerchief or a banana leaf. In recent years, especially on the larger estates, model houses, some of wood, some of concrete, have been built. They usually have a living-room, twelve feet by ten, one or two bedrooms, and a verandah or "gallery" as it is called. Kitchen and offices are separate structures, and there is always a small garden. Governments, too, have been building numerous houses, mainly in the towns, of a similar type. Indeed the standard of housing both in town and country is steadily improving, though much remains to be done to eliminate the serious overcrowding.

Food Is Plentiful

In the sunny fertile lands of the West Indies, food of a kind is plentiful and no one starves. Except in the towns everyone grows his own "ground provisions"—yams, tannar, eddoes, sweet potatoes, sweet cassava—all starchy foods of the potato type. There, with occasional greens, okras, callaloo (which, combined with crab makes a delicious soup), plantains (green bananas), and salted cod-fish imported from Nova Scotia or Newfoundland, form the staple diet. Sugar-cane, small bananas or figs, oranges, mangoes, paw-paws and pine-apples, and a hundred and one other fruits are there to provide dessert. For beverages, there are rum, herb-tea from the tea-bush, cocoa, coffee and chocolate in abundance.

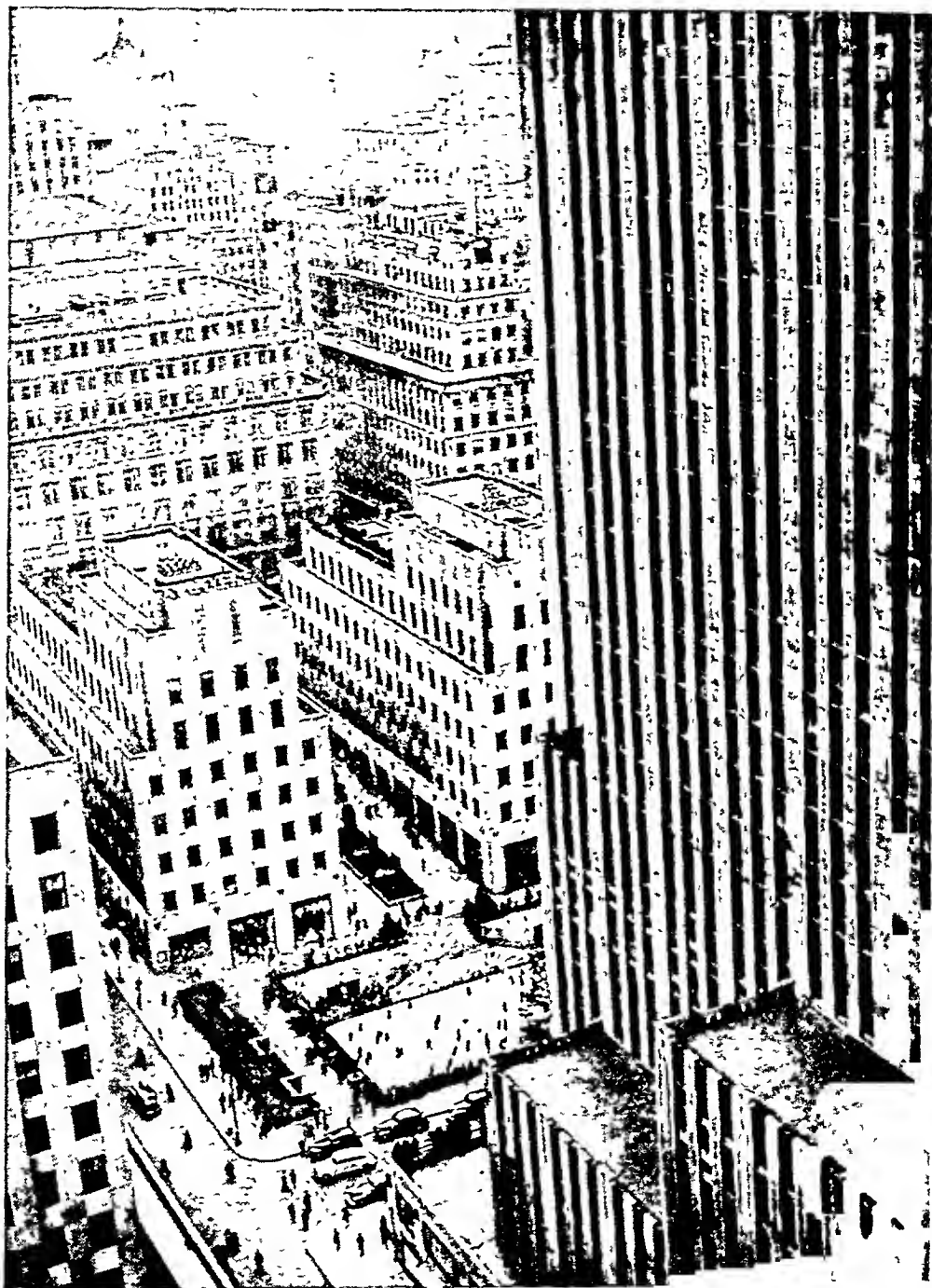
Clothing is apt to be unobtrusive among the younger generation, though papa, mamma and the elder brothers and sisters wear light cotton garments of the ordinary modern European types. The turbaned headdresses that used

to be such a colourful feature of some of the islands are fast disappearing. Shoes are worn on formal occasions, such as for church or for a funeral, where the neat blue suits of the men and the white dresses with purple effects of the women, lend a strange dignity to the closing stages of a rite that a few hours earlier was being solemnized with the rum drinking and noisy psalm singing that accompany the West Indian wake or watch over the dead.

Old and New

Means of transport vary exceedingly. Bicycles, ancient buses, the donkey, mule and water buffalo compete with the railway. Faxis of varied vintage struggle for the tourist's custom. Previously, inter-island communication was largely by native-manned schooners, but the dangers of the Second World War encouraged air travel and the local populations are definitely air-minded.

But the West Indies are full of these contrasts. The Negro himself is a creature of contradictions and inconsistencies, lovable, childish, gentle, quarrelsome, happy, superstitious (traces of obeah and voodooism or black magic still survive), intensely religious, in a hundred different sects that range from the Roman Catholic to the "Shouter" and Pocomaniac, and, above all, superlatively lazy. His land is at once a fair smiling Eden, with hills and vales clothed in a luxuriance of tropical verdure and coral strands lapped by turquoise waters, and an area where periodic hurricanes lay waste the land and lash the seas to fury, where earthquakes have been known to cause widespread devastation, and volcanoes are still occasionally active. Yet the West Indian does not worry, for he knows that tomorrow the sun will shine and the fertile land produce anew.



ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

This skyscraper of 70 storeys is the R.C.A. Building, headquarters of the Radio Corporation of America. It is famed throughout the United States for the celebrated night-club, called the Rainbow Room, which is on the topmost storey.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Continual re-shaping of life in America: the variety of peoples: versatility of American workers: standardization of dress and living arrangements: the American family: the housewife: a city and countryside designed for cars: commercialization of the arts: moral value of success

ONE way of thinking about the American people, their homes, and towns, their way of living and acting together, is to think of a country which is being continually reshaped and changed by the newest comers, whether they be from another country, another region, or just from another part of town.

When the first European settlers reached America, they found an unpatterned landscape scarcely scratched by the few burial mounds and clay cities of a meagre, widely scattered Indian population. Primeval forests and virgin land offered no fixed roads on which their feet had to travel, suggested no orientation for the houses, no form in which their town must be built. However much they brought with them old world patterns, new materials, uncharted territory, new agricultural resources rapidly altered those old patterns. And before the habit of alteration had departed, before more than a very small proportion of the earlier settlers had been able to crystallize a style of life, new hundreds of thousands, from the ships on the Atlantic, from the covered wagons, from the railroads, from the broken-down cars of people fleeing from the dust bowl, from the migrating war workers of World War II, again invaded and altered the living patterns of the country.

To the drive to succeed, to live better, to know more than one's forebears, has been added the upward push of new

sources of cheap unskilled labour and new inhabitants of the community, whose lesser degree of schooling automatically pushed the older inhabitant up in the scale. Against this upward and outward surge and movement, this changing character of the crowds on the sidewalks and in the subways (as Negroes and Mexicans replace Southern and Eastern Europeans) a certain proportion of Americans have tried to entrench themselves, have tried to believe that the way of life as it was in Boston in 1820 or Virginia in 1840 or San Francisco in 1870, is a way of life to which they can hold on, and they make newcomers pay dearly to enter this life, or deny them entrance entirely. This past life may have any sort of colouring; its symbols may be pre-Civil War mansions or little frame churches which nourish extreme religious separatism; they may be the white stone door-steps of Baltimore, the unfashionable and erudite ladies of Back Bay districts in Boston, the entrenched Irish Americans of the large seaport cities, or the entrenched German Americans of middle western cities. A religious faith or nationality-stamped name which is a sign of provisional high social status in one part of the country, may presumptively define one as a domestic or illiterate in another. Without a national society which has stability and definite canons of taste, the oldest and the most entrenched inhabitants of each neighbourhood, each region, have been able to put up bitter, but losing,



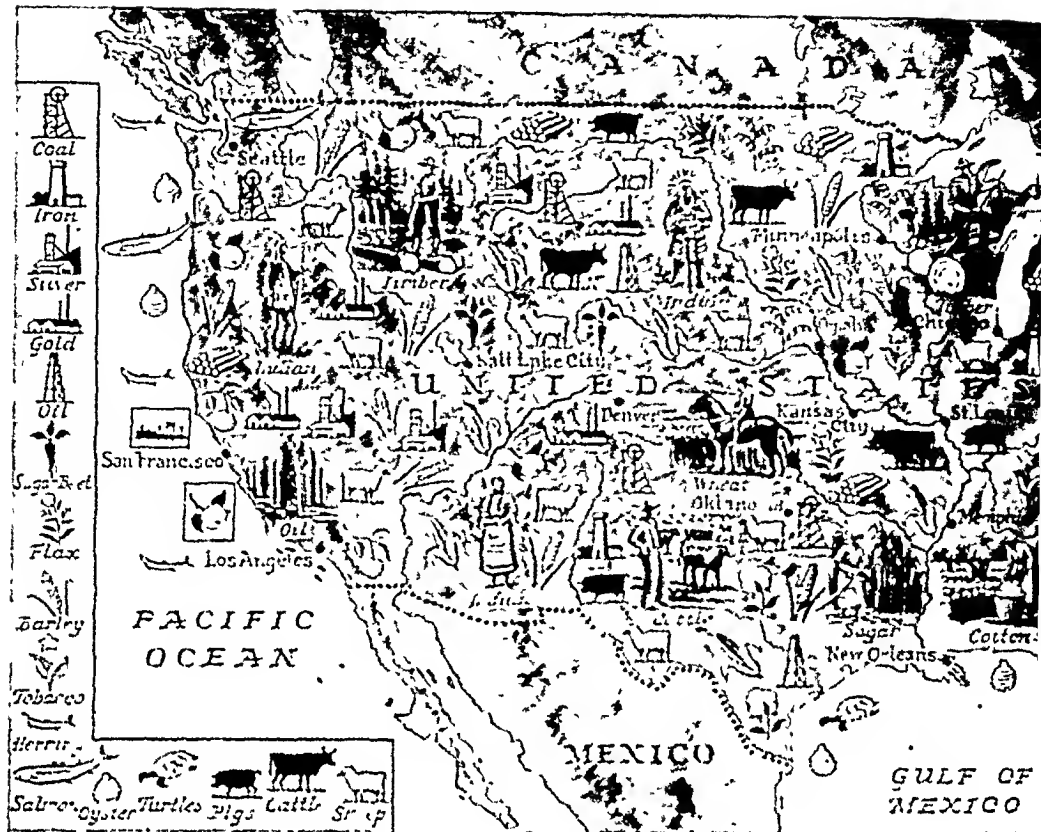
TEXAS CATTLEMEN

These men at an auction of prize beef steers and breeding stock at the Fat Stock Show in San Angelo, Texas, present an interesting study in expressions. In no other



AT AN AUCTION

country can so many different types of people be found, for their ancestors originally came from all over the world to make the hospitable United States their homeland



battles against the ambitious newcomers.

The battle is often won in the social sense by the older inhabitants. The children of the new immigrants, of those who took the worst housing and the poorest jobs, will have no place in that community. If they become educated, acquire the hall marks of middle class behaviour, they must go elsewhere to blend into some other scene where their antecedents are not known. But meanwhile, those local older inhabitants will find their own children speaking a new language, one which comes to them through press, film and wireless, carrying with it the imprint of the newcomers' tongues.

As individuals, the newcomers have a hard time establishing themselves; sometimes two or three generations must pass before they become lost in

the general stream of American life. Meanwhile the way they learned the language, their surprises and excitements and ambitions, have left their mark indelibly, in song and slang and cliché. So each new wave of newcomers does in a way remould the nature of American culture, just as they have been the ones who changed a new part of the landscape—built a new railroad or bridge or dammed a river and changed the contours of some area the size of Scotland or Wales.

When the first settlers came to North America they broke the long chain of specialization and skill which had characterized European society throughout the middle ages. A man who had done one thing, and that extremely well, within a narrow and careful tradition at home in Europe, found he



had to do a thousand things, if not well, at least quickly and effectively in the wilderness. The tight tradition of the skilled artisan, the peasant, the farm labourer, broke down and the American farmer emerged, a man ready to turn his hand to any skill, but owing allegiance to no skill in particular.

After this first discontinuity, there came a second; this was when the peasant left his land and his old wisdom of the land, to become an unskilled worker, or a miner, a mill hand, or a lumberjack, in the new world. No occupation which he embraced on arrival had any finality for him; it was not hedged about with fine rituals and conventions; it was a job, a foothold on the ladder for a man whose other foot was already reaching for a higher rung. So Americans think of occupations

in terms of jobs and people are thought of, not as possessing a skill, not as irrevocably committed to some type of work by virtue of birth or status or residence, but rather as holding a job—with the tacit assumption that a man who holds one job well could probably hold down a thousand different jobs equally well. Children who leave school do not enter some apprenticeship under the careful guidance of anxious parents, they go out and get a job. A man goes where there are jobs, he lives as well as the job permits, he stays as long as there is a job, then moves somewhere else where there are other jobs.

The backwaters of American life, so stagnant, so unexpectedly bleak and deprived against the visible splendour of Grand Central Station in New York are just those areas where this typically American attitude towards job and residence has not established itself. So it is, in the one-crop system of the old South where people are born to a way of life as they were in feudal Europe, in the mill town or the mining town, people have been reared to know no other way of life except that which they brought with them from some previous fixed occupation in the old world, or in some pocket of the new. These pockets exist all over the country, a grim counterpoint to the restless, foot-loose, optimistic expectancy of the greater part of the American people. In bad times of economic depression, their plight becomes so extreme that the nation must take cognizance of them; in boom times even their dulled apathetic imprisonment is stirred, and they invade the big industrial cities, where they challenge the myth that all Americans are enterprising, well educated, clean, and capable of accepting new ideas readily.

On this canvas of moving people in which a man is seldom expected to



SHEEP RANCHING IN MONTANA

The sheep are penned after branding, tail-cutting, docking and ear-splitting operations. Snow covers the mountains, for the winter is severe, tho' the summers are hot.

remain where his father was, there have been many types of assimilation and accommodation. The earlier immigrants from northern Europe brought a way of life sufficiently similar to the American rural pattern to be able to settle down with a small amount of adjustment, and often maintain their religious and social traditions. Most of them were accepted as newcomers who would add to and strengthen rather than change the existing way of life. Many other groups (although almost all were initially invited and welcomed on the theory that cheap labour and more cheap labour was needed) have received a far less certain welcome. The Irish, congregating in cities, with bad housing and low wages, presented a social situation which the entrenched Americans met with hostility and the Irish with protective political organization. As more and more non-English speaking, non-Protestant immigrants (Roman Catholics, Greek Orthodox and Jews) began to arrive, the strain on existing living conditions—on existing food shops, housing, churches, schools, etc.—became greater. The newcomers were crowded in segregated districts in large cities where they could reproduce the religious and commercial patterns of their European life, and in return for political protection, vote for the party machine. Great cities became patchworks of foreign settlements, with regular lines of migration from one to another as an Italian family or a Russian family learned to adapt themselves and got better jobs in the new country. Out of these ghettos, thousands emerged and vanished in the stream of American life—just Americans married to other Americans of other national origin but a similar history.

The eradication of any sign of not having always been an American has become of prime importance in a

country in which almost everyone is a newcomer each with a different past.

This expresses itself in great standardization of dress and living arrangements. Cosmetics have come to have more and more of a rôle, as girls with wide faces, girls with narrow faces, girls with broad square faces, all attempt, by adding a line here or a shadow there, to bring their faces closer together, to make themselves look more like an "American Girl." Where such enormous diversity exists, conformity and synthetic beauty become the road to comfortable social acceptance. More and more, physical attractiveness, charm, popularity, have become viewed in America as a matter of application; a girl or a young man can, if they will, "make something of themselves." A failure to try to make oneself like the current model means indifference to American standards.



TOBACCO FARMING

After it is cured, the farmer grades his tobacco—an important process.



TYPICAL AMERICAN INDIAN

Many Red Indians live in special reservations where they run their own communities completely. Two-Guns White-Calf (above) lives at Glacier Park, Washington.

Possibly because most immigrants arrived in America empty-handed and had to re-acquire there all the physical trappings of life, assimilation to American life has become a highly externalistic, material process. To become an American, one first learns to dress like an American, to move like an American, to have an American car, an American house, eat American food, enjoy American public amusements. The emphasis is upon acting—upon behaviour not upon feeling, upon looks not upon attitude. Changes in attitude are expected to come afterwards, after one has sat on an American chair, and ridden in an American car, bought with an American pay cheque, and sent one's children to an American school. Against this background, the preoccupation of Americans with looks, acceptance, popularity and appearances, may be seen as an intense preoccupation with learning to belong to a new nation shaping itself with almost unbelievable speed from all the races of the earth.

Mothers' Authority

The American family—except again in those pockets where some earlier European family form survives—reflects sharply the changes through which the present generation of American people have gone. People arrived in the United States from societies in which the authority and power was in the hands of the father; he owned the land, determined his son's occupation, controlled his daughters' marriages. Women's position within the home was also highly stylized and engrossing. But in the new country the father had, not status backed up by land ownership or a hereditary claim on some occupation, but simply a job. With loss of his job, his status tottered. Furthermore the job—in a new country

and often a new language—was so exacting, that he left to his wife a large part of the task of learning how to live in America. Her sphere broadened; she became the mistress of all the symbols of social position, he became the one who worked to purchase the symbols. His authority over his children lacked the bulwarks which it had in the old world. As soon as children were old enough to earn a living, they could leave home, or if they stayed at home, it was with the expectation that their jobs now gave them a right to independence from parental authority.

Children's Independence

The size of the family decreased so that second generation Americans had smaller families than any other group. As the parents—newly come—struggled with the task of becoming Americans, they came to realize that they themselves would never become fully assimilated, but that their children might in one generation become completely Americans. The children were thrust forward, urged on, given every incentive to succeed, to adapt to customs outside the home. True, often when the children had adjusted themselves too well to American customs, the parents found that they could not bear it, that every belief they had brought from the old world was being outraged, and tragedies resulted—but tragedies in which the children left home, not in which they capitulated to the old-world beliefs of their parents. Parents—especially the parents of little children—became spectators and, the children performed before their admiring eyes. The habits of speech and manner which were to be needed later—among friends, on a committee, on a public platform—were learned as very small children performing for the adult. And so those peculiarly American habits of speech

OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER

America is rich in national parks and this wonderful effect of nature can be seen at Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming.

and manner which a European calls "walking as if he owned the world", developed in an atmosphere in which no modesty needed to be invoked by a tiny child proclaiming his exploits.

The home in America is a launching platform from which children go out to find a more congenial world. Age mates, work mates, are expected to be better company than brothers and sisters and cousins. Home is a place of constraint, where continual demands are being made upon the individual child—to report on his progress, to demonstrate each new learning. Home is the place where the child is expected to measure up; among his companions if he chooses them with some care, he often *has* measured up

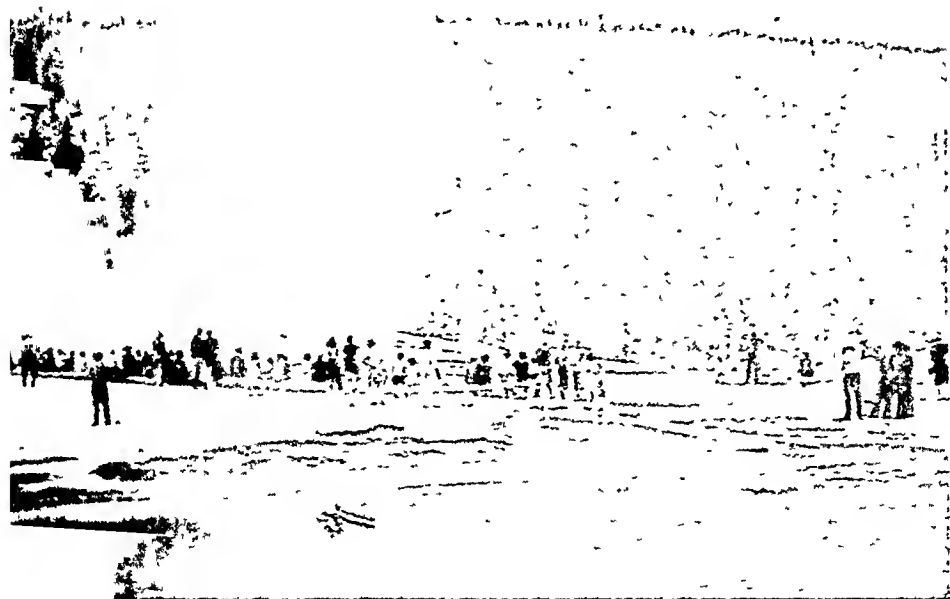
As children grow older, they seek relaxation in forms of social life which do not remind them of the exactions of home. This stands in sharp contrast to those European countries which find in the home a citadel of relaxation and release from tension, and only with the greatest reluctance take a stranger in to break the mood. American hospitality is premised on the presence of outsiders bringing relaxation into the home. And there are no high walls, high hedges or doors that are hard to negotiate.

The typical American house has a wide lawn, no barrier between one lawn and the neighbour's, no barrier separating it from the street, and a wide front verandah which serves as a living room in summer. Central heating has meant wide doorways, open stairways and few closed doors. Central heating and electric lights have meant, too, that there is no need for a family circle



clustered around one source of light and heat, but that each member of the family could retire from the rest. A room for each child is the ideal towards which almost every family struggles, at the expense of common living rooms, such as nursery or roomy kitchen.

In most parts of the United States, labour-saving devices are cheaper than labour; and at points in the social scale where a European woman would



have servants, but no automobile and no refrigerator, the American housewife has both and does her own washing in an automatic washing machine, or relies upon laundry service. The kitchen has shrunk to miniature size and is arranged so as to get the work over, not as a place in which the family gathers. The well stocked ice box, from which children help themselves, has replaced the between meals snacks

provided by mother or maid in older countries. Eating out, especially for the noon meal, has become more and more prevalent, as the housewife who does as little drudgery as possible has become a social ideal: an ideal which does not include an expectation that she should engage in any other productive activity.

The radio has also introduced into the home a form of recreation which is compatible with housework. (People



SHOPPING IN ROCHESTER, NEW YORK STATE

Here, as in many American towns, the self service grocery store is popular. Shoppers select goods themselves and take them in wheeled baskets to the cashier.

in rural areas often give up their telephones in order to buy a radio, and during the winter months in New England, the announcement of whether school will keep open or not, goes out over the radio.) As almost all American radio programmes are supported by sponsors, commercial companies who pay for the cost of the programme, a great mass of advertising, health advice, fashion hints, recipes, etc. is poured into every American home, and it is the housewife who has the task of receiving and sifting this stream of information. Even though she is not the immigrant wife, but by many generations an American, it is the wife who continues

to make the choices about education, health and way of living, while the husband devotes himself to business and an interest, in most cases devoted to spectatorship, in sports.

Marriage has been formally freed of almost every element of parental control. Except among the very wealthy or the foreign born, the choice of the young people is expected to weigh over that of their parents. Personal acceptability at the moment of courtship outweighs for the man almost all considerations as to the home making, child bearing and child rearing abilities of his wife. If she pleases his eye, he assumes that she will be able to dis-

charge these functions adequately. People are expected to fall in love and to be unhappy if they do not enjoy their marriages. Radio, press, the films, all reiterate the theme of love, so that American women, far from accepting marriage as a way of life in which if one is lucky one may find contentment, regard marriage as a way to happiness, to be repudiated if happiness fails. This high expectation from marriage, the absence of strong family pressure to hold marriage together, and the diverse backgrounds from which so many young couples come, all combine to explain the higher divorce rate in the United States. Important also is

the general belief in the United States that nothing is fixed and final; one can always start over again, learn a new job, find a new husband or wife, learn a new game, buy a new car.

Just as the English house is thought of as standing in a garden, whether the garden is there or not, so the American house is thought of as having a car standing out in front or housed in a garage which is part of the house. It is more important to own a car than a house, and many American families would sell their houses in order to keep their cars. As long as people have a car they are free, and free together, for the whole family can make trips which



SMALL TOWN LIFE IN THE DEEP SOUTH

In Coffee County, Alabama State, as in most small communities throughout the country, folk-dancing is popular. The school house serves as a community centre.

would be out of the question by rail. Little children, pets, all sorts of favourite gear, can be moved from place to place in the car; caring for the car, polishing it, overhauling it, is a favourite leisure time occupation, and use of the family car becomes a symbol of approaching maturity for adolescents. A house is safety, yes, and security, in that it gives one a roof over one's head, but a car leaves one free to go where the jobs are—a greater guarantee to an American.

The American city and the American countryside are designed for motor cars; hotels and tourist camps scattered along the roads, raised highways, parking lots, are forms of employment that would be virtually impossible without motor cars. The cities of the Middle West and West grew up after the car had become a commonplace, and so have simply never developed much public transportation. Many young people have been all over the United States but never eaten or slept on a train. The "commuter" in America is not a man without a car, but a man whose wife drives him to the station and uses the car all day, meeting him at the station again at night. Amusements, friends, membership in clubs and organizations are all planned with an expectation of using a car to get from one place to another. The beautiful suburbs and the motor slum, little shacks scattered outside, are common features of most American cities

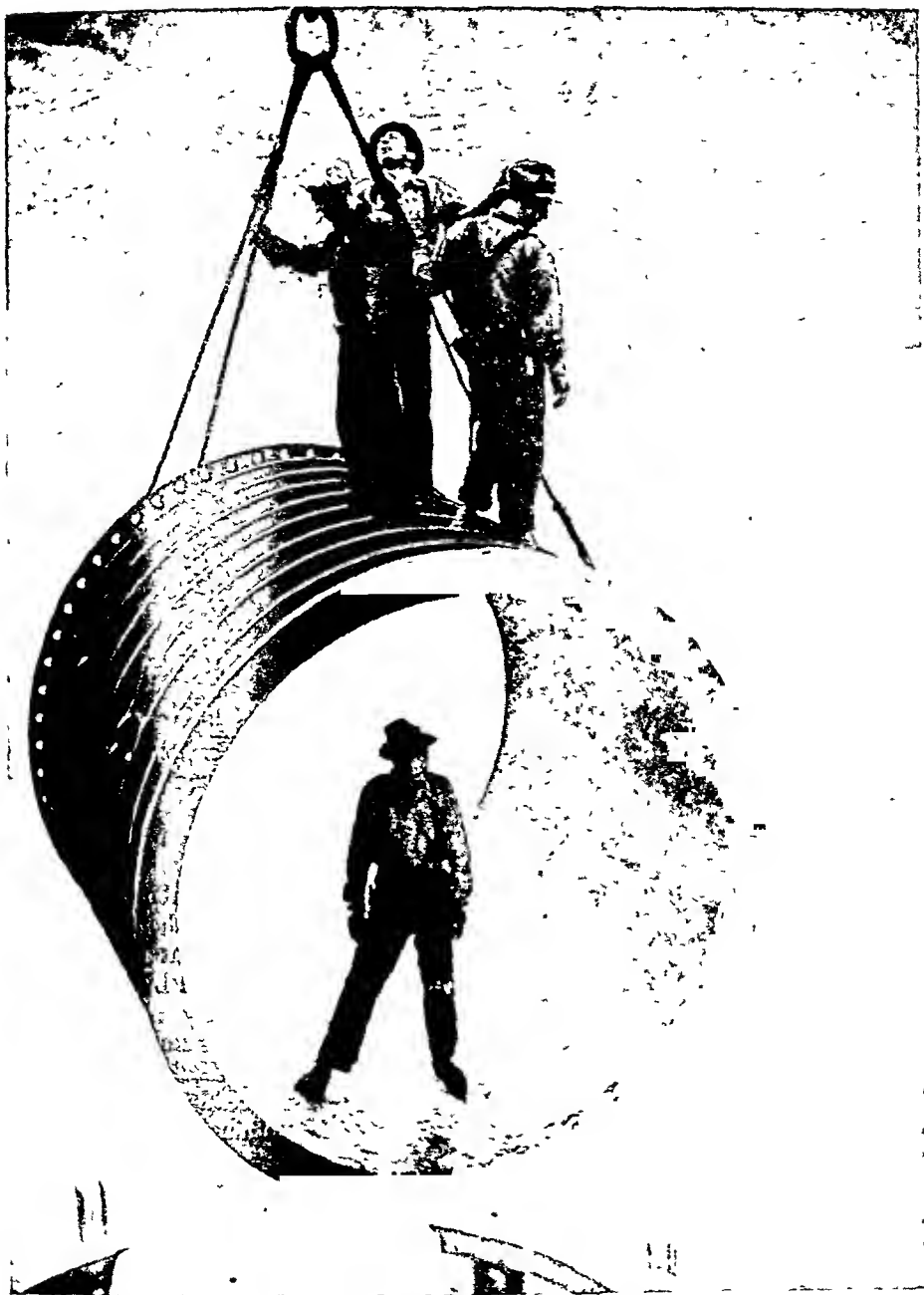
Living Conditions

To the immigrant, coming to America meant an unbelievable improvement in living conditions. Even though the scientist may say that the highly processed food he ate was less nourishing than the black bread and soup of a peasant diet, he did not agree.

Free education, through high school, through college in many states, for his children, if he could just manage to feed them; cheap ready made clothes for his wife, mass produced so that she could find her exact size, and styled as the dresses of the wealthy were styled; ownership of a car and a house such as he saw in the advertisements—these prospects loomed ahead of him. No matter if he did not reach this glittering goal, he believed it was possible, he himself had merely had bad luck. Fidelity to the American dream, expressed in the concrete terms of refrigerators, washing machines, motor cars, and radios, has pre-occupied the newcomer. He is still fascinated with how one lives in the United States of America

Commercialization of the Arts

Meanwhile, the *how* of living, the business of making a living, originally the natural preoccupation of people flung on a new continent, has become the most respected activity for the American male. Without an aristocracy to cultivate the arts and learning, business has drawn most of the best of each generation to itself. The arts and sciences have had to lean too heavily on a prestige borrowed from Europe, and unless they are assimilated to the prevailing business standards, are rather tolerated than respected. It is the artist who has been able to serve the demands of business—(as in another age artists have served the vanity of monarchs or the meditations of monks)—who has been given scope. In Radio City and the other skyscrapers of New York, in the development and adornment of American public life, in railway stations, moving picture houses, hotels, in the centres of mass amusement, like bowling alleys—here the designer has gone to work. The finest techniques of



CIVIL ENGINEERING IN AMERICA

*A conduit liner is here being lowered to its position in one of America's great dams.
This section weighs over 13 tons and is 8 feet 6 inches in diameter*



MAPLE SYRUP INDUSTRY

Maple sap is being brought to the sugar house at a farm in Vermont, one of the most fertile states, where the production of maple syrup and sugar is important.

photography have been called in to construct alluring advertisements, and the cartoon genius of the country works on commercial posters. Imaginative writers go to Hollywood, to contribute to films which use endless artistry, often to make very commonplace points

All of these commercial arts, like the mass production of motor cars, have been developed with an eye on the average man. More and more, what there is of beauty in America is becoming available to everyone for a twenty-five cent admission fee, or in a \$5 edition of a \$100 model. For the virtuoso whose talents or skill can be made available to millions, America has unstinted money and adulation. For the artist or poet who speaks to the few, there is no satisfactory place.

Older societies have made gods of scarcity and rarity. America has gone almost to the other extreme. If every individual is of value, then an object worn by millions is that much more valuable than one worn by thousands. Americans are docilely respectful towards certain kinds of knowledge, but only because they think that if they got a book and read it, they would have it too. Nothing is conceived of as beyond the grasp, material or spiritual, of the common man. When the American honours the rich man, he is honouring a success story in which he believes he has a legitimate part.

For success has a special moral value in America. The most cruel form of social discrimination punishes children

for the lack of success of their parents. Virtue, in the American version of the Puritan tradition, has its reward not in heaven but on earth. The standard of success is set by one's own companions, in one's own town or block or class. Every man in America does not actually aspire to high office or great riches, but he does aspire to be counted successful within his own group, to share the reflected success of those more fortunate than he, and to repudiate bitterly the failure of the unfortunate. Work, conformity and enthusiasm for the game should bring success. For the too unfortunate and the too fortunate, there is always the idea of luck instead. Luck accounts for any discrepancies in the system whose ethic decrees that if one works hard and

with enthusiasm one is rewarded, and so knows that one is good. The need to prove that one is good is the drive behind the need for success; although the ways in which success is measured are crude and uniform, almost always money earned set against the average earnings in the field in which one competes, still it is an immaterial moral value which is being measured.

Some peoples of the world have called material things by immaterial names; Americans have consistently used material symbols for their most immaterial values, proving the values of their own institution, of the Constitution, the Supreme Court, the American way of life, by the outward and visible signs of house and car, plumbing and electric light, food and



COTTON PICKING IN EAST TEXAS

In the southern states, generation after generation of American Negroes have spent their lives on the cotton or tobacco plantations where they were born.

drink. These are the ways in which the newcomer learned first to be an American, just as earlier it was his success in wresting a living from the wilderness that assured the early settler that his venture had found favour in the sight of the Lord. Every sign of prosperity reassures him and gives him confidence in his own rightness.

So the American has developed, a new kind of man, working out his destiny, lavishly, confidently, carelessly, on a great unexploited continent with resources so vast that nothing warned him to conserve them. He has developed habits of lavish use of whatever lay to hand, of plans so extensive that a fear

of planning developed because an error in blue prints so grandiose might compromise the whole.

His social and political ideals were stated with a fine disregard for the realities of class and race of the age in which they were written. Each generation is bred to expect a higher standard of social justice and material adequacy. When they come of age, a passionate and blind defence of their early ideals combines with an often cynical recognition of the realities of social and political life. The American traveller who looks with lofty disapproval upon the huts of peasants or the slums of foreign cities, may have



ALL-DAY PICNIC

Most families in America have their own cars and thus farmer and his family are no exception. Here they are enjoying a picnic lunch on an all-day excursion.



HOME OF AN ITALIAN FARMER IN CONNECTICUT

Immigrants from Europe, this Italian family have readily accepted the American way of life. The farmer's mother adds to the family income by her rug-making.

come from unsealed frame cabins or single slum rooms far worse than those which he is condemning when he meets them abroad. Yet he speaks in no dishonesty; he speaks out of his ideal of America, what he feels America really is, rather than out of what he feels to be the accidental poverty of his own parents

Because his ideals are so different from the reality, they are correspondingly rigid, and the American accepts his forms of government with a mixture of ardent conservatism and cynical detachment which is puzzling to members of other societies. Flexible and innovating in every mechanical field, willing to alter the material basis, the actual locality, the occupation on which

his life rests at the drop of a hat, he clings obstinately to the social forms which he feels make all this possible. He is rooted in no landscape: no intimate tie to soil or orchard, worn path or well loved sea coast forms part of his patriotism or his national sense. He is primarily urban in outlook, for it is in cities that the wonders of man's control over nature are best demonstrated. A mixture of many races and sub-races, languages, and religions, American culture is a testing ground of the way in which modern invention is forcing the peoples of the world to live closer together, and develop a currency of communication one with another . . . a testing ground for an emerging world-wide culture



AT HIGH SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES

Vocational training classes are found in most American schools, and here students are at work constructing scale model airplanes to navy specifications.



AT A STATE UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL MATCH

The enthusiasm of these two students expresses the American attitude towards spectator-sports. Football and baseball games attract huge crowds of "fans".



A VETERAN OF THE RANGE

This rugged and hardy old rider of the plains, the wisdom of long years of open air life in his eyes, is typical of the cattle-rancher of Southern Alberta.

THE CANADIANS

Population and origin: geographical influence on social, economic and cultural nature of the people: internal racial problems: educational facilities: country of homes ruled by women: free association of classes: varieties of climate: now world's third greatest trading nation

THE questions may well be asked—“Who are these Canadians? Where do they live? How do they live and what are they like?” At the outset of any story of Canada and the Canadians, several facts must be understood, first, that Canada is an American nation (in the sense that it is one of the western hemisphere of South and North American nations), second, that about five million of Canada's nearly twelve million people spring from Anglo-Saxon stock, third, that Canada, originally a French colony, then conquered by Britain and obtaining self-government as a member of the British Commonwealth, began national life as the offspring of divorced parents.

The first fact is geographical, and as such influences directly the foreign policy, the economy and the cultural pattern of the life of the country. Canada, for example, often maintains external relations according to those of its neighbour the United States, and this has been true particularly in terms of the immigration of certain Asiatic peoples. Economically, the United States has been increasingly important to Canada during the past three decades, and is to-day Canada's largest market for primary products, and in turn, Canada represents a substantial market for United States goods.

Culturally, Canadians have been influenced more than any other people in the world by their versatile and virile neighbours. The free and easy 4,000

miles of undefended border provide unlimited opportunity for the mingling of the two peoples and the Canadians, outnumbered almost thirteen to one, have therefore been influenced accordingly.

The second factor determining Canada's national life—her five million of Anglo-Saxon stock—has been a powerful one. It has steadfastly maintained Canada's Commonwealth rôle and placed the nation irrevocably beside Britain and her Empire in two world wars. It has also served to blend Canada's obvious American tendencies with the British viewpoint, thus tempering her foreign policy and making Canada the halfway house it is to-day, interpreting Britain to the United States and the United States to Britain.

The third factor, Canada as the offspring of divorced parents, provides the Dominion with its unique internal problem—the conflict between the English-speaking Canadians and French-speaking Canada. This is in fact a struggle of group and old world loyalties, giving the impression that Canada is more like an international settlement than a nation.

It may be said of the French Canadians that they have their roots more deeply in Canada's past than any other group. They gained nothing by pre-1939 immigration, yet are increasing at the rate of 18 per cent, while the British group which gained steadily by immigration before 1939 is increasing at only 13 per cent.

The French-Canadians are, on the whole, a simple people, cherishing their land, fostering their own traditions, language and civil law, loyal to their Catholicism and guarding jealously the autonomy of Quebec province. They are suspicious of British immigration, of being overwhelmed and perhaps in time assimilated by an English speaking majority. They view with alarm the extremists in Ontario who regard French-Canadians as a troublesome, unpatriotic minority, seeking secession from Canadian confederation and the creation of an independent Quebec state. This placing of provincial loyalties ahead of national unity, emphasizes the international settlement nature of Canada; and an example of this characteristic of Canada is the almost total absence of inter-marriage between British-Canadians and French-Canadians, and between both groups and Canadians of continental European origin. Canada has not become the same melting pot as the United States, and perhaps, never having done so, this country is solving its racial difficulties in its own way.

Racial Problems

But even despite the racial problem, there is every evidence to-day of a new nationalism in Canada. It is a thriving appreciation of Canada as a whole, of the part it played in attaining victory in the Second World War, of the amazing record of expansion by twelve million people sharing an area of three-and-a-half million square miles.

Canada's twelve million people are divided among five millions of English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish descent, three millions of largely Norman-French descent, and, in lesser numbers, German Canadians, Ukrainian Canadians, Jews, Dutch and Poles, Italians, Swedes, Finns and Hungarians, and Russians

The Anglo-Saxon group is found in every province of Canada, predominating markedly in Nova Scotia, Ontario and British Columbia. The French-Canadian group is concentrated in the province of Quebec and along the St. Lawrence River shore of New Brunswick. With the exception of some communities in Ontario, the Canadians of continental European origin have largely established themselves on the prairies. Winnipeg, capital of the province of Manitoba and unofficial capital of Western Canada, known as the Chicago of Canada, is the Dominion's most cosmopolitan city, publishing centre of the majority of the many foreign-language newspapers.

Canadian Humour

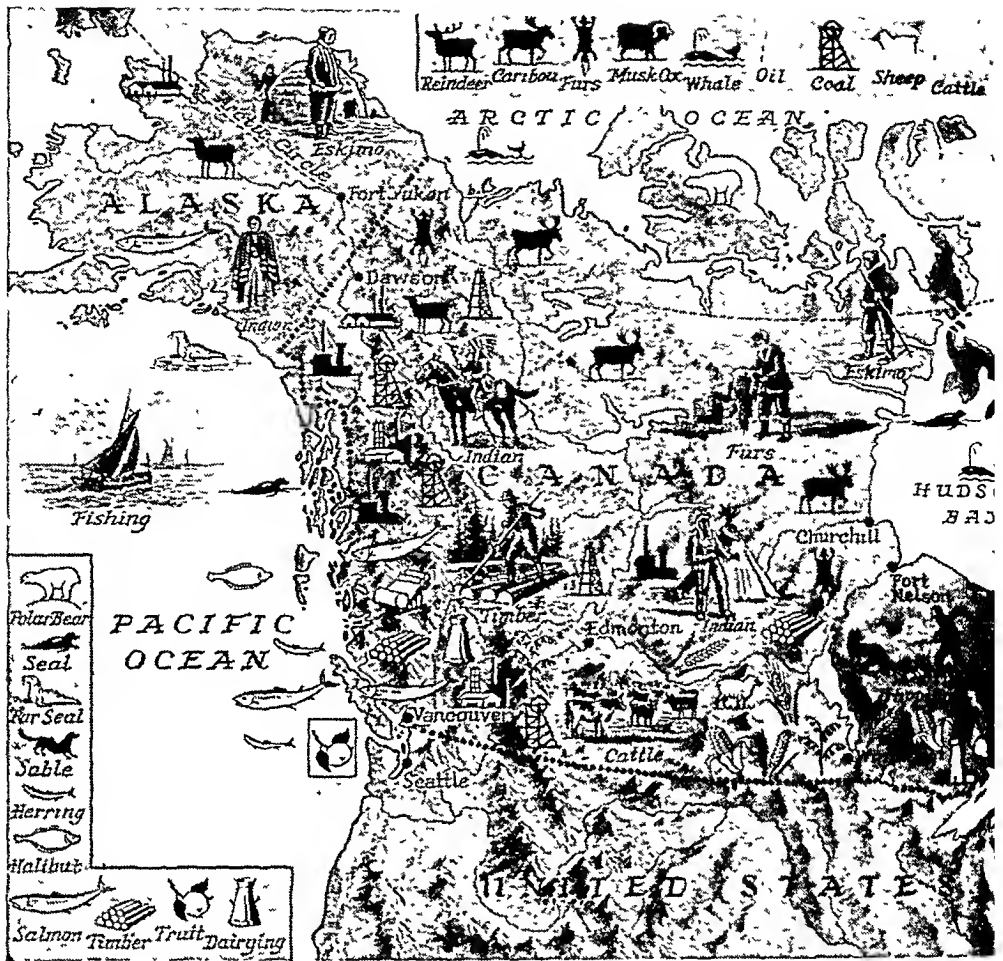
The people of European descent form Canada's most important agricultural group, which applies particularly to the Ukrainians, whose first and second and even third generation of sons and daughters are to be found studying agriculture in every western university, returning to the land to make a science of grain-growing and mixed farming.

The vast expanse of territory which Canadians inhabit has made them a hard-working, somewhat grim and humourless people. There is no pattern of Canadian humour. What serves America and Britain serves Canada also. While Americans are always ready to make jokes about their presidents and political leaders, and the British do likewise, the Canadians have never been known to circulate a joke about Mackenzie King, M. J. Coldwell or John Bracken, or any other leader. What probably accounts for this characteristic, in addition to the struggle by a large portion of the population to pioneer the country and build it, is the strong puritan strain



HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER

This broad thoroughfare of stores and tall office blocks is crowded with business people and shoppers. It looks west towards the impressive Marine Building.

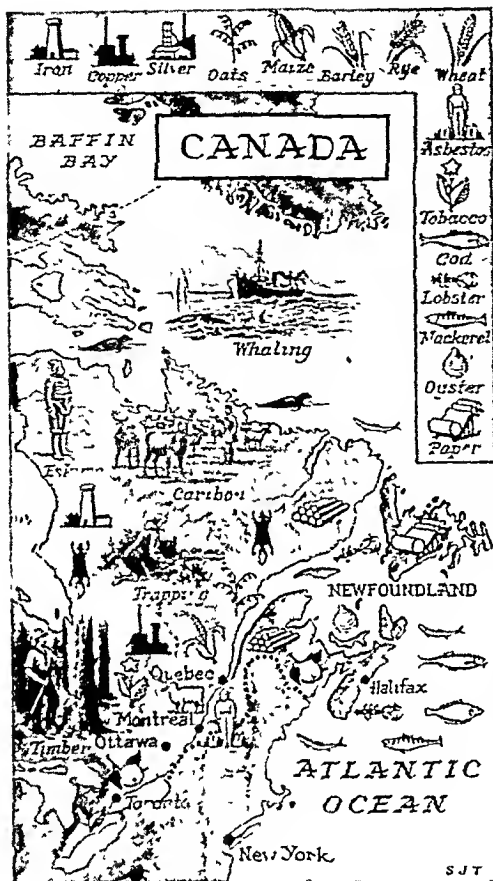


throughout Canadian life, especially in the smaller rural communities where the chief centre of social life is still the church.

Cosmopolitan life, as it is known in the cities of America, Britain and continental Europe, is almost unknown in Canada. Night life is non-existent in the majority of Canadian cities, where cabarets are few and all entertainment closes at or shortly after midnight; and Toronto's notorious Sunday blue laws are the rule in every city rather than the exception. Montreal, the largest city in Canada, and mostly French-Canadian, is the

exception. Montreal has night clubs, the only good cosmopolitan restaurants in Canada, professional sport on Sundays and public house hours after the fashion of America and Britain.

The major influence on Canadian life is the family circle, and this fact is partly due to an almost nation-wide educational system in which schools are operated as co-educational on a daytime basis only. The children return home each night, the teacher and school influence thus being shared by the parents. It is also a fact that the cultural and social, therefore family, life of the nation is established by the



interpreted as a dictatorial rule with an iron hand, but in reality it is all something of tradition, entirely acceptable to man and woman alike, and nationally regarded as within the limits of something sacred

Canadian life still remains a unique combination of the urban and rural. Canada is largely an agricultural community; its primary products are its chief exports. The cities of Canada, despite a tremendous increase in industrialization, have not attained the urban development of the metropolitan cities of the United States, Britain and other countries, and remain closely linked with rural Canada and its life. It is still possible for many residents of all but the half-dozen largest cities to walk to work in the morning. The link between town and country has also given Canadian cities their rambling layouts; they cover areas far greater than ever will be required for ordinary living purposes; for example there are within the boundaries of Winnipeg twenty-two golf courses and in Vancouver the 2,000 acres of luscious, natural Stanley Park.

The spaciousness with which Canadians identify life has not encouraged apartment-house (flat) dwelling even in the cities; Canada is a country of homes, in the main well kept. Only during recent years has there been an increase in apartment-house construction, and that mostly in Montreal and Toronto, the largest cities in Canada. The sizes of city property on which homes are built are often generous, and sites fifty feet wide by four hundred feet long are not unknown.

The total absence of social class in the country is a characteristic appreciated by immigrants to Canada. The children of the rich and the poor attend the same schools, are permitted the same social contacts. Intermarriage

women. "Women rule this country," complained a bachelor. But his complaint had no effect because of the extraordinary tendencies of Canadian men, like their comrades in the United States, to place their women above them on a pedestal and to permit them free reign. Thus, in the majority of Canadian homes, it is the woman who decides on the decorations, the new furniture, on a home itself; what the children will wear, in fact, how her husband will dress; what social engagements will be made, what club will be joined; where the family will go on its vacation. This power can be

FARMLAND OF ALBERTA

Characteristic of the vast wheat acreages of Canada is this large table-flat stretch of farmland. Eight four-in-hand horse-drawn reapers are seen cutting wheat, Alberta's principal crop.

between racial groups may be limited, but certainly not among certain classes. A worker who in Britain or continental Europe may have no social standing whatsoever, becomes in Canada the secretary of his golf club, a Rotarian, a member of the local school board, in association with professional men and local manufacturers. This free association of classes common to both the United States and Canada is not due to the blending of racial characteristics (the tendency in Canada has certainly not been toward a blending of races), but because in countries where men had originally to pioneer such vast areas, there grew up a tradition of comradeship, regardless of personal background. That tradition persists to-day throughout Canada and makes for a degree of neighbourliness largely unknown in the old world; the French-Canadians will gather on fine Sunday afternoons on the verandah of the home of one of them to talk and sun themselves; the prairie farm homes are always crowded, and never by invitation, on Sundays by members of the community. City dwellers are prone just to drop in on friends during an evening walk, or Sunday afternoon drive.

These last are fundamental similarities to be found in every city, town and community throughout Canada, but there are sectional differences which vary according to the racial background of the people.

The areas which are now the provinces of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia were colonized early in



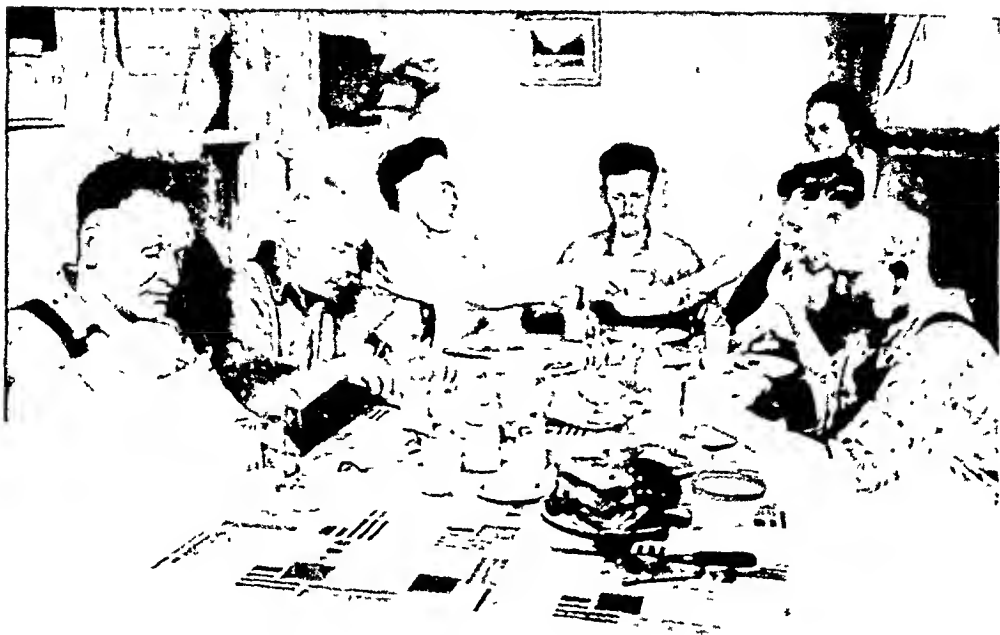
Canadian history. The Cape Breton district of Nova Scotia is one in which the people are predominantly of Highland Scottish descent. The background of the clans and the Canadian spirit of neighbourliness have combined throughout Cape Breton to make it almost literally true that everyone knows everyone else. This contrasts strongly with an opposite tendency in Toronto, capital of the province of Ontario,



and the Dominion's second largest city. Canadians from every other part of Canada condemn Toronto as a city in which they find it hard even to meet people, let alone make friends

It is natural that a country as large as Canada should provide its people with a varying selection of climatic conditions—conditions of which the world at large is apt to hold peculiar notions—for example, American visi-

tors often arrive at the border on a blazing hot summer day with skis and snowshoes in the backs of their cars! The federally-administered north-west territories and the Yukon are thought to be vast wildernesses of ice and snow, when in reality these areas enjoy warm and mellow summers during which an amazing variety of vegetation is grown. The winters in the north-west territories and the Yukon are cold and



HARVESTERS RELAX

Harvesting is hard work, and hard workers require good food. At the end of a long busy day in the fields, this gang of farm labourers gather round the dinner table and enjoy a substantial meal of roast beef, potatoes, corn on the cob and milk. Prepared and served to them by the farmer's wife, the meal is both appetizing and healthy

cheerless, as any trapper, Hudson's Bay Company post employee or Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Policeman will agree; but the measure of community life which has resulted from the opening up of these lands by airplane traffic, is even there breaking down the pioneer requirements.

Nevertheless, this pioneer spirit is still much needed in many parts of the country: most miners in Canada, for instance, live in communities so far away from the more civilized parts that there is still a strong element of pioneering about their work. In the great gold, silver and copper mines of

the northern parts of Canada, a miner often contacts the world only through aircraft that brings the mine its mail and supplies. Even in communities relatively close to railroads and direct supply lines, the bitter weather of winter cuts off the miners from outside contacts for almost half of each year, so that they have become a people apart, often transient, making fairly good wages, but seldom finding a permanent home.

Much the same may be said of the fur trappers—men who follow one of the loneliest professions of the world. The trappers have been pushed back



CANADIAN COWBOYS

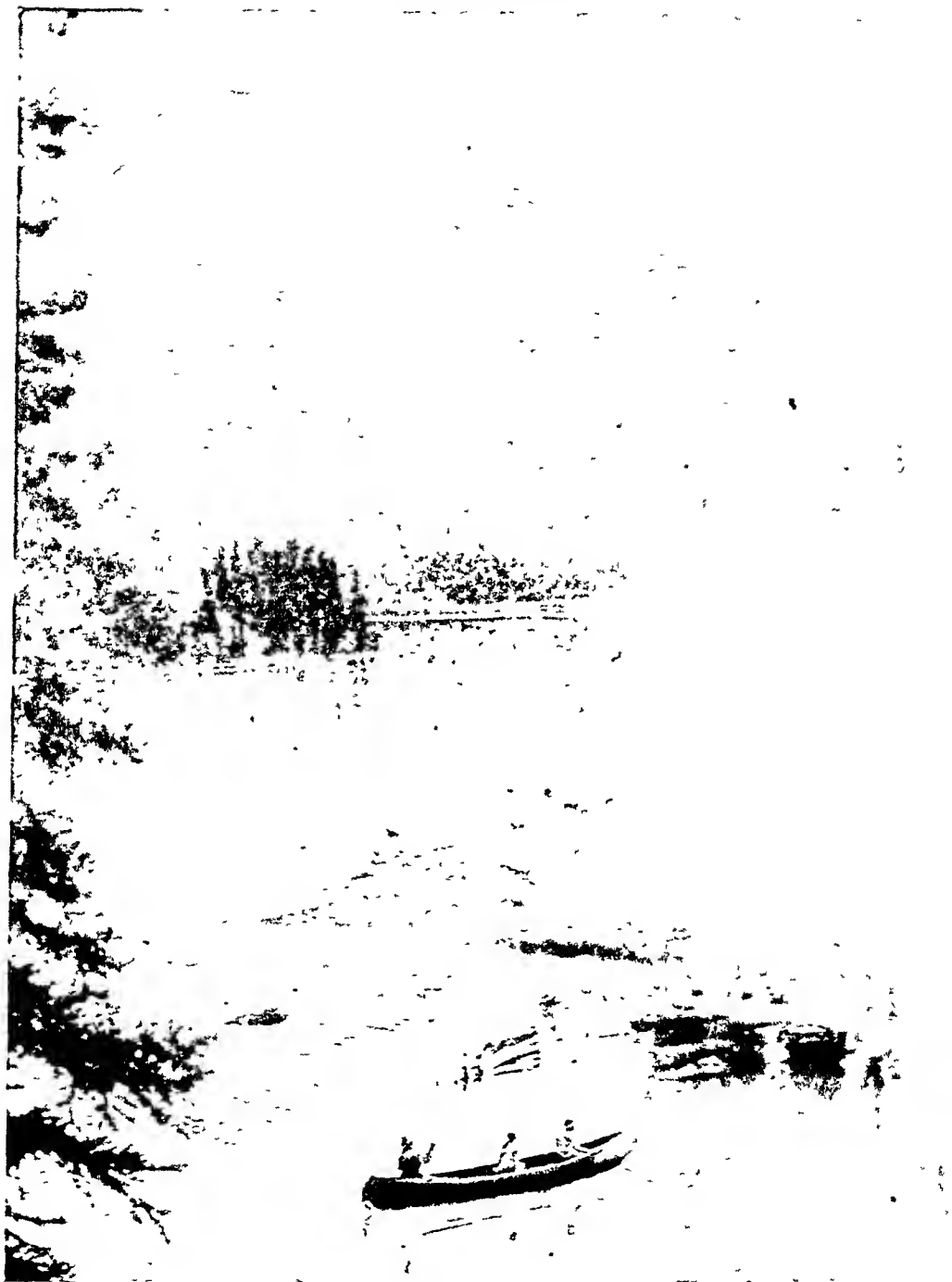
Contrary to popular belief that cowboys spend their leisure lazily listening to the coyote, or crooning, these cattle-ranchers are tired working men and have little inclination for music as they prepare to bunk down in their cabin for the night.

Four or five men share a bunkhouse, which is heated by a large stove.

from Canada's southern border, but they still work less than five hundred miles north of Toronto.

The climate has in a large degree contributed to the Canadian capacity for hard work. The prairie farmer must provide for himself and his family against a long, frequently severe, winter, during which his household may be isolated from his nearest neighbour one mile away, during a week or more of excessive snowfall. He cannot use his car or even his horse-drawn sleigh sometimes, over country roads piled six feet high with snowdrifts. Every Canadian railroadman is familiar with

the winter-time difficulties of heavy snow and severe cold; and the dairies have to face the problem of maintaining communications with rural sources of supply, and of delivery; even the schoolboy in the city must shovel snow off the walk before he can go to school, and a familiar autumn sight in most Canadian cities, towns, villages and on country farms is that of the family fitting on outer doors and windows (called storm doors and storm windows) around the house in preparation for winter. Canadians really enjoy their winter and express themselves in the most vigorous out-



FAMOUS MOUNTAIN

This magnificent scene of snowy peaks and towering pine trees reflected in placid waters, is The Narrows, Maligne Lake, in Jasper National Park, which is one of



RESORT IN ALBERTA

about a dozen large national parks throughout Canada. The small tent is an Indian tepee, and holiday-makers journey by canoe from one camping site to another.



A TRAPPER AND HIS DOG

Fur-trapping is one of the few pioneer occupations left in the world. Here you see a trapper with his dog, snow-shoes and sledge. He has to brave innumerable dangers and hardships in following one of the loneliest of all professions.

door sports known—ice skating and ice hockey, ski-ing and tobogganing.

But all this does not mean that Canadians lead an unenviable life during winter. It would be impossible to strike an average temperature for the whole Dominion, for while Calgary, in the southern half of Alberta, might be experiencing a chinook wind that overnight turns snow-packed streets into rivers of slush and water, the temperature in Edmonton, 198 miles north of Calgary, could be ten, twenty

or even thirty degrees, below zero.

Before the Second World War, Canadians did not know each other. The barrier was distance. A family man in Alberta, could hardly afford the time, in his annual two weeks' holiday to travel to Eastern Canada or the Maritime Provinces and back, involving a round trip journey of anything from six to ten days. Instead he would spend his holiday with his family at one of the province's many inland lakes, turned into summer resorts of not incon-

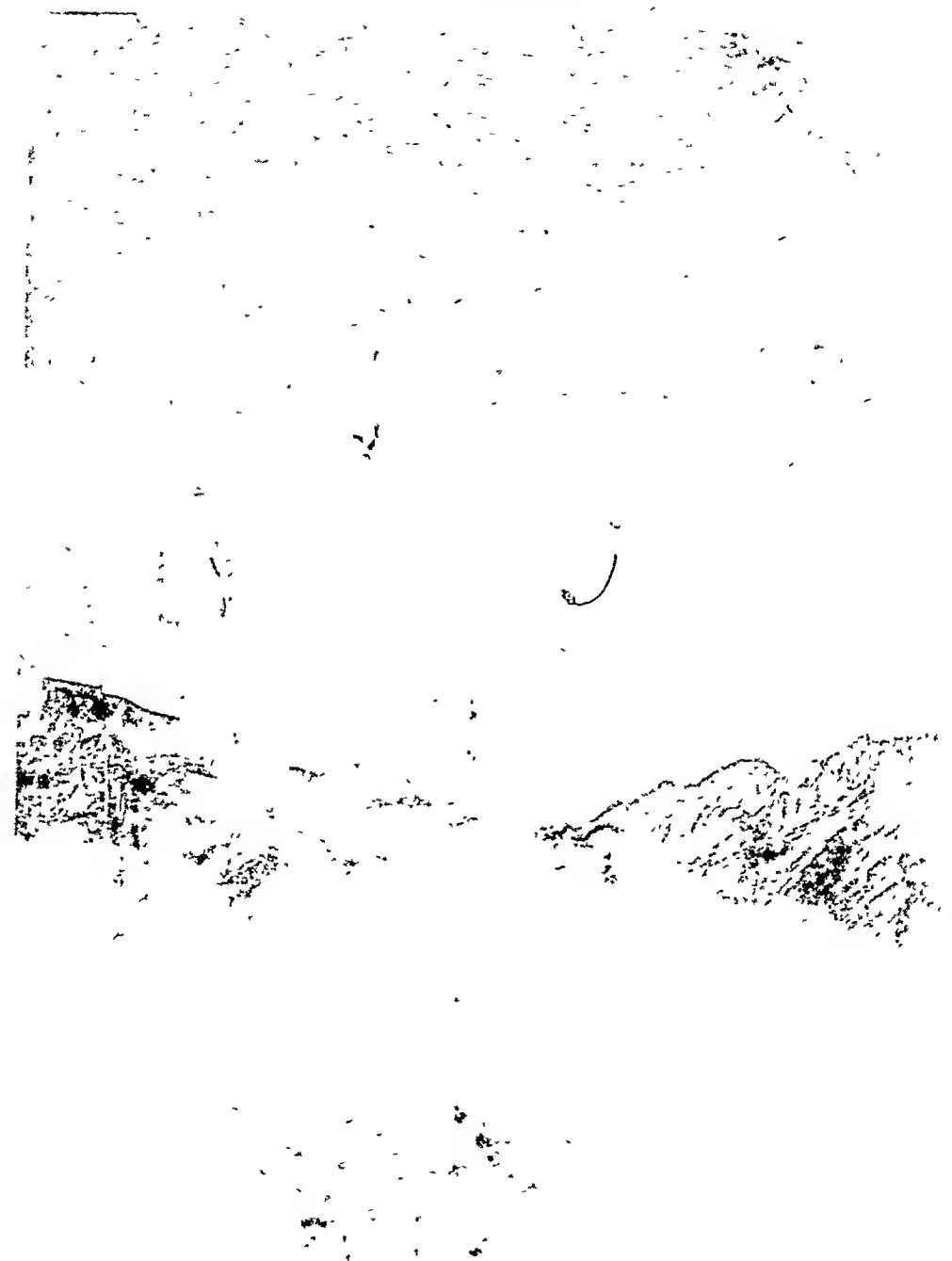
siderable beauty and offering a variety of recreational facilities. Or he might travel the 200 miles to Banff or Jasper National Parks, the world's most famous mountain resorts, and only two of about a dozen spacious and beautiful national parks throughout Canada. The longest journey he would take would be to Vancouver on the Pacific coast, which has always been a favourite holiday place of the peoples of the prairies. And this practice was substantially true of the people of other Canadian provinces. Only a comparatively small minority of Ontarians ever went outside their province, since they never found it necessary to do so, for a satisfactory holiday. People of Quebec and of the Maritime Provinces

likewise had all the holiday resorts they required at their backdoor. But the war seemed to show Canada to the Canadians. Regiments, both active and home defence, recruited in the western provinces, were sent to camps in the Maritime Provinces and in Quebec for training. Canadian regiments were trained in Ontario and in British Columbia. War workers of the west were sent to industry in the east. Farm labour for prairie harvests was recruited in Quebec and Ontario, and Maritimers with a knowledge of ship building had the opportunity to travel 4,000 miles to Vancouver to practise their trade in Pacific coast shipyards. Then, too, thousands of women and their children followed their husbands



SARDINE FISHING

Fishing for sardines at St. Andrews, Province of New Brunswick. These fish live in shoals; and here the fishermen are seen drawing the mouth of the net together; this is called "pursing", because the net is drawn in like the mouth of a purse.



from one military encampment to another and from one industrial area to another. The result was a new and wholesome appreciation of the Dominion and its wealth. Sectionalism

began very gradually to lose ground.

Provincialism, which had ranged from the Atlantic to the Pacific and which was largely the result of Canadians staying within the boundaries of their



SKYLINE SILHOUETTE

A Canadian Royal Mounted Policeman stands sentinel in Banff National Park, Alberta "Mounties" to-day only wear full dress uniform on duty in the national parks

mons and Senate and provincial Legislatures, with powers in Canadian affairs sufficiently wide to give them considerable autonomy. The provinces have jealously guarded these provincial powers and only during a world war were these powers relaxed during the period of emergency

Canadians going abroad during the war were more Canadian in their outlook on the world and their attitude to themselves than were their fathers during the First World War. The large number of British immigrants to Canada are beginning for the first time to regard themselves as Canadians, not merely as Englishmen, Scotsmen, Welshmen and Irishmen living abroad, and their sons and daughters think similarly. Disappearing also is the ultra-Americanism of the younger Canadians. The Canadian pattern of life may almost parallel that of America, but Canadians of this generation are fostering their own national characteristics

Out of the chaos and destruction that the Second World War brought to Europe and Asia, Canada has emerged a greater and more surely defined nation. From comparative obscurity, Canada has, during the Second World War, become the world's third trading nation and world's fourth greatest producer. During six years, Canada established an industry which might have required fifty years of peacetime development, and the war in which Canadians chose to take part has propelled their country from the ranks of the middle powers into a position of global prominence

own states was broken up and a feeling of nationalism substituted. The provincial loyalties were all the stronger in view of Canada's divided system of government—a Federal House of Com-



SHARK FISHING IN GREENLAND

After bringing in his catch, this Eskimo fisherman services his kayak which is made from light strips of driftwood laced together with strips of rawhide line.

THE ESKIMOS

The desolate, barren Arctic regions. Eskimos' chief occupations: making winter garments from skins: building an igloo: community life in winter: polar bear and seal hunting: Eskimo guides' fishing in spring and summer: caribou and walrus hunting: the Eskimo's grim struggle for survival

THE Arctic is a desolate region. It is a region of bleak mountain ranges and vast areas of intervening land with many lakes, some of them several hundred miles in extent. Devoid of vegetation other than peaty moss, lichen and low willows with a few varieties of wild flowers that bloom for a short season, the barren lands stretch from the northernmost edge of the timber belt, northwards over the great arctic islands to within a few hundred miles of the North Pole. From deep glacier-filled valleys the age-old ice-cap, fissured and crevassed, moves imperceptibly towards the sea, and elsewhere the evidence of untold centuries of glacial action can be seen on the scoured and seared rock surface.

During the brief summer there is variety to the coastline, ranging from vast tidal flats and sandy coves strewn with kelp and driftwood, to towering bastions of granite rising almost four thousand feet sheer from the sea. The thousands of miles of coastline present a more uniform spectacle during the winter months, a seemingly unending vista of broken ice, churned and jumbled by the action of the tides from headland to headland, and filling the intervening bays and fiords, smooth ice covers the surface of the sea.

It is a fitting background against which to consider the cheerful and capable people who call themselves the *Inuit* but are known to the world as the Eskimos. Owing to the inhospitable nature of their country, civilization

has not completely overtaken them as it has so many fine primitive races. They live to-day largely by hunting and fishing as their forefathers did. In appearance they are a sturdy race, short of stature but well developed, with the high cheek bones and slit eyes that seem to substantiate the claim that they are of Asiatic origin. They are a credulous people in a childlike way, possibly the result of a forbidding environment that readily lends itself to fantastic folklore and legends based on superstitious beliefs.

Although quick to appreciate the few benefits that civilization has made available to him, the Eskimo would still be capable of sustaining his family by hunting were these benefits withdrawn. The simple hunting implements still in use have remained unchanged for centuries because they have attained undisputed perfection. Skilful in their use, the Eskimo is a capable and fearless hunter who will match his skill and daring against the lumbering polar bear and massive bowhead whale.

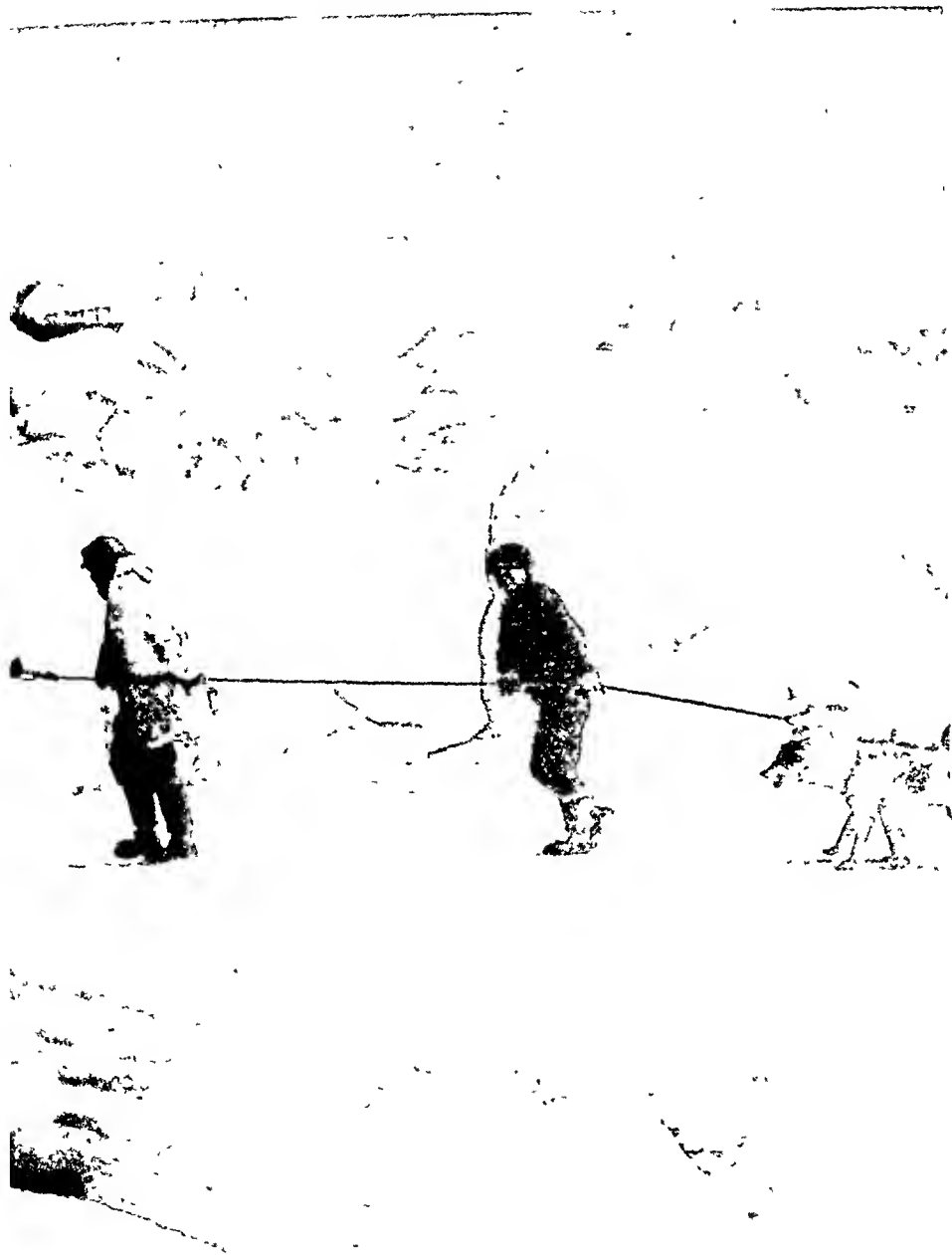
As a considerable part of their food is taken from the sea the Eskimos may be considered a coastal people, although there are groups that live by the great lakes of the interior, dependent on fish and caribou for their staple foods.

The most interesting article worn by the coastal Eskimo is his sealskin boot. This is made entirely of black sealskin leather from which the hair has been removed by scraping while the skin is in a green state. This is probably the



ESKIMOS OF KING ISLAND

These Eskimos of Alaska are crossing the ice floes in search of polar bear. When the animal is within rifle range, trained dogs are released to hold it at bay and divert



WITH THEIR DOG SLEIGH

attention while the hunters advance. The four men in the picture are, with the foremost dog, leading the way over the ice, to guide the sled-team which follows.

only sewn and untreated waterproof leather boot in existence. The seams are double sewn with caribou back sinew, split into threads that can be used with the modern steel needle that has now superseded the bone needle of former years. Having the property of swelling on contact with water, this sinew thread when wet effectively fills the hole made by the needle so that no water enters the boot at the only vulnerable point.

Winter Garments

For winter use, sealskins are subjected to a rotting process which results in a soft white leather that will not freeze in sub-zero temperature. Waterproof boots are not necessary in winter when everything is frozen, but there is the danger of tidal overflow from cracks in the salt water ice, against which the Eskimo has developed wetproof footwear made from this particular leather. The leg of the winter boot, however, is made from sealskin from which the hair has not been removed.

Soles of Eskimo footwear are made from the heavier leather of the bearded seal, while the legs are made from the lighter skin of either the harp or the jar seal. The sole encases the greater part of the foot and as there is no heavy outer sole or heel, the wearer has excellent control of his movements on uneven ground.

The Eskimo's winter garments are made from caribou skins, dressed in the leather to a remarkable softness. They consist of an inner shirt or *ateegee* worn with the hair next to the body, and an outer garment or *kooletak* worn with the hair on the outside. The garments worn thus, leather to leather, prevent the creeping of the inner garments. Both garments are made with the ingenious hood which is an indispensable feature. Trousers are worn by

both sexes and differ only in design, the women wearing trousers longer than the under-knee length worn by the men. The outer trousers are dispensed with save when travelling or in extremely cold weather. Caribou skin socks are also worn, but the outer pair are generally made from other material.

Some native groups wear an ankle-length deerskin slipper in place of sealskin boots, with an outer sole made from the short, hard-wearing skin from the head of the caribou. It is very comfortable to wear and is ideal for the cold, dry weather of the interior. Single mitts, made from deer-legs with the hair outward, are favoured for winter use. Eskimos living near the sea sometimes wear a sealskin costume which, although ideal for the season preceding and following winter owing to its waterproof qualities, is inadequate for cold weather, being stiff and cold to the touch. The supply of skins for winter clothing is not always plentiful, but the inland dwellers, who hunt on the path of the migrating caribou herds, are invariably more warmly clad than the coast people.

Building an Igloo

Dressed in the loose-fitting, well-ventilated but warm winter garments, the Eskimo suffers very little physical discomfort outdoors, or in his winter dwelling, constructed entirely from dry, wind-packed snow, cut into blocks that can be handled easily by one man. The average two-family *igloo* is an impressive piece of building which can be constructed and ready for occupancy during the brief daylight hours.

Skilful in the use of the long-bladed snow-knife, an Eskimo cutting out snow-blocks can keep pace with another building. Snow-blocks for *igloo* building are larger than the average granite building block, but are seldom over

ARCTIC REGIONS



LIMIT OF ARCTIC.....
 AIR ROUTES —————
 SEA ROUTES - - - - -

TUNDRA [Pattern]
 TREE LIMIT [Pattern]
 WINTER RAIN [Pattern]



SLAL HUNTING

So skilful are the Eskimos in handling their kayaks that, when they make a catch of seal, they can cut it up in the water, and yet keep their boat balanced.

six inches thick. They are laid on edge, instantly freezing on contact one with the other. On a rising circular wall the igloo builder, with a decisive stroke of the knife, gauges the angle and incline of each block as the structure decreases in circumference, until the irregular key block drops into position and locks the entire structure. The dome-shaped building echoes as the last block drops into place, and it will then support the weight of a man. Loose snow is

then shovelled around and over two thirds of the igloo, and this serves to catch drifting snow and form an added protection from the force of the high winds that might cut away single blocks in a very short time. This work is usually done by the women, who chink around the blocks with loose snow while the building is in progress. The shovelling is done with a curious, flat, wide wooden shovel, the cutting edge of which is usually of bone, although metal is

occasionally used for this purpose.

When an Eskimo has been fortunate enough to locate a deep snow-drift, with the snow of an even texture throughout (which is ascertained by pushing a squared wooden rod with an ivory tip down into the drift) an igloo can be built from the snow contained within the circumference of the building at its lowest level. There is little waste of material and block cutting is usually carried out in such a manner as to leave a sleeping platform, rising three feet above the floor. This

platform is wide enough and long enough to afford sleeping space for two families, or eight to twelve people.

A double covering of caribou skins, carefully beaten to remove all snow, is usually laid over the sleeping platform and on these skins the families sleep, after removing all clothing using soft, pliable caribou skins for blankets. The occupants sleep with their feet to the wall and their heads toward the door, which is at ground level and is so low that on entering and leaving an adult must crawl or stoop very low.



THE WOMAN'S TASK

The Eskimo's wife is cutting up a seal caught by her husband. The women and children, besides catching small game, relieve their men of many routine duties



BUILDING AN IGLOO

An Eskimo home is made from dry wind-packed snow cut in blocks larger than a granite building block

Heating and lighting a snow house is very simply combined by means of an ingenious shallow lamp made from soapstone. The lamp is roughly half-moon-shaped and rests on wooden pegs driven into the snow, tilted slightly towards the straight edge on which is placed moss which serves as a wick. The lamp is filled with pounded seal fat, which the heat of the wick turns into oil. The oil flows to the wick which burns along its entire length, about a foot, and gives off a clear flame of approximately one inch. This is sufficient for all cooking, and maintains an even temperature as the porous snow of the walls allows excessive heat to pass through at higher level. Eventually the snow walls turn to ice and additional ventilation, secured by opening a ventilating hole, is necessary. This is simply done by thrusting a snow-knife through the wall with a circular turn of the wrist. Poorly burning lamps are usually the first indication that ventilation is required and that the snow walls have become coated with ice and are no longer porous.

Eskimo winter communities, consisting of from three to ten snow dwellings, are usually but not

necessarily located on the coast. If the village is adjacent to a locality where the tidal action is strong, open water holes appear which do not freeze over. Hunting is generally good under these conditions and the community is assured of a regular supply of fresh seal meat during the winter. The lee side of a long headland is generally favoured for the site of a winter camp, provided a good lake is near which will supply fresh water ice for cooking and drinking purposes. Where the coastline is very rugged, communities may be located at the head of deep bays where, invariably, valleys lead into the interior affording good travelling conditions for hunting and trapping expeditions.

Village Life

Community life is very pleasant in an Eskimo winter village, provided that meat is plentiful and that there is an abundance of seal or whale fat to provide fuel for the primitive lamps. The entrance to the snow house always faces south, and an ice window is fitted into the snow wall directly above the entrance to ensure the maximum amount of sunlight. Snow porches are also constructed to give greater comfort around the entrance to the *igloo*. As the direction of the wind changes frequently, the original porch becomes a twisting tunnel as new pieces are added for extra protection. In this tunnel the owner's dogs are usually found at night lying on the snow floor with their thick, bushy tails protecting their paws and nose tips.

The Eskimo families spend a considerable part of each long winter day within the comparative comfort of their snow walls. In the sub-arctic the hours of sunlight are few, while in the higher latitudes the sun does not appear over the horizon for several months

during the winter. In the brilliant moonlight of the dark period, hunting and travelling are possible, but hunting in general slows down until the sun reappears. Within their *igloo* members of the family busy themselves in various ways. The men fashion hunting implements, whips and dog harness, and skin the fur-bearing animals they have brought from the trap-line. Foxes are usually frozen in the traps, and their skins are thawed out over the oil lamp, their skins removed and dried on wooden stretchers. The women prepare skins and sew them into garments for the family and attend to the cooking, while the children play with their miniature sleighs or dolls, and rest on the sleeping bench with sturdy pups. Occasionally meat is thawed out for the dogs which are sometimes fed individually on the floor of the snow house; but as a general rule the dogs are fed on meat in its frozen state. This is chopped into fair-sized pieces and thrown around in the snow outside the *igloo*. By late afternoon the lamps provide a pleasant and warm glow and the simple pleasures of eating and sleeping occupy a great deal of time during the long winter evenings and throughout the night.

Social Gatherings

With the return of the sun regular hunting is resumed and, following a successful hunt, a communal gathering may take place in one of the larger snow houses in the village. Boiled meat is generously provided by the successful hunters and chunks are circulated, plates are unnecessary and the pieces are passed from hand to hand amid a hubbub of light-hearted chatter. Everyone present partakes of the several pieces of meat that come his way. The guests are loud in their appreciation of the feast, belching freely when

GREENLAND TRADING CENTRE

In such stations, furs and fish are exchanged by the Eskimos for groceries. Here some paraffin from neighbouring stations is being delivered.

they reach their capacity. There is little formality, other than a certain deference to the chief hunter of the community; he has gained recognition either by his ability as a hunter, or by a strength of character that has made it possible for him to provide a wise leadership. These informal gatherings present an opportunity for the good-natured bantel and witticisms of which the Eskimo is very fond

Occasionally special snow-houses are constructed large enough to accommodate the entire community at one time

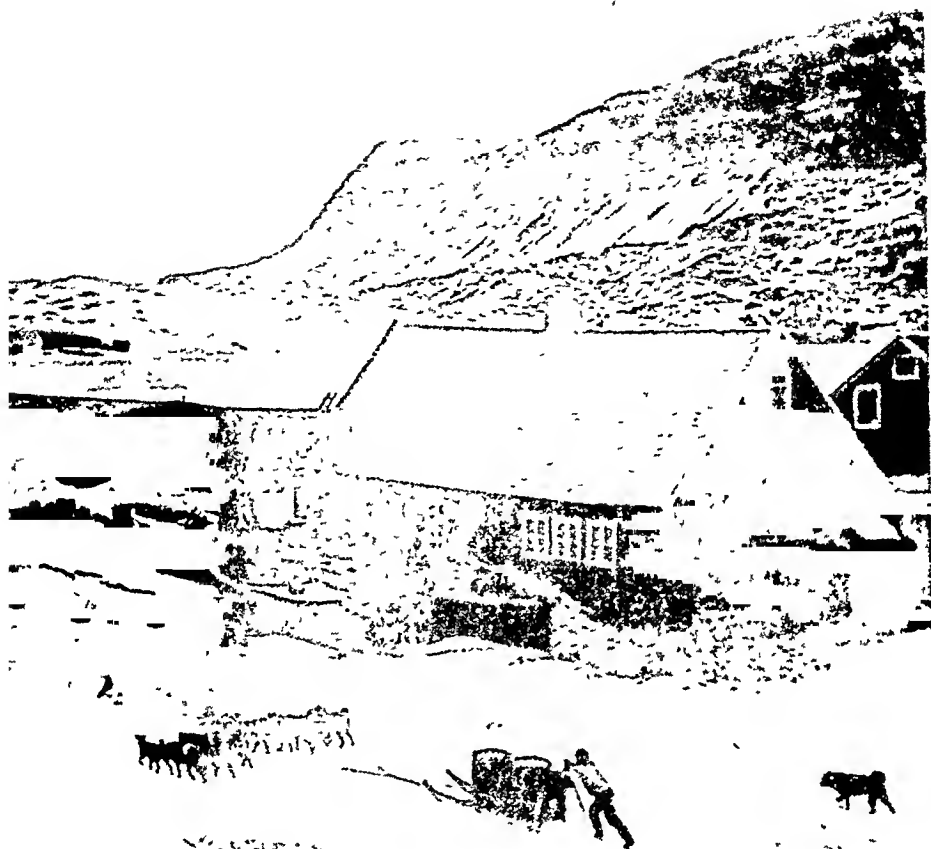
The hunting experiences are related in song, to the accompaniment of a primitive single-sided drum on which the singer beats as he sways in rhythm to the booming echo. A female chorus, sitting on its haunches on a snow bench, recounts, not unmusically, the thrilling experiences of the singer who with clever footwork and gripping sound effects captivates his audience. The songs are carefully composed and when translated reveal a remarkable understanding of nature. As they record only the experiences of certain individuals the songs are of little value except as entertainment and for this reason they generally die with the singer.

The influence of the *angnacook*, the Eskimo conjurer or medicine man, is now on the wane. The clever tricks performed in public by which the conjurer mystified his people and the taboos he imposed on them at will, are much less prevalent than they were. Within a few years of their contact with Christian missionaries the majority of the people accepted their teaching,

although some of the older generation retain a wistful regard for the old ideas of their people.

During the winter the Eskimo is undoubtedly at his best. Capable of withstanding physical discomfort, the race has survived the cruellest climate in the world. As a hunter the Eskimo is peerless, and he has mastered the art of hunting animals equipped with great





strength and speed in conditions that would undoubtedly discourage most native peoples

Polar bear hunting is eagerly anticipated and during early autumn, when bears haul out of the sea on to the young ice that scarcely supports their weight, they are in prime condition for the winter hibernation. As they make their lumbering way inland, the hunters are

ready for them. With dog-teams in fine fettle after the long summer rest, hunters possess a mobility denied them for many months.

The dogs respond to the excited call of the drivers as they speed over the rough, snow-covered ground on their sleds. When within rifle range, trained dogs are released to hold the great brute at bay and divert attention while

the hunter advances to meet the king of the north. Crouching low with legs spread apart, the great jaw snapping to left and right, *nanook* often succeeds, with his ripping claws and slashing teeth, in inflicting terrible injuries on the eager dogs which are surrounding him and holding him at bay.

Dangers of Bear-Hunting

Before the introduction of firearms, Eskimo hunters armed only with a spear would meet and kill polar bear. Even to-day bear hunting is not without an element of danger and pain-maddened animals will sometimes attack a hunter; but modern high-powered firearms have reduced the risk to a minimum.

Seals are also hunted on the young ice which forms around the shore in the early autumn. Seal hunting methods differ with conditions. Basking seals make an easy target during the spring, when the ice is dotted with them. In the white glare the Eskimos stalk seals behind a white screen, advancing rapidly during the brief moments when their prey is napping, which it does regularly two or three times every minute, raising its head and gazing all round in the intervals. Older and consequently more experienced Eskimo hunters are able to dispense with the white screen when stalking a basking seal. By clever imitation, complete to the brief napping periods and with a very realistic wagging of a "flipper", they are able to advance to within a few yards of a seal!

Another method of hunting seals, which is occasionally resorted to when unfavourable winds prevent hunting at the ice-floe or at the extreme edge of the shore ice, is through the *agloob* or breathing hole. Seals range far from open water; working under the ice well into the deep bays and indentations of the coast, they maintain regular breath-

ing holes in the ice, which they keep open by means of strong claws on the flipper and their stiff bristles or whiskers. Sitting behind a wind-break constructed of snow-blocks, the Eskimo hunter waits for hours in the hope of making a kill. He must be constantly on the alert for the moment when the seal comes to breathe, and no time must be lost in striking at the animal through the small breathing hole. Occasionally an unexpected struggle develops if a large seal is struck, and many natives have lost fingers by the tangling of the rawhide line as it slipped through their fingers in such circumstances.

The head is detachable from the spear and, in an ingenious manner, is fastened to the rawhide line through a centre slot which causes it to turn crosswise in the wound; thus the animal seldom gets away.

Trapping Young Seal

During March the seals bring forth their young on an ice bench adjacent to the blowhole, and trained dogs enable the Eskimos to detect the presence of the young seal under the snow. By drumming their heels on the snow until a hollow ring reveals the exact location, hunters will jump on the snow until the crust gives way, and they are thus able to secure the much prized whitecoat or young jar seal, its meat is tender, and its long, soft-haired skin is useful for certain garments.

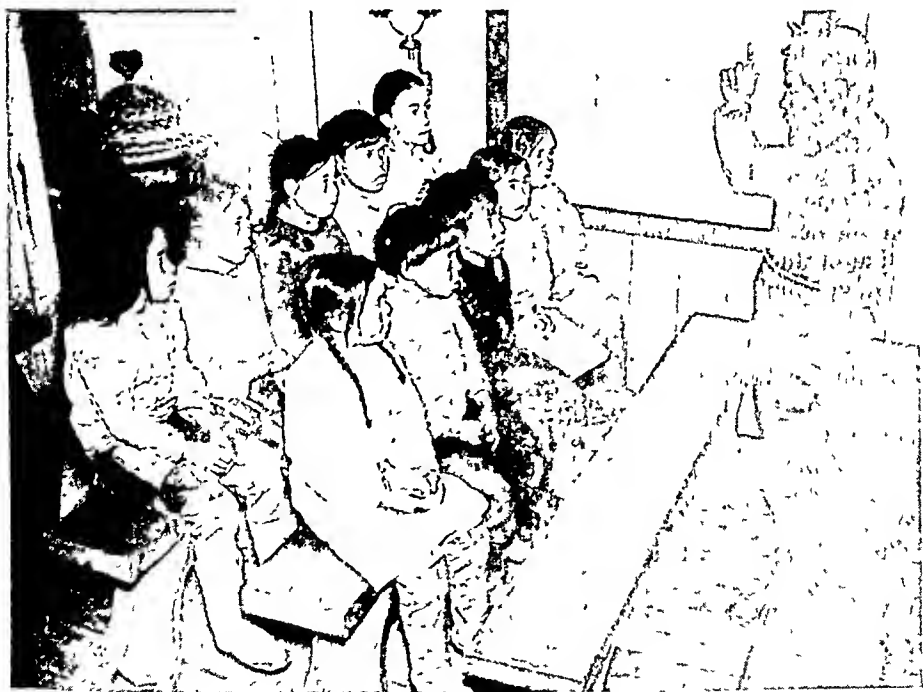
Seal hunting at the ice-floe is the most practical method during the cold weather, as the wind is usually offshore and the edge of the ice firm. The seals are shot as their heads appear in the dark water, from which rises a heavy cold vapour, and the Eskimos retrieve the animals by skilfully thrown spears if within reach, or by *kayak* or small flat-bottomed boats, which they carry

on sleds to the floe. Walrus, too, are sometimes killed at the ice-floe, particularly during the early spring months.

Winter activities are not confined entirely to seal hunting. The white fox skin is now the most important economic unit in the Arctic, and hunting activity throughout the year is, in part, a preparation for the fox hunting season. Meat must be secured for dog-feed if the traps are to have regular attention. Trap lines are set out in November, according to signs and usually take in a considerable area which necessitates several days' travel by dog-team. Small snow-houses are constructed and used regularly during the trapping

season. These igloos are just large enough to accommodate two men and the small amount of camping equipment they require. Frequently this consists of blankets and snow knife with a piece of frozen meat for food. Eskimos, when travelling without their families, make very little attempt to make themselves comfortable in these small travelling snow-houses, and will sometimes sit up all night, arms drawn out of the sleeves of their loose fitting garments, and sleep comfortably without feeling chilled.

Eskimos are very fond of winter travel and seldom miss an opportunity of accompanying a white man as a guide, even into territory with which



SERMIARSSUIT SETTLEMENT

In the somewhat primitive little schoolhouse for this tiny settlement, the local teacher instructs his class of ten children. Their many clothes and the big stove in the corner of the room help to protect them against the bitter weather, but even so, they sit as closely together as they can, for the sake of warmth.

they are unfamiliar. As a guide the Eskimo has no equal, and when visibility is restricted to a few feet, with landmarks indistinct and even unfamiliar, he still retains a sense of direction that commands admiration. Sled travel is extremely monotonous but it provides the slow mobility that suits the rough terrain of the Arctic. The behaviour of the dogs is often amusing, as well as exasperating. They have their days of steady hard work that will give thirty to forty miles of travel, followed by a day of frequent fights when traces become badly tangled and the temper of the driver badly frayed! Early in the winter season they are eager to be harnessed, but the cold winter days find them cringing before the outstretched harness, uncomfortably stiff in the hands of the driver as he bends to draw it over their heads. The long rawhide lash, which the Eskimo uses with considerable skill, is really indispensable. The dogs are hitched on single traces in a fan-shaped formation, and the driver sitting on the sled can wield the whip on the animals with good effect.

Coming of Spring

Spring arrives with surprising suddenness in the frozen Arctic Circle. Warm winds and snowstorms, with bursts of warm sunshine through breaks in the scurrying snow-laden clouds, combine to break the frozen grip of winter. Rivers, swollen into roaring torrents by the fast melting snows, rush in white foam to the sea, cutting their way through the ice of the shore. Fish become plentiful at the coast, particularly the splendid arctic char that spends the winter in the lakes of the interior. The Eskimos are very fond of fish, which they eat raw or cooked. The cooking usually takes the form of boiling in large kettles in which the fish are

placed complete with heads and tails.

At this time of the year the tents are strung out along the shore, flaps tied back, with sizzling fires of driftwood burning under the blackened fish kettles. This is the most pleasant season of the entire year; the weather is ideal; the larger communities are humming with gossip; food is plentiful and the hunters relax in preparation for the summer hunting period.

Trapping Fish

The pleasant summer passes in fishing and caribou hunting. As the fish move back to the lakes from the sea, the old fish traps are brought into use, and some excellent hauls are obtained by the age-old method of trapping the fish in specially prepared sections of certain streams. The imprisoned fish mill around in the confined area, unable to escape the spears of the hunters. Fish is the most dependable source of food in the Arctic and in the thousands of lakes there is sufficient to maintain a much larger population. Yet in this amazing country life is a continual struggle against seasonal food shortages; distances are so vast, and the method of transport so slow, that privation is a common occurrence.

During these summer days, well conditioned bands of caribou wander at will as they feed on the thick arctic moss. Hunting parties from the coast travel on foot into the interior, accompanied by sled-dogs now used as pack-dogs, ambling along with light loads of camp equipment, or with back bending under the weight of two bags of meat on the return journey. Caribou skins are pegged out and dried in the sun, and surplus meat is cached under stones for winter use, or is dried by the action of sun and wind into the unpalatable looking *niphoo* which is



RELIGION IN GREENLAND

One of the local customs in Kongsamut, which is quite a comparatively well-to-do settlement with a modern church, is that on leaving church the women line up in a single file and the men pass down the row shaking hands with each in turn.

regarded as a luxury rather than a food reserve.

The crisp weather of early autumn brings a return to coast life, and seal hunting is again in full swing. Skins are in excellent condition and the seals are easily retrieved by *kayak*, being buoyant from the heavy envelope of fat which they accumulate. The *kayak* is a striking example of Eskimo workmanship and skill. Constructed of light strips and slats of driftwood, painstakingly joined and laced together with strips of rawhide line, the skeleton framework is covered with sealskin cut and sewn to fit the shape of the craft while the skins are still in a wet state. In drying, the shrinkage ensures a rigidity to the framework, and all sewn seams are waterproofed with seal blood. The natives handle this light craft very skilfully, and with the double-bladed paddle as an outrigger, skin and cut up seals in the water and stow everything within the slender craft. *Kayaks* are very carefully handled on the rough shore, and have to be kept on high racks when not in use to prevent the dogs from eating the skin covering.

Hunting the Walrus

As the autumn season advances, the natives turn their attention to walrus-hunting this is considered to be the final preparation for winter, as the huge bulk of this unwieldy mammal yields a substantial return of good red meat which is required for food and dog-feed.

Walrus often herd together on remote islands that have been the herding places from some time in an unrecorded past. The peculiar flippers permit them to walk with a strange gait, and it is amusing to witness the militant advance of the bulls as they literally fight their way to some vantage point through the resting herds on the

rocky shore. The old practice of killing the animals on the land is now uncommon as this invariably brings a migration to more distant and inaccessible herding places.

Walrus hunting by boat, when the sea is calm and the weather cold, is an invigorating experience enjoyed alike by white man and Eskimo. As the boat silently bears down on the feeding herd, excitement runs high. Everything is in readiness; harpoon lines are coiled with sealskin floats attached, harpoon heads correctly fixed to handles and rifles in readiness. Each hunter selects his particular quarry and throws a harpoon with sufficient force to penetrate the thick hide. In a moment the water in the vicinity is a series of swirling, widening circles as the clumsy mammals turn over slowly in diving under the surface. A few black sealskin *avataks* or floats, resembling inflated seals, mark the place where the victims struggle several feet under the surface at the end of a stout, rawhide line. Soon heads appear, angry but ludicrous looking heads with long glistening ivory tusks and funny-looking whiskers. The hunters bring their rifles into play, and as the strain of pulling on the sealskin float exhausts the walrus, which flatten out on the surface from sheer exhaustion, the hunters fire, aiming at the animal's most vulnerable point behind the ear drum.

Treatment of Carcasses

The transport of such very heavy loads of meat by boat is overcome by towing what cannot be carried. It is a common sight to see boats return to the tent-villages with walrus hanging by their tusks over the low gunwales. Carcasses are taken ashore and the butchering is a revelation. Working in blood over the wrists, the hunters dismember the carcass completely with



DINNER FOR THE ESKIMO

These hardy people live chiefly on walrus, seal, caribou and fish; the fish is occasionally eaten raw, but often it is boiled, complete with heads and tails

WALRUS HUNT BEGINS

The hunters set off in their kayaks, skimming between the icebergs. They use harpoons when walrus hunting, each hunter selecting his particular quarry and throwing with sufficient force to penetrate the thick hide.

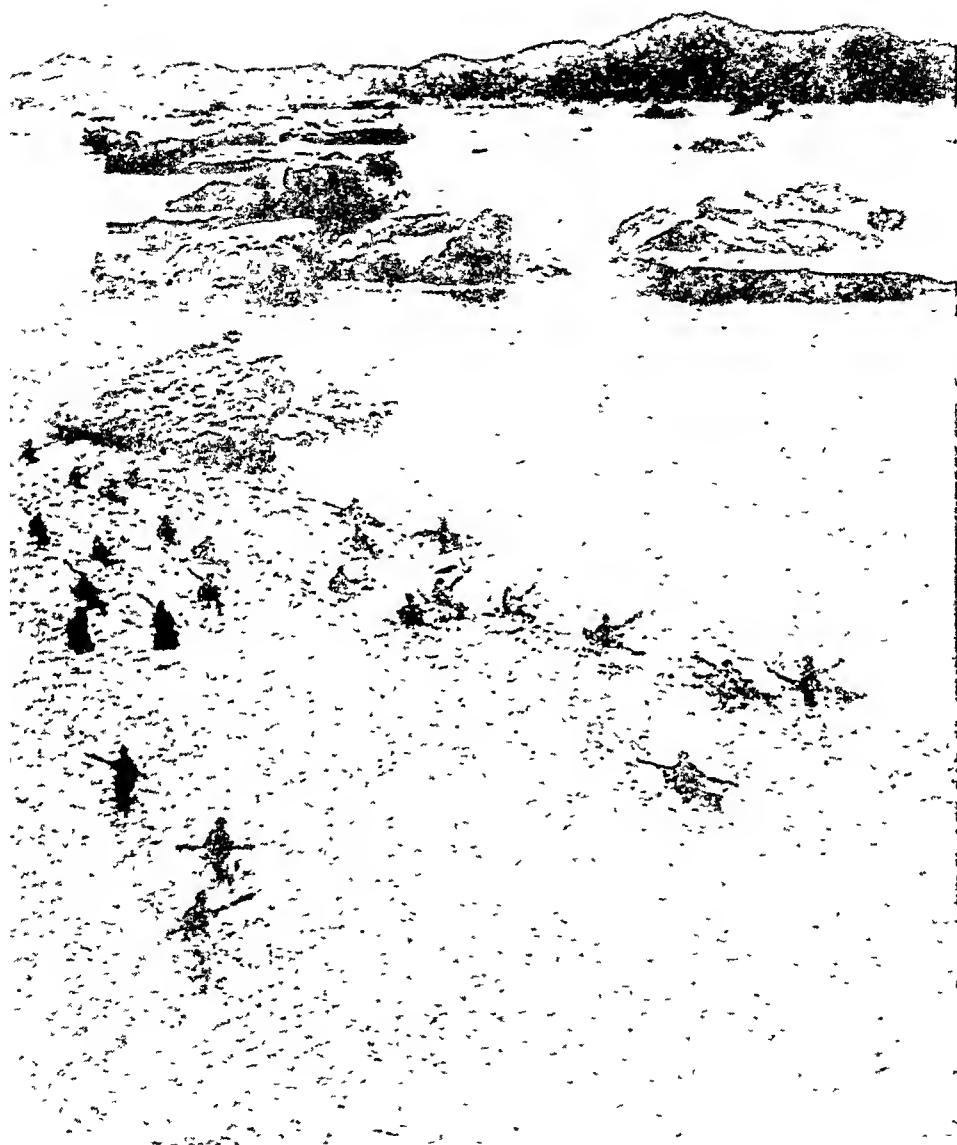
a skill resulting from a complete knowledge of anatomy gained in childhood and early manhood. Slabs of hide with fat and meat attached are cut into pieces approximately two hundred pounds in weight, and some idea of the size of the walrus may be gauged by the fact that hides of adults weigh upwards from three hundred pounds. Slots are cut in the hide all round the slabs, and strips of hide are reeved through these slots and drawn tight to form a compact bundle. The bundles are convenient for caching under stones, and this traditional stone hiding place of the Eskimo, when completely frozen, is adequate protection against destruction of the contents by wandering bears and wolves.

The women and children relieve the hunters of many of the routine duties of camp life, and secure small game to supplement and vary the diet. During early summer when eider duck are nesting by thousands on many of the arctic islands, they do most of the collecting of eggs and down. When the migrating ptarmigan alight to rest in the vicinity of the settlements, the youngsters make a valuable contribution with their small arms, bows and arrows.

The history of this wonderful race is a fascinating story. Cradled no one knows exactly where, the subsequent wanderings of the *Inuit* have practically encircled the globe in the higher latitudes. Time has meant nothing in their long history, and centuries have



passed without any written record of events. The tragedy of war has passed them by save for some minor tribal feuds, the result of unchecked primitive emotions, which have marred the



splendid record. The grim struggle for survival against the elements and starvation has been their constant lot, but they have steadfastly clung to their forlorn lands, their language and, in a

certain measure, their customs. Early explorers, traders and missionaries who have lived in their country and understand this friendly and very brave people, have found much to admire.



MONGOLIAN PRIEST .

The shaman is a medicine man and prophet as well, and in some cases the office is hereditary. He beats his drum when he intends to communicate with the spirits.

NOMADS OF THE MONGOLIAN PLAINS

Homeland of the Mongolian nomadic tribes: tent-making clothing and home life. aridity of the land: daily life: care of flocks and herds generous hospitality. Buriat Mongolia. Outer Mongolia influence of the U.S.S.R.: Turkestan nomads. the importance of the steppe lands to the world

LIFE on the Mongolian steppe is often a bleak affair, these high, dry plains and plateaux, which stretch almost from the Yellow Sea to the Danube, are cut into by barren mountain masses, and great waterless desert tracts such as the Gobi desert, a flat gravel-covered area, with big shifting sand dunes, where even the hardy tamarisk finds it difficult to live.

The plains of Tartary are the birth-place and homeland of the nomad Tuiko-Mongolian tribes. They became a race hardened by the severity of the climate and the land, herdsmen, for the land is unsuitable for agriculture, horsemen, because of the seasonal and far-ranging land movements necessary in the search for pasturage, and warlike, because of the harsh struggle for existence and the temptation to plunder more settled peoples.

The little groups of *yurta* (tents) which the traveller encounters on this great expanse of steppe land are not really as forlorn as they appear. Each of these is the home of a Mongolian nomad family, and the whole group is itself a small family belonging to the larger clan or tribe which is usually headed by a nobleman or prince.

When a young Mongolian couple set up house, their friends and families within the clan help them. A home is an expensive undertaking for a young couple, and the tent to the Mongolian nomad is not the simple,

temporary erection of canvas and poles that it is to the average European.

When the young bride sits in her new home and contemplates the thick woven walls of her *yurta*, she feels a sense of gratitude to the families who helped her husband to erect the framework of willow rods, and to the established members of the clan who provided the felt, often a good inch thick, woven from the soft wool of their herds, which covers the walls.

The interior of the tent is not dark, for the daylight streams through a hole in the roof which is both window and chimney; the smoke from the fire of dung, which is almost the only fuel available, belches through to the sky and the daylight lights up the interior of the tent which is furnished with gaily decorated boxes, rugs and picturesque hangings.

Everything is in its strictly appointed place. The red-painted door always faces south, when it is opened in the morning in summer, the sun soon warms the interior of the *yurta*. On the right of the door is the woman's part, where the cooking utensils stand; on the left is the man's, with the water tubs, his whips, saddles, harness and tools nearest the door. Opposite the door is the shrine of the Buddha, with eight oil lamps burning perpetually before it, symbols of the Eightfold Path of Understanding. The space before the Buddha is reserved for guests.



These places are all ordained by ritual, but it is more than probable that this ritual is ordained by the necessity of always having everything ready for a quick move—a move that can be prepared in some thirty minutes.

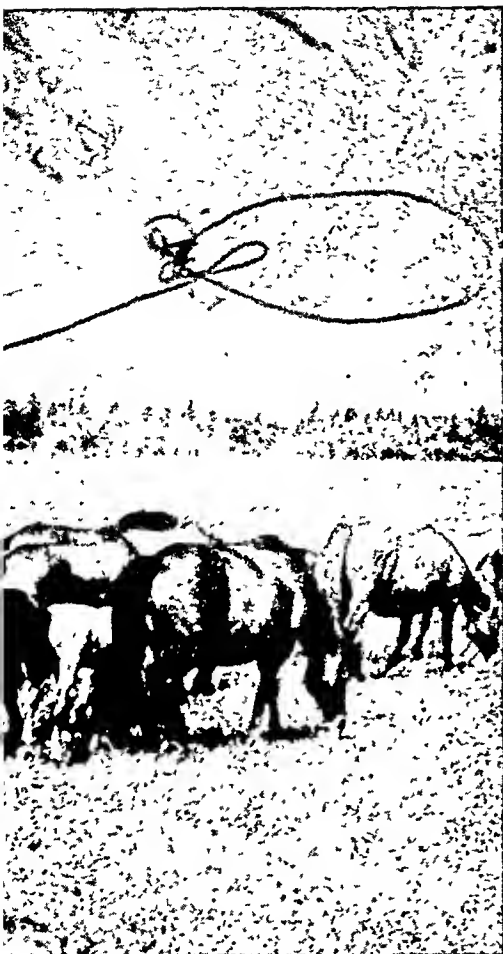
This need for maximum portability encourages the nomad to lavish such wealth as he has, in the first place, on increasing his herds, which supply him with every necessity of housing, clothing and food, and secondly on the purchase of fine rugs and festival clothes, comprising really magnificent head-dresses

for his womenfolk, these head-dresses are great horn-shaped affairs, studded with metal, precious stones, gold and silver trinkets and coins. Rich silks from China and brightly dyed leather top boots add to the striking display. Most of the luxury goods and the beautiful images of gods and Buddhist saints that stand in the *yurta* are the work of Chinese handicraftsmen who have settled among the nomads.

The everyday wear of the people, however, is a long cotton gown, quilted in winter for warmth, and

IN REMOTE SIBERIA

An experienced Oirat herder is shown here lassoning one of his small, but sturdy, Mongolian ponies in the Altai Highlands.



a kind of glove. The long sleeves also do duty as handkerchiefs, towels, dish cloths and dusters! All too often the sleeve is wiped over the face and eyes, and as the sleeves are usually thick with dirt and germs, this accounts for the prevalence of trachoma; this disease leads to blindness and is, together with venereal diseases, a widespread and serious scourge in the country.

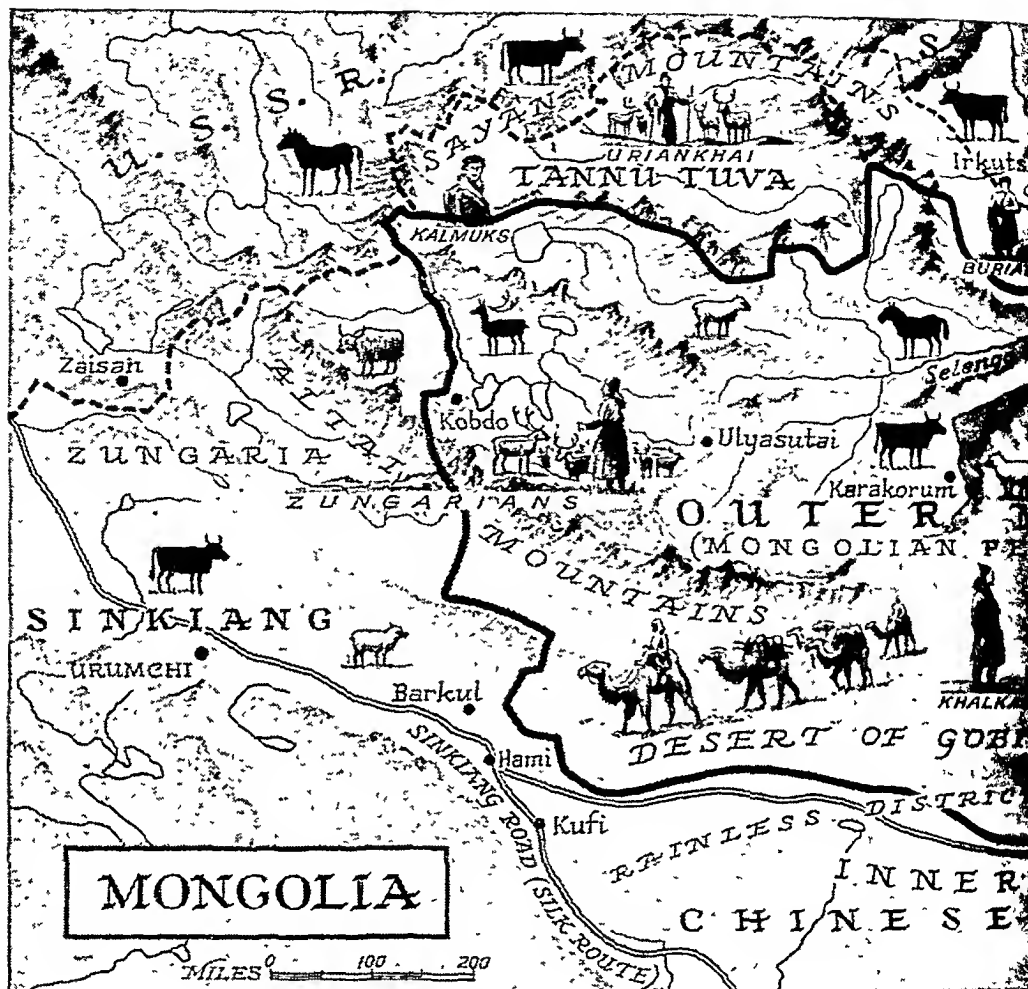
There is a definite division of work between the men and the women. The men care for the herds, ride them to the pasturage, protect them from wolves, hunt and trade. They direct the plans of the family, and, if they happen to be nobles, rule the tribe. The women, on the other hand, milk the goats and mares, attend to the cooking, look after the children and everything connected with the tent and home; when the camp moves, the women are responsible for the dismantling of the tent, and for packing up. In times of urgency, however, they undertake all kinds of other duties, and are well versed in the arts of nomad life.

Even the children have their duties to perform, and from an early age they help with the flocks as well as in the home. At the age of four or five they are good little riders, and when the family is on the march, it is only the babies who are carried—packed into boxes lashed to the horses or camels.

The nomad youngster has little or no book learning unless he is singled out to join the priesthood, when he will go at the age of twelve into a lamasery and take no further part in ordinary nomad life. The other children get plenty of practical training every day in the profession of hunter and herdsman.

usually weatherworn to a tawny, russet brown or yellow, very torn, dirty and greasy. Poor nomads are reputed to wear their clothes until the garments drop to pieces. Men and women wear the same sort of over-gown and, both sexes being expert horse riders, all wear comfortable riding boots, either of Russian pattern with high heels, or the Mongolian design with turned-up toes.

The sleeves of their gowns are some six inches longer than the tips of the fingers, and in the cold weather the people wind these round their hands as



Within the area of Outer and Inner Mongolia, Sinkiang and Western Manchuria, there are probably less than 6,000,000 people leading a purely nomadic life in an area that is as big as the United States of America. Only about five per cent. of the land is arable in its natural state; all the rest is desert, sandy or gravel, or pasture land. The fact that this area is far from the sea, and much of it is enclosed by huge mountain chains, explains its aridity. The finest pastures are on the verges of the mountains; for there they are watered by the rivers of melting

snow coming down from the hills

In winter the climate is cold. The bare, wind-swept hills are forbidding. The deserts are icy. In this season, the lot of the nomad who has no flocks and herds on which his family can live is desperate. The more fortunate nomads move their homes and herds into the lower valleys, where they find shelter during the winter.

But the steppes bloom quickly in the spring. The flowering green mountains, the silver streams, offer abundant pasture and hunting. The nomads prepare to range the open plains, to

tuck their knives into their girdles, and, in expectancy of later hospitality, slip their wooden drinking mugs into their bosoms.

Thus booted and spurred the men set off—with songs on their lips, for the nomad is an inveterate singer—to drive the cows and sheep from the corrals to the pastures. Herds often number several thousand head of cattle, sheep, horses, or camels in the more desert areas. Cattle are, in fact, the chief form of wealth, and transactions are usually calculated in terms of head of cattle.

In secluded places the cows and sheep pasture themselves in the care of small boys, and come home by themselves in the evening; but the horses have to be driven in. These horses are semi-wild Mongolian ponies. They are small, but extremely hardy and faithful.

The Mongol is a born horseman. Clumsy on his own feet, he is a marvel of grace on horseback. A good rider uses his bridle little; the horse is made to feel what is required of him. It is said that some horses know their masters so well that they can carry them home even when they are drunk with *arik*, a heady beverage made from milk, or with Chinese rice wine. If the horse feels his master swaying too far to one side, he swings sideways and rights the balance, finally letting the rider fall off only when home is reached!

The care of his herds and flocks has the first call on the Mongol's time and attention. Work, of course, varies with the season, and lambing, shearing, and training horses are undertaken at their appointed seasons. Young lambs and calves are sometimes brought into the *jurta* for extra shelter, and they then



IN BURIAT MONGOLIA

This nomad herdsman's wife, an expert horsewoman, wears the same type of over-gown as he does. For warmth the sleeves hang about six inches below the fingers



IN RUSSIAN TURKESTAN

These Muslim maitrons are bound for market. As U.S.S.R. citizens, they play a leading part in the life of the Kirghiz Republic, which is one of the Soviet Republics.

have their own place beside the door.

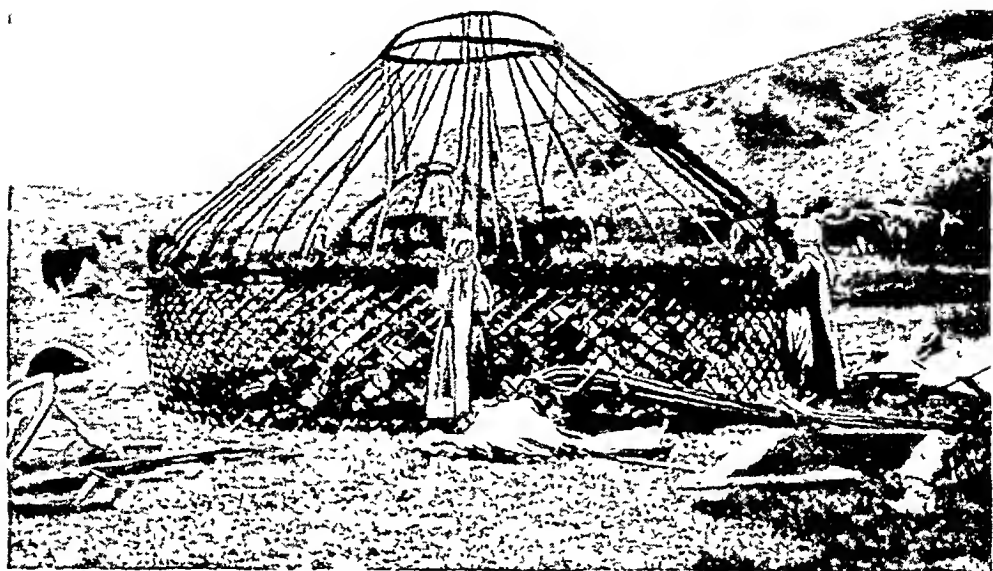
Only when the herds are looked after will the herdsmen ride off, perhaps as far as fifty miles a day or more, to visit friends. Or he may take his gun, and go hunting: but no true Mongol steppe nomad hunts for food; that is considered degrading except among the forest-dwelling Buriats. All, however, hunt for pleasure, and for the furs of the deer, the fox and smaller animals. Mongol furs find their way to the famous fur markets of the world.

By sunset the family is reunited in the *yurta*, and the animals shepherded into the camp. The dogs, fierce unsociable beasts, are let loose to protect the encampment, to warn of the approach of thieves, wolves, or strangers. Only then are preparations made for the nomad's main meal of the day,

which is always eaten in the evening.

The nomad's food is simple and from a western point of view, extremely ill-balanced. He has nothing during the day except his tea-soup; he eats little fruit and vegetables; practically all his food is from his herds—meat, milk, and fats, but he loves to crack and eat, endlessly, the seeds of pine cones and water melons. These are the introduction to the evening meal, which is taken at leisure with much ceremony and relish, and often lasts several hours.

First comes more tea, but in well-to-do households this will be good Chinese tea, drunk from shallow bowls. Then *kumis*, specially fermented mare's milk, is served. This is an extremely healthy beverage, and the Russians have established Central Asiatic sanatoria where this drink forms the main item of diet.



KIRGHIZ WOMEN ERECTING THEIR TENT

The yurt is the only home the nomad knows. Its firm framework is of willow rods and it can be taken down and packed away in as short a time as thirty minutes.

Toghouri is another Mongol beverage which has become increasingly popular in the west.

Meanwhile, the women are busy preparing the main dishes behind the screen which marks off the kitchen. A great delicacy is the roasted fat and flesh from the tail of the sheep, and huge dishes of mutton stew. Both are eaten with the fingers, the gravy being sopped up with rice or bread. The liver is reserved for the elders. Bones are carefully picked clean, for it is a law of the steppes that there must be no waste.

Meat is always lightly cooked, and the shoulder-bone is broken, in deference to the superstition—of which there are many—that this breaks the spirit of the sheep soul, and prevents it from haunting the *yurta*. Other bones are thrown outside the *yurta* in order to

propitiate the local spirits and so prevent them from invading the local atmosphere. The fire is considered sacred, so that when a *yurta* is set up and the first fire lit, drops of tea are poured on the fire as a libation.

The evening meal usually ends with another round of *kumis*, and the nomad makes use of the last traces of grease on his fingers by working it into the leather of his boots.

The nomad is, most hospitable, hospitality, indeed, is part of his social and moral code. No traveller may be turned from his door, and if the guest stays overnight, and his horse is tired, there is no question but that this animal must be changed for a fresh one.

When the evening meal is over, the housewife covers the chimney-hole with a piece of felt and the *yurta* is soon filled

with a warm and cosy fug, then stories are told of gods and heroes, there is singing and dancing by the youngsters, for the nomads are great singers and poetry-makers. At the end of the evening, the whole family, and their guests, go to bed, lying wherever they happen to be, on the floor of the *yurta*—men to the left, women to the right. They make their pillows with whatever is handy, a bag of meal, or a saddle. All undress and cover themselves with furs or their own clothing against the coolness of the night. Among the Kirghiz nomads, on the western borders of Mongolia, the whole family lies down in a circle on the felt floor of the *kubika*, legs to the middle, around an earthenware pot filled with hot ashes; then a huge quilted eider-down is thrown over everyone—fire-pot included.

The Mongolian nomads stretch beyond the borders of Outer Mongolia, into Manchuria and Inner Mongolia on the east and south, Sinkiang on the south-west, over the Zungarian plains on the west, and Tannu-Tuva and Buriat Mongolia on the north. Of these extensive areas, Buriat Mongolia is an autonomous republic under the U.S.S.R. and Outer Mongolia is a People's Republic.

Rulers of Tribes

In the other areas, particularly Manchuria and Inner Mongolia, the tribes are ruled by a duke or prince or princely lama, most of whom claim descent from Jenghiz Khan, the famous nomad outcast who founded the empire which, in the thirteenth century, stretched from the shores of the Pacific to the Black Sea over Poland and Persia. The tribes delegate their rulers to choose a supreme leader, or *noyon*.

According to typical nomad custom, the grazing grounds belong to the

tribe, but sovereign power to regulate the affairs of the tribe is vested in the *noyon*. He has big herds, perhaps his own estate, retainers and servants; he travels about and lives in considerable luxury. At fixed times he holds court and administers justice according to the ancient *Yassa* laws that govern the right of pasturage, fishing, hunting, messenger services and taxes.

The old laws were based on the principle of *noblesse oblige* and nobles were punished for crimes more severely than commoners who committed similar crimes. Later the nobles became more inclined to indulge in breaches of tribal law for their own gain. The Mongol peasant was oppressed, not helped, by the growing power and influence of the Lamaist Church.

Influence of Buddhism

The Mongols embraced Lamaistic Buddhism in the seventh century. The last head of the Mongol branch, the living Buddha of Urga, died in 1924. He was both spiritual and temporal leader, for, like so many other leading lamas, he was also a prince. This dual influence made the monasteries and Church exceedingly powerful, and in many cases dark superstition and oppression of the peasants resulted.

In addition, the lamaseries are the chief centres of learning—at one time, as many as one-fifth of the entire manhood entered the monasteries and thus withdrew from normal nomad life—and being the only permanent settlements over vast areas of steppe, they are the centres to which nomads come to celebrate the great religious and New Year festivals.

The lamas owe not a little of their popularity to the spectacular theatrical performances they put on during these occasions to illustrate the lives of gods and spirits. For days on end, the nomads

give themselves up to ceremony and games and singing haunting melodies.

This old feudal system has, however, been somewhat swept away in Buriat Mongolia and Outer Mongolia, where the nomad has developed a ruling system, based rather on the example set, and the help given, by his Soviet neighbour.

In Buriat Mongolia the nomad is developing a tendency to settle as a herdsman, stock breeder, or dairy farmer, on great collectively owned ranges, albeit clinging to his *jurta* as his house and home. Modern methods have resulted in a phenomenal increase in the herds, and in 1944 the figure topped the 6 million mark as against 2,125,000 head of cattle in 1917. At the same time, the Mongol has the opportunity of taking up science or mechanics and settling—still in his *jurta*—in the towns and factory settlements which are being developed under Soviet policy, and which are producing goods for local consumption, and for export.

Democratic Rights

The nomad and his wife have the same democratic rights as other Soviet citizens—for there is complete equality of the sexes in Buriat Mongolia, and ninety per cent. of the nomads in this autonomous state are literate and take an active rôle in running their country.

They send their children to modern schools and university where the latinized script has been adopted; and they have the benefit of modern hospitals, institutes and theatres.

His brother over the border in Outer Mongolia has not gone so far along the road to collectivism, although he has made considerable advance in simple forms of co-operation.

With the help of his Soviet neighbour, the nomad of Outer Mongolia has

shaken off Chinese overlordship and established his independence: he has a form of democratic government of his own, which is based on universal suffrage: in the last assembly, 75 per cent of the 77 delegates were simple herdsmen—a far cry from the days, not so long ago, of universal feudal law.

Scientific Cattle Breeding

The nomad is, for the moment, satisfied with the freeing of his lands from the priests and nobles, and with the distribution of herds amongst the peasants, which was the act of the Government in 1929. Fewer and fewer young men are secluding themselves in the monasteries; instead, they tend to concentrate on becoming good scientific cattle breeders. The fact that in 1919 there were only 13,000,000 head of cattle in Outer Mongolia, as against 25,000,000 head—that is, 30 cattle for each Mongol—in 1938 and a possible 100,000,000 in 1944 is proof of the nomad's aptitude and success.

In the foregoing pages the life of the Mongol nomad has been described. Save for certain differences, resulting from religion (the Kirghiz for instance are Mohammedans), the life of the nomads in the steppe areas and valleys of Turkestan is much the same.

The whole of this vast area of Central Asia is populated by a score or more of different nationalities, nomads and farmers. Here are Turkmens, Kirghiz, Uzbeks, Mongols, Chinese, Russians, Indians, Persians and Arabs. Those in the Soviet Union are developing along much the same lines as Buriat Mongolia, with the construction of railway systems, and great industrial and cultural centres in the old capitals and at new centres.

A basic difference, however, is that the peoples of these areas are of Turkish descent and Mohammedans. Here the Mullah played a rôle parallel with the

lama for many years; but to-day the Mohammedan religion has become one of the props of the Soviet regime

These peoples, a large number of whom were nomad herders, are equal citizens of the U.S.S.R.; they serve in the Red Army, have a rapidly expanding educational system and economy.

The women, who according to old Mohammedan law were cruelly oppressed, are now taking a leading part in the life of the country.

Nearly all the cotton of the U.S.S.R. comes from these regions, as well as natural silk. North Kazakhstan is called the new bread-basket of the Union. Rich deposits of oil, coal and other minerals are being exploited in Uzbekistan. Sixty per cent of the Kazak Republic's population are former nomads, now settled and working within the very lands they used to plunder. Similar developments have

already taken place in the three republics of Turkmenia, Tadzhikistan and Kirghizia.

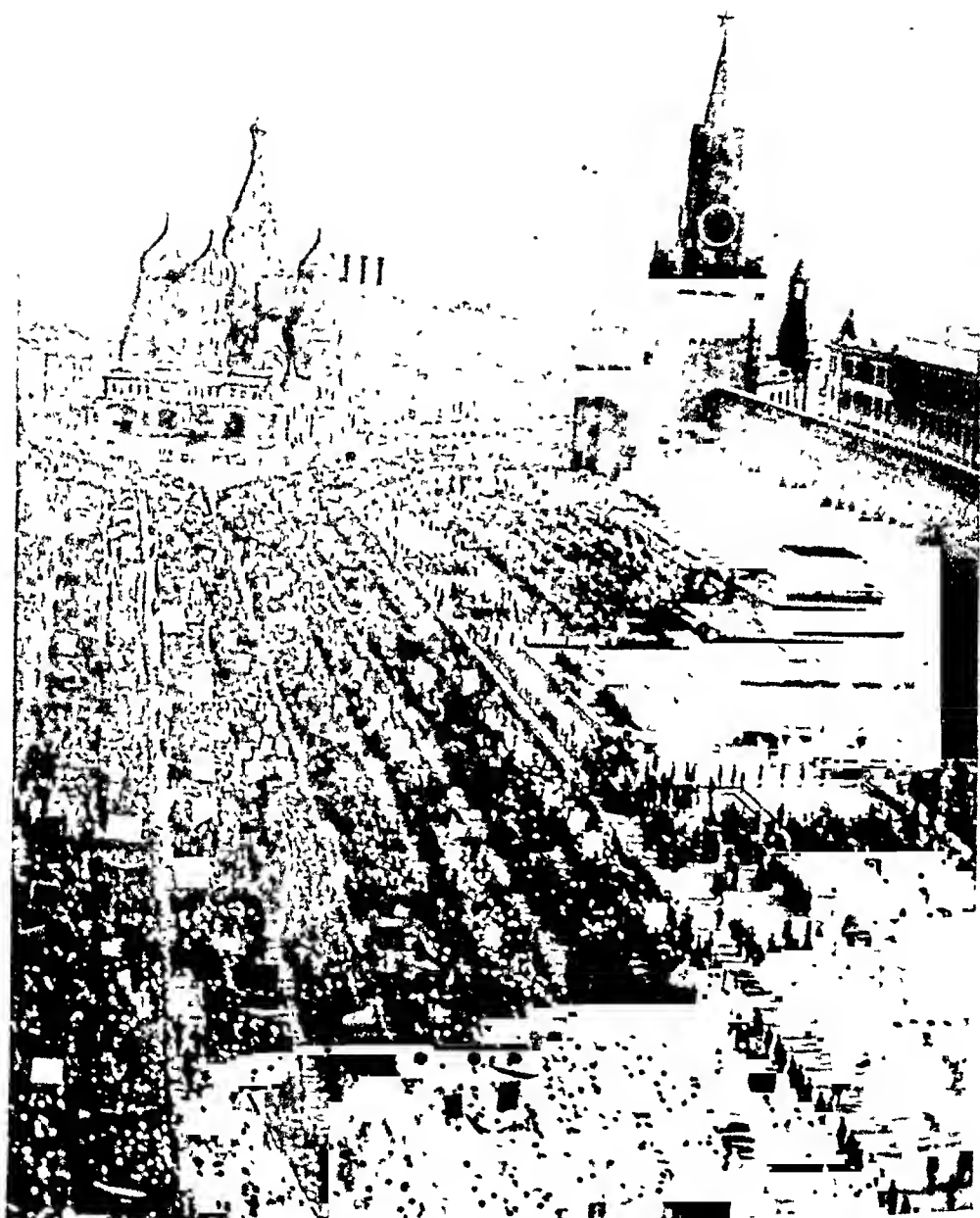
These steppe lands are tremendously important for their herds and stock raising, but now they are even more important to the U.S.S.R. and the world as producers of agricultural and industrial raw materials and manufactured goods. And here, as in Buriat Mongolia, the nomads, under favourable conditions, are taking rapidly and successfully to the most modern scientific methods.

The nomads of Asia are working out their destiny as a modern people, and if any moral is to be drawn, it is that in this process of modernization the nomad, to be successful, must be master of his fate. He himself must understand the problems involved and carry out their solution in his own good time in democratic conditions.



THE FINISHED YURTA

The women of the household sit outside their home after its erection. The willow rods are covered with very thick felt woven from the soft wool of their herds.



MAY DAY PARADE, MOSCOW

The Red Square is the scene of many rejoicings for here the Russian people hold their national celebrations. At one end is the picturesque Cathedral of St. Basil. Near it is the main entrance to the Kremlin with Lenin's tomb before it.

THE PEOPLE OF THE SOVIET UNION

The huge area of the U.S.S.R.: its origin: collective farming: the farmer's life: the increased consumption of manufactured goods: changes in village economic life: leisure hours: the miner's life: rest centres: modern mining methods: the great resources and variety of the U.S.S.R.

THE Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—the U.S.S.R.—covers the eastern half of Europe and the northern third of Asia. Though smaller in extent (approximately 22 million square kilometres) than the British Empire, the U.S.S.R. occupies first place in the world as the largest entire territory, and third place after the British Empire and China as regards population, which in 1940 was 193 million. Half the population are Russians and there are more than a hundred nationalities in the country. All of them enjoy the same rights, and racial or national discrimination is punishable by law. The larger nationalities, of which there are sixty, have their own national territories (Union Republics and Autonomous Republics, autonomous regions and national territories that are part of them).

The U.S.S.R. consists of sixteen Union Soviet Socialist Republics. The jurisdiction of the U.S.S.R., as represented by its highest organs of power, covers representation of the Union in international relations, questions of war and peace, organization of defence, determining the plans of national economy of the U.S.S.R. Outside the limits set forth in the Constitution of the U.S.S.R. the Union Republics are sovereign, and to each is reserved the right to secede from the U.S.S.R.

The territory of the U.S.S.R. is so vast that natural conditions vary

greatly. The western, and more populous half of the country is principally plain, divided in the central part by the Ural range. On the extreme south, this plain is bounded by a system of high mountains, the Caucasian range. The eastern half of the U.S.S.R. consists of highlands, but though mountains cover practically the whole territory they are, comparatively speaking, not very high.

The climate of the U.S.S.R., despite its variety, is on the whole more continental and less humid than that of Western Europe. It becomes more markedly continental the further one penetrates into the interior. The summers are hotter and drier, the winter frosts more severe, being 20 degrees centigrade and even lower almost all over the U.S.S.R., with the exception of comparatively small areas in the extreme south, across the mountains.

In the far north there is the zone of the treeless, marshy tundra, which gradually merges into forests that cover practically half the country. Further south the forests merge into steppe, where fertile black soil areas lie. In most of this zone wheat is cultivated. Still further south, east of the Caspian Sea, lie deserts and partially desert lands, which receive plenty of summer heat but very little moisture. Cattle breeding is carried on in these regions, while along the river banks where the oases are, the land is irrigated and cotton is the principal crop. In the extreme



IN THE UKRAINE

A glimpse of Kiev in midsummer : this important and pleasant city on the right bank of the River Dnieper has a large population engaged in the industries of sugar-refining, farming, manufacture of alcohol, beer, yeast, flour and tobacco

south there is a sub-tropical zone, sectors of which lie along the Crimean and Transcaucasian coasts, and in some valleys in the south of Central Asia

Origin of the U.S.S.R.

The U.S.S.R. was formed for the most part in the territory of Tsarist Russia as the result of a revolution which was achieved under the guidance of the Party of Lenin and Stalin in October, 1917. Its economic foundation is a socialist planned system of economy, and socialist (State and social) ownership of the means of production. The Soviets of Workers' Deputies, which are elected by general, equal, and secret ballot, are the political foundation. The Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. is the highest organ of State power.

As a result of the reorganization done in this country, radical changes have taken place in its economy. Tsarist Russia was an agrarian country, the U.S.S.R. has become an industrial country. In all branches of industry, large modern enterprises were built, and heavy industry predominated over light. In comparison with pre-revolutionary Russia, the level of production has increased nearly 50 times. As a result of industrialization, the U.S.S.R. began to produce vast quantities of fuel, electric power, various metals, equipment, chemicals and consumers' goods, and reached a level of technical and economic independence that Tsarist Russia had never known.

The industrial production of the U.S.S.R. is greater than that of agriculture, but more people are engaged in agriculture than in industry. In 1939 the urban population was 32.8 per cent, the rural 67.2 per cent.

The majority of the peasants joined large farming artels, called collective farms, which are run on a basis of collective labour and collective, social

ownership of implements and the means of production. Taking an average size farm as a measure, agriculture in the U.S.S.R. has become the largest scale system of cultivation in the world, and is highly mechanized. In 1940 524,000 tractors and 182,000 harvest combines were working in the fields of the U.S.S.R. It now takes leading place in the world for wheat, rye, oats, sugar beet, flax and hemp crops, grows a great deal of cotton, and occupies one of the leading places for the most important breeds of cattle. The triumph of the collective farm system, the extending of cultivated areas, and the introduction of up-to-date agro-technics brought about a marked increase of agricultural production in comparison with pre-revolutionary times.

On the basis of general economic progress, the level of welfare of the masses rose steadily. They were rid of their terrible poverty and after 1931 unemployment was abolished.

Parallel with the people's prosperity, their cultural level rose. Proof of this can be seen in the fact that in 1897 only 24 per cent of the population were literate. In 1939 81.2 per cent were literate and the number of students who were enrolled in higher educational institutions was over 600,000.

Typical Collective Farmer

Yegor Venin, of the village of Yakovlevo, Tula region, is head of a typical collective farm family himself, his wife, three sons, and a daughter. One son is a tractor driver, another head of a team of field workers on the farm, and the third a technician in charge of a local radio relay station. The daughter is a village school teacher. Venin and his wife are just collective farmers, and in time of preparation for the spring sowing or during the harvesting, Yegor also works as a blacksmith.

Venin's house consists of three big bedrooms, a sitting-room and a kitchen. Adjacent to the house is a fair-sized cattle yard in which there is a cow, a heifer, a pig, six sheep and about fifteen hens and geese. Near the house the family has a vegetable garden and an orchard with twenty apple and pear trees, and some fruit bushes. All this is Venin's personal property, such as every collective farm family possesses, as is also grain and other foodstuffs, and the cattle fodder which the collective farm supplies to all its members.

Along with this, like all collective farmers, the Venins are part owners of a large co-operative estate—a collective farm—which forms the basis of Soviet agriculture. Last year, the Venin family received from the collective farm over two tons of grain, constituting about 750 pounds per member of the family, which of course exceeded their requirements. They also received vegetables, dairy produce, and ten thousand roubles in cash.

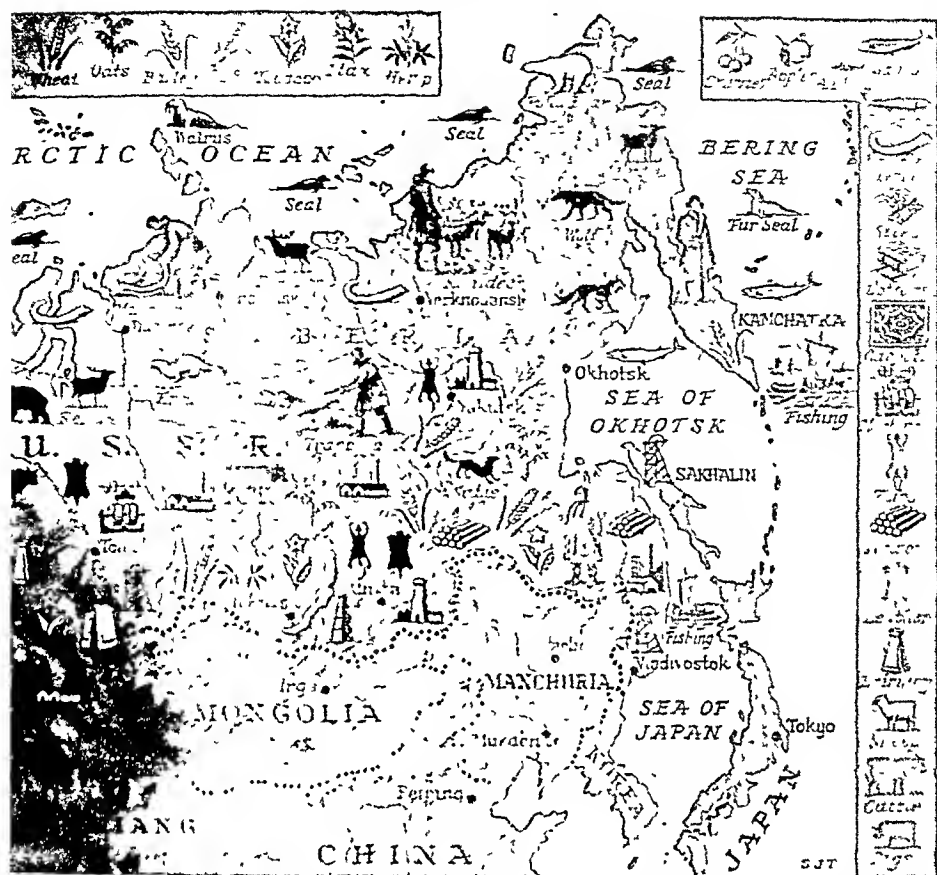
All this income in money and kind ensures the Venins a really prosperous life. Each year they are able to buy something new. In 1937 they rebuilt their house with the aid of a State loan, granted for a term of five years, and of the collective farm, which supplied them with labour and transport. In 1939 Nikolai, the eldest son, as one of the best tractor drivers, was able to buy a motor-cycle; the second son, Semyon, a team leader like his ten comrades, bought a bicycle. In 1940, the youngest son, a technician, made himself a ten-valve receiver, while a gramophone made its appearance in Tonia's room. She is the best songstress in the village.

The Venins replenish their wardrobe annually. All peasant clothing is little different from that of the urban population's clothing. Villagers wear hats, suits, silk and woollen dresses



similar to those worn in towns. Along with high boots, one sees urban footwear and elegant ladies' shoes.

The following figures will give an idea of the growth of consumption of manufactured goods. In 1938, as compared with 1933, the countryside purchased 180 per cent. more cotton and woollen fabrics, 150 per cent. more boots and shoes, 140 per cent. more rubber and felt overshoes, 370 per cent. more household soap, and 590 per cent. more toilet soap. In 1938 the collective farmers purchased 280,000 gramophones against 4,000 in 1932, more than 3,000 bicycles, 37,000 wireless sets, and more than 405,000 watches.



All these goods were unknown in the old Russian village. Nor, of course, had the Venins known them. Venin had owned then a small thatched cottage, a plot of land, a plough, a wooden harrow, a cow, a horse and a vegetable garden. The food they harvested was hardly sufficient to last till February or March. The rest of the time they had to eke out their existence somehow. There was only one pair of leather boots in the family: the father's. The boys would run about barefoot in the summer and wear bast shoes in autumn. For the winter, the family had only one pair of felt boots, which would be worn in turn. Everything the family now owns came

to them with the collective farm.

The creation of a new type of peasant economy—the collective farm—has changed more than the mere external aspect of the village; the peasant himself has become different. From a petty peasant proprietor owning a small plot of land, a few livestock and primitive agricultural implements, he and his family have become part-owners of large areas of land (in so far as the State has secured to the collective farms more than 900 million acres of land for their use in perpetuity), large herds totalling scores of millions of cattle, and countless machines, including 524,000 tractors. In the past the peasant,



TIFLIS MARKET PLACE

Teams of oxen yoked to small carts take produce to market in this old country town. It lies between Europe and Asia Minor and through it pass the great pipes taking oil from the Baku wells to distribution points on the Black Sea coast.

assisted by his family, did everything on his farm himself. On the collective farms people become masters of specialized trades, and they are constantly perfecting their knowledge.

Our friend Venin, who in the past was a Jack-of-all-trades, has now, in

addition to being a blacksmith, specialized in vegetable growing; his son showed a bent for mechanics and has become a tractor driver; his second son, endowed with organizing abilities, heads a field brigade on the collective farm, and his daughter, just an ordinary

peasant girl, entered a teachers' training college, and on graduating from it, has returned to her native village of Yakovlevo to teach in the local school

In the fifty years before the revolution the only clerical workers to come from Yakovlevo village were three post office clerks, three telegraph operators, one doctor's assistant, one railway official, and three ensigns. But, in the twenty years after the October Revolution, the village produced 300 specialists, including twenty two teachers, eleven engineers and technicians, three agronomists, fifty tractor drivers, fifty electricians, and more than fifty Red Army officers!

It is not only production relations that have changed in the village. They have a new life, brought about by schools, hospitals, clubs, reading-rooms, cinemas and wireless. Her first children—none of whom survived — Venin's wife brought into the world with the aid of ignorant, untainted midwives. Her present sturdy sons were born in a maternity home in the town of Serpukhovo, which is seventeen kilometres away, while her youngest daughter was born in the village hospital, built at Yakovlevo some years after the revolution. Venin's children attended school in the village and finished their education in town, while Yegor Venin himself, who was illiterate before the revolution, finished his adult schooling. And after that, during the winter months, he and his son would study scientific farming, joining a circle conducted by local

agronomists in the pleasant village reading-room

The peasants' leisure hours have become more cultured, and Venin and his wife are often to be seen at a lecture in the village reading-room, at a concert given by artists from nearby towns, or at cinema shows given in the village regularly twice a week. As for the youth, they have not given up the good old traditions of the Russian peasantry. The girls still gather at evening parties during the harvest season, about-to-be brides and bridegrooms still give parties for their girl or men friends before their weddings. They still have their merry



COLLECTIVE FARMING

Three women learn to drive and service a motor-tractor in the grainfields of the Ukraine



RUSSIAN FAMILY

This Russian mother proudly pours out tea for her five vigorous sons: four of them work on the collective farm while the fifth is a soldier of the Red Army.

ring dances and sing-song parties with concertinas or accordions. Village youths and girls like the modern dances, the waltz, fox-trot or tango, which they usually dance to the music of a gramophone. The young people also join amateur theatricals, and Venin's daughter and her brother, the tractor driver, have made quite a hit in the local troupe. In the summer they play volley-ball; in the winter they ski, while their brother goes in for the collective farm bicycle races. Films, used partly for propaganda and educational purposes, are eagerly sought after in Russian villages, as in other countries

It is a Russian peasant custom to celebrate various holidays, and the young people use them as an occasion for merry-making. The modern national holidays are celebrated by all; they are

truly nation-wide celebrations. The completion of a new house, acquiring of new equipment or even new clothes are timed to coincide with these holidays: November 7, the anniversary of the "October" Revolution; May 1, the International Festival of Labour; December 5, Constitution Day; and other holidays of the same kind. And this applies both to the community and to individuals. The Venins moved into their new house on the anniversary of the October Revolution, and on the same day the collective farm celebrated the holiday by opening a new school.

The story of the life and customs of the Venins, of a collective farm family, is the story of the average collective farm village, which has sprung up

Now let us look at the life of a miner and his family from the Donets district. We first meet him in the Crimea, at

Livadia Palace (a rest centre) where he is sent each year by his trade union for a month's rest cure. He is one of five patients, in a large semi-circular ward, with its windows commanding an excellent view of a sub-tropical park, vineyard, and the sea glittering in the spring sun. His companions are a tall, silent teacher from the Volga, an elderly post office employee from Astrakhan, a bearded hunter from the Siberian Taiga with youthful eyes, and a writer. He is a sturdy man of medium height, his large head closely cropped. The blue scars on his chin and cheeks show him to be a miner. He dresses simply but well, in a grey jacket of light material, and a snow-white shirt, embroidered at the collar, sets off the powerful muscles of his neck. Being on holiday he wears sandals.

Sebastian Pshenitsa is a propman of the Kapitalnaya mine on the banks

of the Donets in the northern Donbas. The employees of Livadia Palace receive him like an old friend, for he has been coming there every season for the past ten years. One of the best workers in his mine, he is always sent to Livadia Palace to rest in the summer in accordance with the national policy of rewarding good workers with money prizes and social privilege.

The Kapitalnaya Mine is one of the oldest in the northern Donbas. Its Chief Engineer Kozlov is over sixty and forty and familiar with the new developments in mining. He has made many trips to Belgium, England, and America. Twenty years ago he was as an ordinary miner in the Kapitalnaya Mine.

Let us go down the mine. The three-storeyed cage slips swiftly down the shaft to a level of 500 metres. The concrete facing of the shaft walls extends to the very bottom. Here we encounter



INDUSTRY IN THE U.S.S.R

Less people work in industry than agriculture though industrial production is the greater. Here, a workman uses an oxy-acetylene flame-cutter on a turbine casing.



SHOPPING CENTRE

Shoppers throng the Big Riady, a famous arcade in Moscow. The capital's buildings are a fascinating mixture of ancient eastern and modern western architecture

the central gallery, high and well-lit. Here, too, the walls are faced with reinforced concrete. Numerous lamps hang under white shades. Electric and telephone wires extend along the wall at a man's height. The air is fresh and breathing is easy. Dozens of electric cars are drawing two-ton hoppers laden with coal. The conveyor lifts keep the coke and coal streaming to the surface. A dispatcher, with the help of an amplifier, directs the traffic of hoppers.

"You'll find all the latest innovations here," says Engineer Kozlov. With the eagerness of a man who has created a wonderful garden in a wilderness, he will describe the general conditions which prevailed here a quarter of a century ago. The coal was then hewn by hand, rolled to the cages by one or two tubs at a time, which were likewise moved by hand or drawn by a horse. The shaft was lined with timber, wet

and dangerous to the miners and to the very existence of the mine itself. The men worked twelve hours a day in bad air and dampness, and in constant danger of being blown up or crushed. They were scarcely better off when they emerged into the open. They lived in dug-outs and shacks, ate frugally and only of the cheapest foods.

If it was early morning when we descended into the mine we would, by noon, have only inspected one-third of the galleries, such is its size. Dozens of machines are at work on the coal faces, long lines of conveyors are drawing coal from remote sections and pouring it into hopper cars. The entire process is mechanized. It is an impressive sight. It is possible to return to the cages by another route: coming through the central section of what is called the far eastern stretch, the exceptionally good timbering of the sides and ceiling is

unmistakable. And rounding the corner at the end of the gallery is Sebastian Pshenitsa. His helpmates are clearing away the coal rubble. Naked to the waist, Pshenitsa, still slightly sun-tanned, sits astride a prop, notching its edges with his axe preparatory to its being fitted into its place.

The axe in his hand rises and falls evenly. The white shavings fly off as though cut by a machine. A few blows finish the job, and without troubling to check his work, he turns to the next log. It is a pleasure to watch him. Though there is something machine-like about his movements, there is a certain animation about him—the earnest interest of a man engrossed in his work.

It is Saturday, August 15, Pshenitsa's pay-day. The workers are paid twice monthly, on the 15th and end of each month. Pshenitsa's half-monthly pay is

about a thousand roubles. His family require no more than three to four hundred roubles to keep them for that period.

It is a warm August evening. The little town, newly built near the mines, shines in the sunset. The broad streets are lined with young limes and acacias. The sidewalks are edged with green turf. A small park has been laid out in the central square. In the middle is a fountain. Children play in the sand, watched by their nurses from the kindergartens. The benches are occupied by old people, pensioned miners.

On his way home Pshenitsa stops at a department store. This is his usual habit on pay-day. Here he buys a bottle of vodka, several tins of food, a box of candy, a toy horse and a rubber doll with glass eyes. He chooses a tie for his son, and for his wife a pair of slippers.



CAUCASIAN VILLAGE CELEBRATION

In a Caucasian village, a dinner is being held: two villagers perform a folk-dance to the rhythm of their comrades' clapping hands, in honour of their guest.

The store is crowded, the usual thing on pay-day, and it takes some time to make all these purchases. The store is well stocked with food, clothing, footwear, toys and ornaments of all kinds

Pshenitsa's Home

It is not yet dark when Pshenitsa reaches home with his parcels. He lives in a white, three-roomed cottage of the Dutch type, with windows facing south, west and east, and enclosed by a verandah. The front garden is bright with flowers. In the back yard is a small vegetable garden. Marina Vasilievna, his wife, stands stirring a pot of steaming jam on the stove. Her grandchildren, little straw-haired Victor aged seven, and Svetlana aged five, stand nearby, their faces daubed with the sticky stuff. When they see their grandfather, they scramble for the parcels.

Dinner is served on the verandah to Pshenitsa, his wife and grandchildren. There is nothing about the food to remind one of the standard of miners' fare of former days. There is vegetable soup, a meat course, cakes, milk, and vodka as a special Saturday night feature.

After dinner, Pshenitsa takes his seat under the lime tree in the garden and begins to read the newspaper aloud. His wife, washing the dishes nearby, listens, and then takes part in the discussion which ensues.

Nina, Pshenitsa's daughter-in-law, returns from work in the evening. This pretty young woman is an electrician at the mine. Having washed the youngsters and put them to bed, she joins their grandparents on the verandah. A breeze freshens the August night and Nina glances anxiously at her watch.

The last to arrive home is Nikolai, Pshenitsa's son and Nina's husband, a senior student at the Mining Institute. His dinner is waiting for him. They sit

drinking tea until midnight, talking of many things.

After graduation Nikolai intends to work at the neighbouring Podzemgaz mine, where the coal ignited underground diffuses gas, drawn to the surface for commercial purposes through special pipes. Nina hopes to finish mining school a year after her husband's graduation. She has been attending the school after working hours.

In the morning, Pshenitsa goes fishing on the Donets and returns for breakfast with some fine carp. Breakfast is a long affair, consisting of fried fish, boiled potatoes and cream, hot cakes and tea until the samovar is empty.

After breakfast Nina, Nikolai and the children go to the woods on the left bank of the Donets. Pshenitsa senior goes to the club where he sees a film, plays a game of billiards and drinks a glass of beer with his friends. Marina Vasilievna stays at home and prepares dinner for her guests. Such is the life of a Donets miner's family.

Variety of Resources

The U.S.S.R. is remarkable for its magnitude: its great variety of peoples, and variety of resources, of minerals and raw materials. It occupies first place in the world for geological resources, oil (8,640 million tons in 1938), peat, iron ore (which taken together with iron quartzites amounted to 267 milliard tons in 1938), manganese, chrome, asbestos, potassium, and apatites. For geological resources, coal (1,654 milliard tons in 1938) and nickel, it occupies second place. It also has immense deposits of gold.

The development of these resources had increased industrial production in the U.S.S.R. by 1941 to more than 12 times that of pre-revolutionary Russia, and raised the country from fourth to first place in the Continent of Europe.



WEST TURKESTAN

This area is now, in the form of five Republics, included in the U.S.S.R. Here two Kirghiz women and a boy sit in front of their small tent-like home near Merv.



TYPICAL TURKISH WOMAN

The head-dress worn by this Turkish girl is that generally worn by all Turkish women although the veil is still quite commonly seen. In this respect, the women are more free than the men, whose fez and turban have been abolished by law

'TWINX EAST AND WEST

The size and population of Turkey: peasantry of the interior: the changes and benefits brought about by the Revolution: Ankara and Istanbul: Turkish industries: Izmir: the inhabitants of the Turkish Black Sea coast and the Eastern provinces: the Government's efforts to create employment.

THE Republic of Turkey is much larger than is generally supposed and is, by comparison, twice the size of France with only a third of her population; for Turkey covers an area of 777,000 square kilometres, and has a population of 17,869,000. The bulk of this population is pure Turk by origin, the remainder is made up of Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Levantines, Kurds and a smattering of Arabs, together with a few thousand foreigners.

The Anatolian peasantry is the backbone of the country, and far more of the population dwell in the interior of the country than in the cities, although the three main cities in the west—Ankara the capital, Istanbul and Izmir, have a combined population of over 1,000,000. The only difference between the westernized Turk of the cities and the agricultural peasant of the interior is in their mode of living and education: their ambitions and characteristics are the same.

The peasant of the interior is up at sunrise and works until sunset. During the winter months, when work in the fields is out of the question, he more or less hibernates in the village. When the severe winter weather clears up and the land begins to need attention, he reconditions his mud hut in the fields, or builds himself a new home of poles and branches in leaf. Whether of mud or branches of trees, the little hut is made comfortable, clean and water-tight.

The whole family then move from the village to the hut, taking with them their

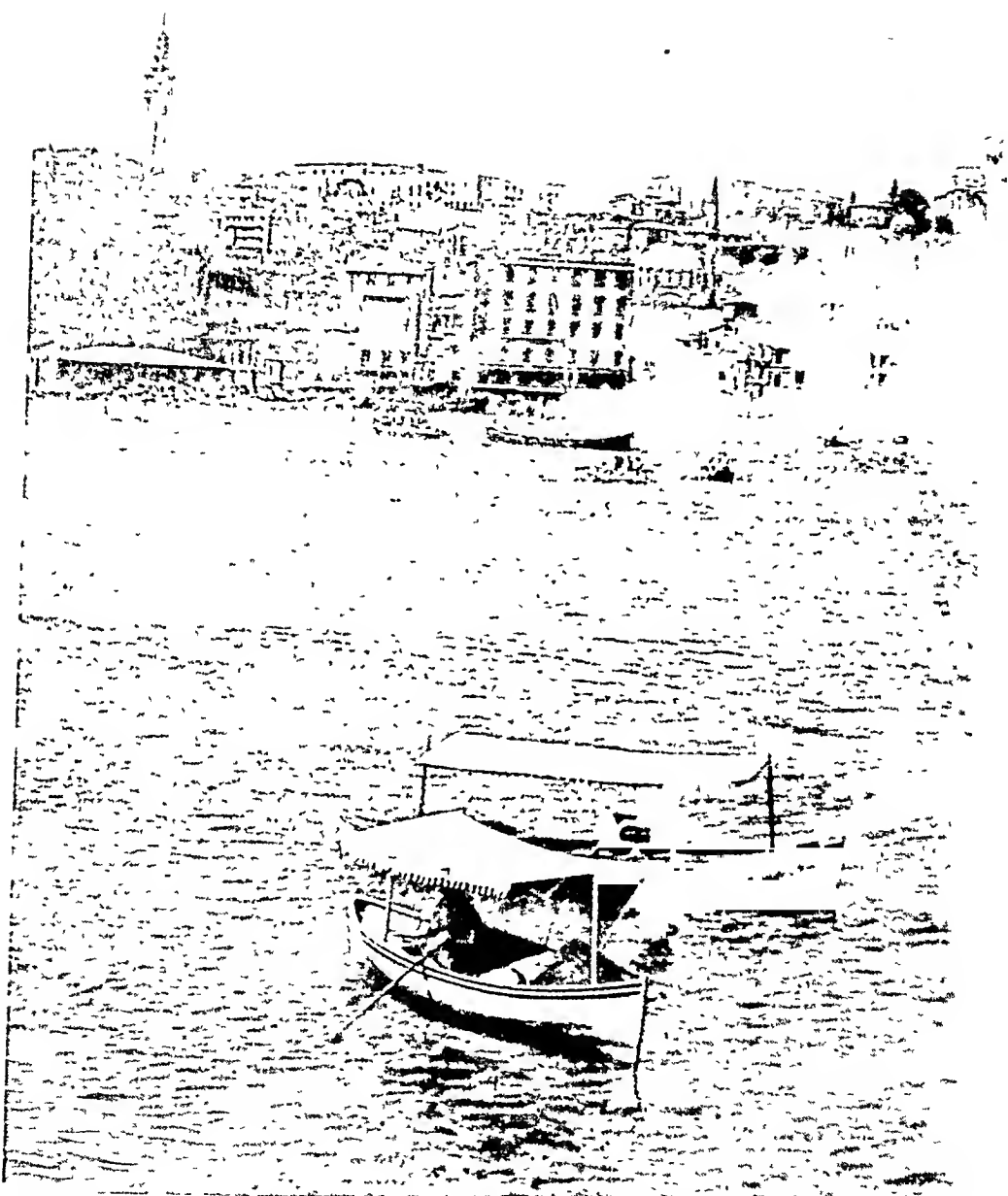
mattresses, sheepskins and blankets. A peasant's family is generally no mean organization, and usually consists of five to ten members, all of whom are expected to work, and are not allowed to idle. Anyone may be invited to join the party for his keep and a participation in the season's profits.

Among these peasant families, or groups, the women are the hardest manual workers. The men buy the seed, fertilizers, and other necessities out of the previous year's profits, and apportion them for the coming season.

Some peasants are engaged in the vineyards, others in tobacco fields, others again may grow cereals, such as wheat, barley and maize, or roots; but whatever the crop a great deal of primitive ingenuity is necessary to work it out, for in most cases the peasant works on his own land. Irrigation canals have to be opened up, or water obtained from wells or streams: any negligence in this respect may mean a severe loss, particularly if a very dry summer is experienced.

The Agricultural Bank usually makes advances and generally assists the peasant to run his affairs sensibly, while the local co-operative society may collect and market his crops. But hard work and frugal management are always necessary if the peasant is to make a profit.

Life in the fields commences a little after dawn. The day generally starts off with Turkish coffee, a hunk of bread with goat's milk cheese, and some olives



VIEW ACROSS THE GOLDEN HORN TOWARDS

The gay little canopies above these small boats protect the oarsmen from the sun and add a touch of colour to the already picturesque harbour of Istanbul, former capital



ISTANBUL, FORMERLY CONSTANTINOPLE
of Turkey and seat of the sultans. Situated on the Golden Horn, the curved inlet of
the Bosphorus, it is still the largest Turkish city and the chief market in the Near East.

About midday, the party foregather for another huge hunk of bread (bread forms a large part of all meals) and probably a stew of sorts, made up mainly of dried haricot beans, a small piece of meat or chicken, and whatever else is available. At night there is a similar meal, or *yoghourt*, which is a form of curdled milk very popular throughout the country, and which always forms a part of the peasant's diet.

All the cooking is done over a charcoal brazier; bread is baked in a beehive oven; and with the exception of

tea, coffee and sugar, the peasant groups live quite well on products secured within fifty yards of where they live; wholemeal or maize flour is secured on a barter basis from the local water-mill, for there is always a mill to serve the field workers in the vicinity. Goats provide the milk and *yoghourt*, sheep the meat, and chickens are put into the pot as they are caught. All things considered, it is a most economic existence, and the peasants look well on it.

When the crops have been harvested, they are marketed, and the peasant's

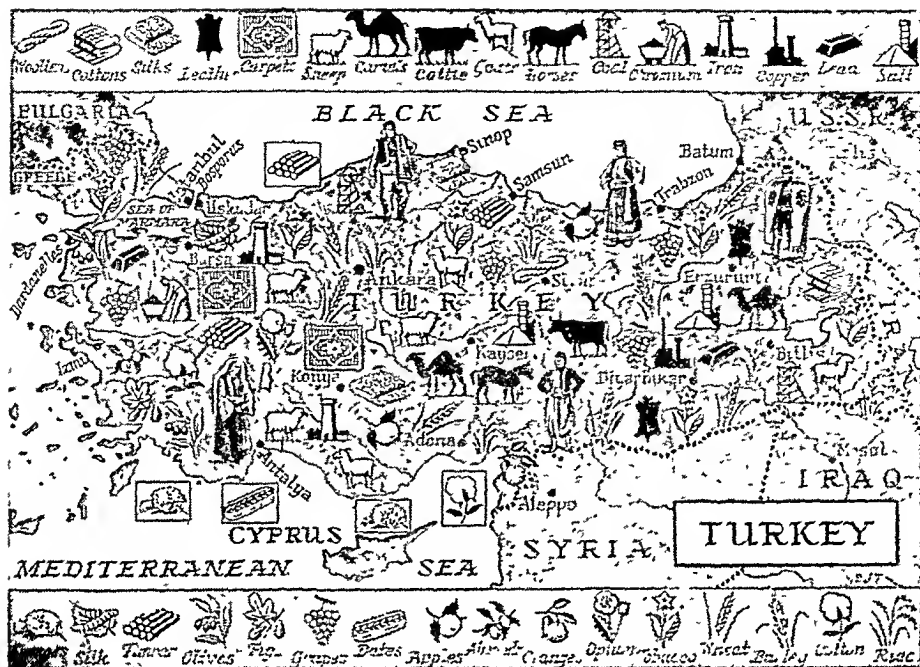
year of toil is ended. This is made the occasion for a feast. A sheep is killed and roasted whole, a few bottles of *raki* (a grape-distilled wine) are laid in, and the field party make merry in a grand final celebration. After the feast everything is packed up, and the family move into the village for winter quarters. Fodder for the animals is stored for the winter. Stocks of tea, coffee and sugar are purchased, and a few sacks of flour put by. If conditions permit, the winter months may be occupied in making cheese from goat and sheep's milk. *yoghourt*, too, is sometimes made and sold.

The country people, as well as the townsfolk, have benefited much by the great revolution which began with the establishment of the National Government in 1921 and the Republic proclaimed by Kemal Pasha in 1923. No description of Turkey or the Turkish people would be adequate without reference to it. At the



SPONGES FROM THE SEA

This diver returns to the surface after seeking the very soft sponges for which Turkey is famed.



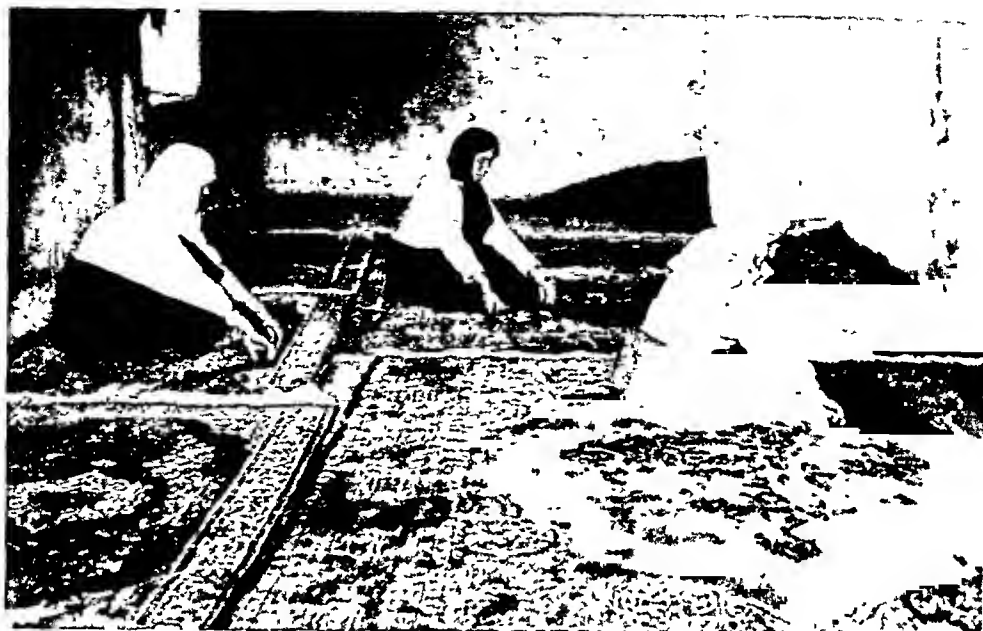
beginning of this century, the country was ruled by a sultan surrounded by a few favourites, under the most archaic conditions imaginable; to-day, the Turkish Republic is an example of a popular, balanced and democratic government

The revolution which achieved this amazing change was led by Mustafa Kemal Pasha (otherwise Atatürk). After his military success, he concentrated on working out the general lines of a plan for national unity on republican lines. His first and boldest step was a decision to rid the country of the influence of the caliphate and to separate the Church from the State, thus putting a stop to religious fanaticism and any tendency towards pan-Islamism

A new set of laws was necessary to replace the old ecclesiastical ones; the country was cleansed of all undesirable elements; the Army and Navy were re-organized and re-equipped; a new civil

administration was created, new and efficient police were introduced, and communications were extended throughout the country. The Latin alphabet replaced the old Arabic characters previously used for writing Turkish, a new scheme of education, which included the emancipation of women and many reforms, was introduced to westernize the country and remove impediments to progress

The peasants were not the least to feel the benefits from the new Turkish Republican regime. Under it, the peasant farmer is today given free advice on all matters connected with agriculture, the rotation of crops, and the state of the market; he can receive assistance in the obtaining of agricultural implements, the distribution of draught animals, and the utilization of tractors. In almost every town and village, new social centres have been made to help the peasant and his



IN A CARPET FACTORY

Turkish carpets, although slightly coarser than the Persian, are world-famous and here are seen three of the many thousands of people who make them by hand

family; for the first time his children can go to school and obtain a good primary schooling free of cost. The help and supervision given to the peasants has taught them the value of thrift, and savings campaigns are not unknown. In one thing the emancipation of the peasant has not drawn him from the old custom, and that is in marriage; marriage is still largely a matter of negotiation between families, and the local matchmaker is still in business in the villages.

The townsfolk of the western cities have perhaps seen a more spectacular change since the revolution than the peasants of the interior. People living in Ankara, the capital, to-day can remember when it was a small railhead on the line from Istanbul (with only three trains each way a week), surrounded by unhealthy marshes. In twenty years this obscure provincial town grew into

a modern city and an important Government centre. It has a mixed population of 150,000 which is mainly made up of civil servants and the staffs of embassies and legations from most of the countries of the world. Its old unhealthy marshes have been transformed into race courses, stadiums, public gardens and artificial lakes; radio pylons indicate the existence of broadcasting stations and communications with the outside world; the citizens of old Ankara have watched large modern buildings go up, and houses, hospitals and institutions, agricultural and research stations and superbly equipped modern schools to which students come both from the city and the outlying towns and villages.

But the real centre of learning is perhaps at Istanbul, formerly known as Constantinople. This, the second most important city in Turkey, was always a

great centre of learning in the Orient, and is now even more to the fore with its University and many Faculties. It is a wonderful city for students to dwell in, built as it is on both shores of the Bosphorus, with the old and the new world jostling each other. Old Stamboul, with its wealth of minarets and domes of mosques and shrines, its old palaces and museums and picturesque bazaars and caravanserais, is situated on the high ground overlooking the sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn, which separates it from the Frank or European quarter of Galata and the more modern Pera, Taksim and other districts. The old and the new Stamboul are connected by two floating bridges, which

can carry an immense amount of traffic.

Galata is the busiest quarter of the city, with ferries, seagoing-liner berths, warehouses, customs, big blocks of offices, banks and commercial houses.

For all their importance, the students are a minor part of the population of Istanbul; for together with its suburbs, the city has a population of 775,000. The great majority of these people are employed in the many industries which are carried on in the city and its surroundings; such industries as tobacco manipulation and export, cigarette-manufacturing, glass works, ship repairing and docking establishments, tanneries, leather working, alcohol and spirits, woollen and other textile



WOMEN AT WORK IN A DRIED FIG FACTORY

Peasants are responsible for the cultivation of figs. They sort the fruit, dry it and re-sort it before the co-operatives collect it for packing and export.

industries, and an important fishing industry. This has some of the finest fish in the world, of which red mullet and swordfish are two notable examples

Turkish Industries

Of the many products of Turkey, those of dried fruits and olive oil are perhaps amongst the best known; these represent the bulk of the exports from Izmir, or Smyrna—which is the third city of importance in Turkey—and amount to some 23,000 tons of raisins and 41,000 tons of figs annually.

The population of Izmir is mainly Turkish, but there is a large Greek element left over from the days when the province of Izmir was filled with Greek settlers. The cultivation of figs and raisins, however, is entirely in the hands of the Turkish peasants, who live in a simple yet contented manner. They pick the fruit, sort it, dry it and re-sort it, before the co-operatives collect it for subsequent packing and export. Much of the work is done by women, sitting at long benches in the factories; many still wear the traditional flowing robes, although European dress is fast becoming popular with the younger women. The extraction of the oil from olives is also carried out by the Turkish peasant population of the Izmir district; using primitive yet effective presses, the peasants extract the olive oil from the fruit on the fields; the crude oil is then collected by the co-operatives or merchants, and railed to Izmir for refining and export. As olive oil is a staple food amongst the Turks, a large quantity is kept for home consumption, while a large proportion is kept for converting into soap for the market. Although Izmir is renowned for the quality and quantity of its dried fruits and olive oil, it lies in a region rich in other products; situated at the head of the Gulf of Izmir, it is a magnificent

natural harbour on the Ægean Sea with its population of 185,000, it is a purely commercial centre serving the rich and fertile hinterland of western Anatolia. Thousands of people are employed in the growing and exporting of figs, seedless sultanas, melons, liquorice cereals, cotton, tobacco, opium, and in the making of carpets. These can be sent by ship or rail—three main railways going north, south, and east from Izmir—to all parts of Turkey, or overseas.

A journey along the Black Sea coast provides an interesting view of Turkey. The Anatolian shore, with its mountains and forests of Karadere, is most picturesque. These forests are practically virgin, and when communications are established, will prove of considerable value to the state.

The Turkish Black Sea Coast

The inhabitants of the Turkish Black Sea coast are a hardy lot. Life is rough owing to conditions, and natures are the same. Lack of suitable harbours and refuge for shipping make the Black Sea shipping business a hazardous occupation, and in the winter, sometimes for a month at a time, it is impossible for anything beyond the dimensions of a large steamer to go to sea. This means long periods of inactivity and hardship.

In the interior of the eastern provinces, conditions are much the same. The rearing of sheep and goats is one of the few possible occupations, except in the Kars district where excellent pasture land has brought about a thriving cattle farming industry.

The Government policy of intensive railway and road construction will change the haphazard existence of the eastern Turks. Everywhere possible throughout the country, the Government has endeavoured to create productive industries to provide employment for the local population.



IN THE ORIENTAL SUNSHINE

Eastern clothes, blazing sun, shops opening on to the street, minarets in the background—such an essentially oriental scene as this market-place is still to be seen in spite of the sweeping reforms introduced in an effort to westernize Turkey



SHOPPING BY WATER

In the romantic old city of Venice, where the streets are canals, a vegetable merchant shows his wares to the housewife whose home looks out on the water.

THE ITALIAN PEOPLE

Unique position of Italy historically and geographically: various physical types of Italians: industrial and agricultural aspects. olive and grape harvest: the peasants' food and houses: whereat gaiety of the people: strength of family unity: the Church as an integral part of daily life.

ITALY as a country, both historically and geographically, is unique so that it is as well to look briefly at these aspects before considering her people and their everyday life.

Everyone knows the shape of Italy—the leg of land ending in the boot about to kick Sicily—stretching from the Alps to the volcanic regions of the Mediterranean. No poster could exaggerate the beauty of the mountains and great lakes or of the historic towns. Rome built on seven hills, Venice married to the sea, Florence the flowering city, and the many other ancient centres of art and learning.

As is to be expected the Italians vary as much physically as their country; the fair Germanic types of the north are contrasted with the short, fierce people of Sicily and Southern Italy and by the natives of the southern sea coast in whose black, tightly-curved hair and aquiline features may be traced the Saracens who raided these parts more than a thousand years ago.

Although Italy is culturally one of the oldest countries in Europe she is one of the youngest nations; for the separate Italian states were merged into a united kingdom under Victor Emmanuel I only in the middle of the nineteenth century.

During the uncertain period following the 1914-1918 war the country nearly disintegrated again, and many people continue to feel themselves to be Neapolitans or Tuscans or Piedmontese first, and Italians second.

The states which lost their identity in the Risorgimento were at the height of their power during the 14th-16th centuries (Renaissance) when they flourished under the rule of rich and powerful families, the best-known of which are probably the Sforza, Borgia and Medici. These ruling families retained their position by force, intrigue, ruthlessness, wealth, and by keeping on the right side of the Pope. Wars were constantly breaking out between rival states, towns and political parties, and street fights and attacks by assassins were commonplace; life had to be lived quickly and fully since it was likely to be brief. Hospitality to friends and enemies alike was on a lavish scale; there were banquets, masques, horse-racing through the streets, dancing, and drinking.

In spite of the insecurity of life, painters, poets, scholars, sculptors, goldsmiths and architects flourished, encouraged and often sustained by their princes. From these times come such names as Dante, Petrarch, Michelangelo, Galileo and scores of painters whose masterpieces are scattered in the galleries of the world. It was a period richer in art and scholarship than any before or since; a time when learned and sensitive minds were matched with a ruthlessness necessary for survival.

The frescoed palaces and churches, the bridges and statues and fountains remain, but the pace and quality of life in Italy today have changed. For the modern Italian, romance lies in the

IN SOUTH TYROL

*In their brown habits and white girdles,
these Franciscan friars have left their
church for a walk in the sunshine.*

past, in history and art, and since foreigners are prepared to pay to enjoy it, then it may be put to practical use.

For the average working man in Italy life is hard enough; it means a continual struggle to get or keep a job and support the family. Except for the north with its great industrial centres, where machinery, tyres, paper, chemical products and cars are manufactured, Italy is an agricultural country. Her main exports are silk and linen, olive oil, oranges and lemons, cheese, almonds, straw hats, and wine. Flowers are also grown for export; special trains are run for the trade, and markets are held where nothing else is sold: here one sees great bundles of carnations, clouds of mimosa, purple and scarlet anemones, freesias, roses, cornflowers, marigolds, hyacinths, arum lilies and great bales of fern.

Flowers have their social as well as commercial value: the guest at a dinner-party sends his hostess a bouquet next day: there are flowers waiting to greet the visitor on arrival: on departure he is given a large bunch of carnations (on sale at the station) at the last moment, a charming, but sometimes embarrassing, compliment.

Though punctuality as a virtue is not understood in Italy, it is inaccurate to picture an Italian workman (as some people do), as lying in the sunshine and saying "To-morrow . . . to-morrow . . ."! Italians work hard for the good reason that they have to do so. Hours are long (the workman may have to get up several hours before dawn and walk miles so as to start work by daylight), wages are comparatively low, and conditions are



primitive and change so slowly that oxen still plough the great plains as they did when the Florentine painters recorded them in their pictures of the Nativity. Every inch of arable land is precious, and the hills are cultivated up to the snow-line; flat surfaces are made by building the slopes into terraces flanked by loose stone walls. Grain and hay may be seen growing on a space no bigger than a table-cloth. Since most of the streams and rivers dwindle or dry up during the summer, water is a problem; it has to be stored in great cisterns dotted over the hillsides, and from these the land is irrigated.

Grape and Olive Harvests

Those families which are rich enough to own or rent their land live on it in small, primitive cottages; the bigger market-gardeners and landowners have houses in their orange groves or almond orchards, while those who go out to work for other people live in the villages. The houses are tall and narrow and usually very old; they were built huddled together for double protection—against earthquakes and against invaders. The streets are narrow and cobbled, and have a tiled groove running down the middle to act as a drain; the cellars are used as stables for goats and mules, and as hen-runs. In the towns there are communal laundries, but the village women kneel in a row by the nearest stream and scrub the family washing, slapping it clean on big flat stones. (The more pretentious homes have their own washing cisterns in the garden, usually shaded by a fig-tree, but the water is just as cold.) The washing is spread out to dry on the pebbles or on the nearest cactus bush.

Once a year the streams run purple like water turned to wine; this is at the olive harvest when the olives are

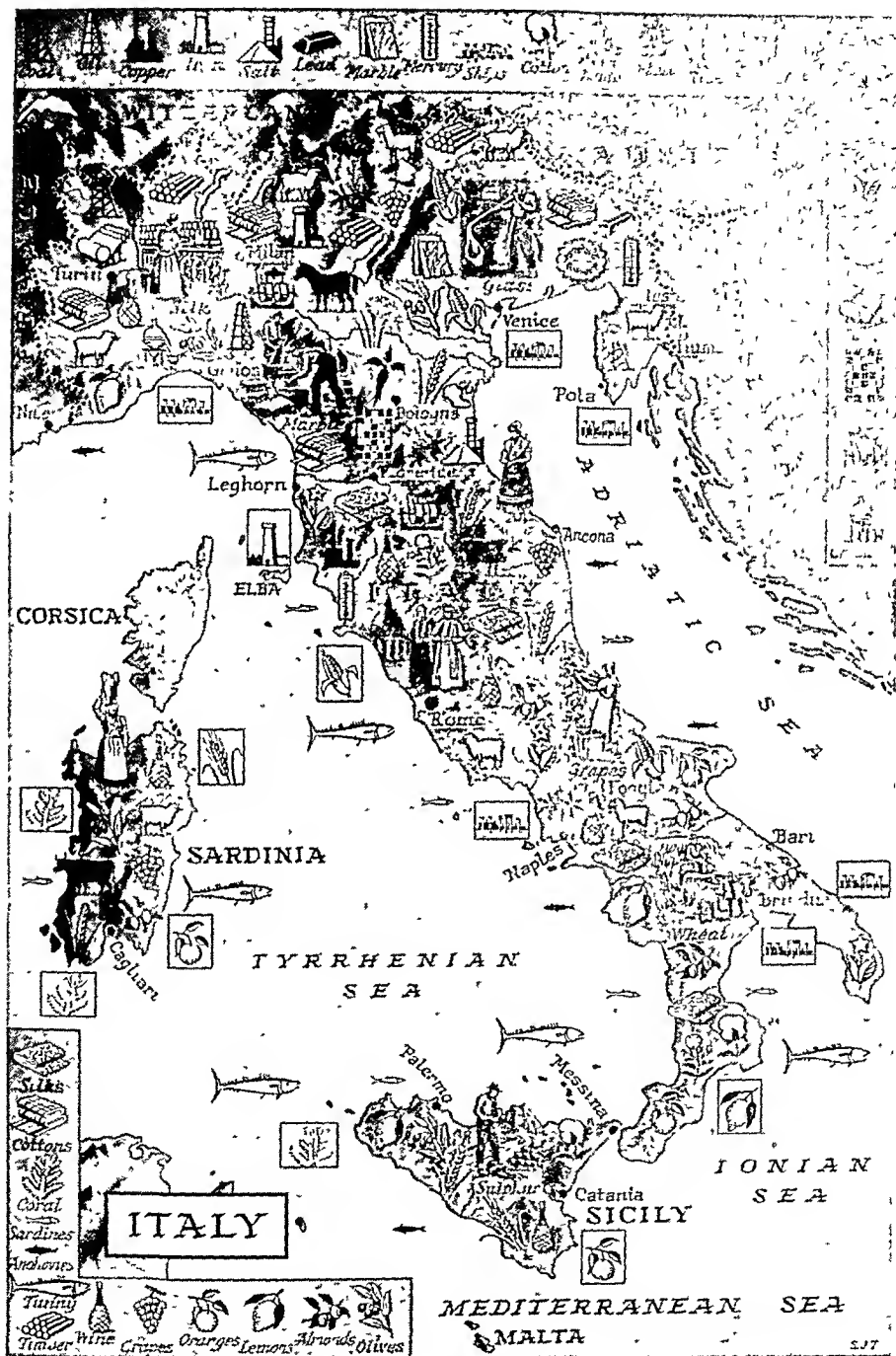
crushed in a mill and the pulp, separated from the oil, is thrown away. The whole family turns out to help with the olive harvest, a tedious and back-breaking job. Old sheets are spread out under the trees which the men beat with long bamboo poles while the women and children pick up the small black fruit as it falls.

La Vendemmia, the harvest festival of the vines when the hills are heavy with purple and yellow grapes, brings the family out again; all help to gather the fruit into great baskets, going up and down the vineyards to the wine press, into which they empty their baskets of fruit. In the press the grapes are trodden underfoot, and any looker-on may take off his shoes and socks and help to make the new wine. The grapes are pressed three or four times, the wine from each pressing being cheaper and sourer than the last. Nothing is wasted, for the crushed skins and pips are dumped in great heaps at the side of the road to decay into manure.

Wine and Food

The vine runs like a pattern through the lives of the country people: the poorest dwelling has a vine to shade the door or the fowl-run; wine is drunk universally; the father of the family, exclaiming in surprise, swears by the old god of wine: "Body of Bacchus!" and the mother encourages her child with "Up, up, little grape!"

Meat is a luxury for working people, to be eaten on festival days; fish is poor in quality (except for sardines, which are cooked fresh) and limited in variety; the staple national dish is macaroni in its many forms and shapes. Vegetables are treated with more importance than they are in England and are served more often in combination: peas are steamed in lettuce leaves or served with pearl-button





OLD ITALIAN PEASANT WOMAN

The majority of Italian peasants have a hard life, living on little but bread, olive oil, vegetable soup and porridge which is made of boiled ground maize.

onions, spanish chestnuts are boiled with brussels sprouts. Garlic and anchovy are popular and can be bought in shops which specialize in all kinds of sausages and cold meats, dried fruit and mushrooms, spices, pickles, tinned goods, dried fish (very strong and much prized) and cheeses of every variety. Fruit is cheap and abundant: oranges and lemons, figs, cherries, peaches, loquats, strawberries, grapes and persimmons.

Government Controls

The really poor peasants live on little but bread, olive oil, minestrone or vegetable soup, and porridge made of boiled ground maize. Wild birds such as robins and thrushes are an occasional luxury, and there is little bird-song in consequence. Families as poor as this cannot even afford to buy salt with which to flavour their monotonous meals, because it is a Government monopoly; that is to say that the State may charge what it pleases since no one else is allowed to sell salt. Armed police patrol the shore to prevent anyone obtaining it freely from the sea.

It must not be thought that because they are industrious and hard working the Italians are a serious and sober-minded race. Far from it. They are an essentially gay and happy people, combining in nicely-balanced quantities the characteristics of the grasshopper and the ant of the fable. Everybody sings: cab-drivers, washerwomen, labourers, fishermen; they sing anything that comes into their heads: a dance song, a Church canticle, a traditional country song or an air from an opera.

Singing is in fact a national relaxation, members of a dance orchestra may well pass the time, when they are not professionally engaged, by singing operas in their lodgings, an amusement

that no one thinks at all odd! Italians never hesitate to express themselves, and no one troubles about the noise.

Bowls is the most popular national game: it is usually played on a narrow alley of hardened earth behind the local inn; the younger men play football, with a tremendous amount of backchat and advice shouted between players and spectators, and the small boys play tip cat or a game in which the ball is struck with the clenched fist instead of a bat. The women have little time for amusements except on a *festa* when they dress up in their best clothes to dance, or on a Sunday evening when the girls walk along the street in threes and fours and gradually pair off with the young men who are also walking in threes and fours in the other direction.

Strength of Family Feeling

Italians have a great sense of family unity which is founded not only on natural affection but on convention. The Church also lays great stress on her importance as a unit of Christianity and the family dominates all private affairs. Marriages, though they may be of inclination, are usually arranged by the family, which will also meet in conclave to decide what action is to be taken if such a marriage threatens to be a failure. Though this means that there is little privacy for individual members of the family, it also means that no one is allowed to suffer neglect.

When a young couple marry they do not set up house independently but go to live with the head of the husband's family; in good circumstances they have a flat in the family house, but they are always within reach of their elders. This calls for much tolerance and self-discipline. In Italy a woman's place is always most definitely in the home.

The only thing an Italian takes really seriously is himself; all else is regarded



DRAGGING IN

Over fifty thousand men are engaged in the fishing trade in Italy, but their yield is not sufficient to meet home requirements and a great quantity of dried, smoked and

with a mild and beneficent cynicism. An audience is as necessary to him as privacy is to an Englishman; and he gets it from the cradle, where he is never left alone, to the grave, which the family will visit with bunches of white chrysanthemums on All Souls' Day to light a lamp there and prop an enlarged photo of the deceased against the headstone. Children (and adults) are never self-conscious; they suffer nothing

comparable to English shyness, simply because they are never left to themselves. As soon as a child can walk it takes its place in the world; it goes about with the family, is made much of, and finds its social education no trouble. Italians enjoy their children and believe that they should be seen and heard.

Almost exclusively black is worn by the peasant women, because it suits them and because mourning is worn



A FISHING NET

salted fish has to be imported to supplement this. The waters of the Mediterranean and Adriatic are poor fishing grounds compared with the North and other seas.

for the most distant relative, and so they are rarely out of mourning. Children wear black school-clothes, but on *festas* they are dressed in frivolous colours in the height of fashion, or in national costume. Confirmation and First Communion take place at the age of seven or eight, when the children walk to church through the streets with their families, the girls looking like little brides in their long white dresses

with veils and wreaths of white roses, the boys in their best suits with a large white bow on one arm.

The Church plays an integral and intimate part in daily life; the devout Catholic submits every aspect of it to her and, though to a certain extent she was for a time limited by a State jealous of her power, particularly over the young, her authority is unquestionable. Apart from the spiritual life the



SARDINIAN WOMEN IN NATIONAL COSTUME

The white chemise is an integral part of the national dress, the jacket of which is usually red (a favourite colour), and is worn over one or two native wool skirts.

Church offers her children, the colour, richness and dignity of the symbols of the faith appeal to their strong sense of the dramatic.

The great religious festivals form the people's rare holidays; Christmas, Easter (before which the bells are silent for three days when they are said to fly to Rome to be blessed), Corpus Christi, the Assumption of Our Lady, the feast-day of St. Joseph and Epiphany. This, the feast of the Three Kings, is more of an occasion for children than Christmas, for it is then that La Befana, the good fairy, brings presents at midnight to put in their shoes if they have been good during the past year; if they have been naughty it is a lump of coal instead. Every

town and village has its patron saint, whose festival is a big social occasion marked by services throughout the day, a procession round the town during which the statue of the saint is carried from church to church, and in the evening dancing and singing and, if the community can possibly afford them, fireworks

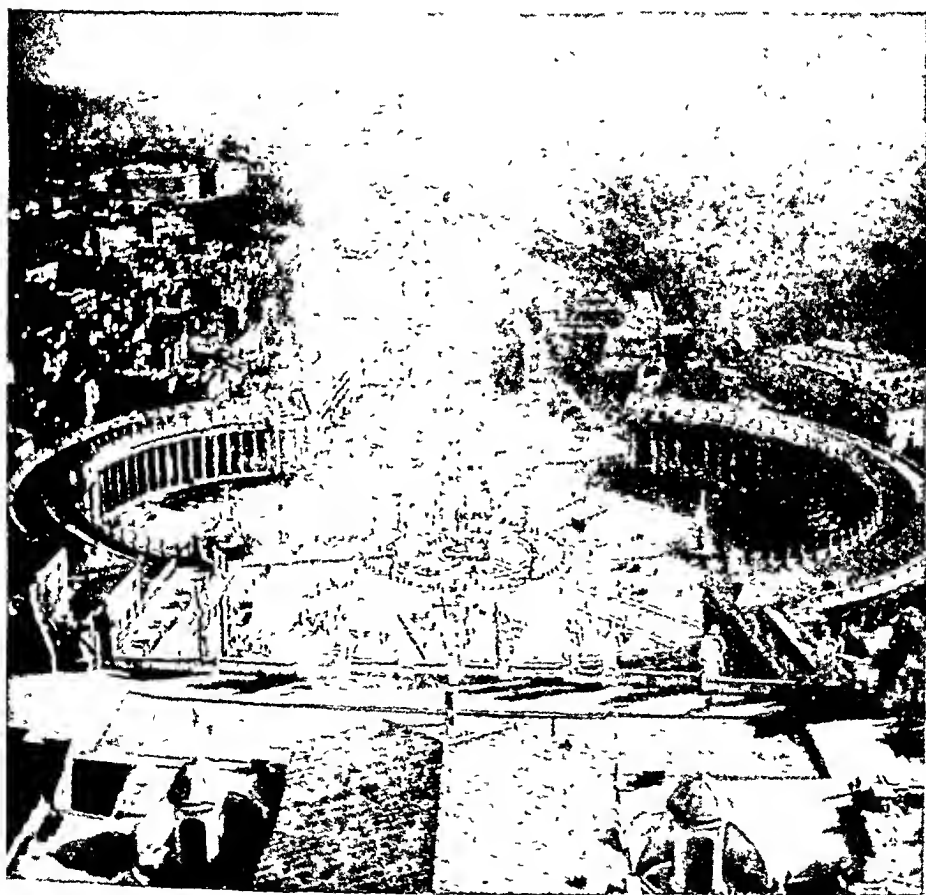
The Italians, who fought as allies of Great Britain in the First World War, were forced by the Fascist Dictatorship to enter the Second World War as an ally of Germany. In 1943, however, Fascism was overthrown by the increasing hostility of the people. Subsequently the Italians, through a small but very efficient regular army and through partisan fighting, helped to contribute

to the victory of the United Nations.

Italy was seriously affected by the Second World War. Many of her cities were very badly damaged by bombing and shelling and many priceless works of art were destroyed or looted by the retreating German army. Living conditions became extremely hard but the Italians, after restoring a democratic government, began working steadily in an attempt to rebuild their industries, using what they were able to save

from the inevitable havoc of war and taking advantage of the help for reconstruction given to them by the United Nations

The Italian people are a race that is industrious and light-hearted, mature and yet young, simple in outlook yet complex in character, unambitious yet haunted by the glory of Roman achievement, whose country has been made immortal by every poet since Virgil grew wine in his Mantuan fields



VATICAN CITY

From the Basilica Terrace, the statues of the Apostles look down on St. Peter's Square in the Vatican City, which is ruled by the Pope and lies within Rome itself. In the centre of the Square, the Obelisk from Nero's circus can be seen



SANTORIN—GATEWAY TO THE ÆGEAN SEA

The best means of transport on the island are mules. These are about to ascend the cobbled way from the port of Skala to the town of Phira on the plateau above.

THE HELLENES

Life of the ordinary Greek people. influence of family sentiment: women's status: generous hospitality of the Greeks: great love of politics: similarities between ancient and modern Hellenes: the Greek temperament: their dances and humour: their religious tolerance: Greek poetry.

THIS chapter on the people of Greece concerns the common people: it is the sketch of the life of an ordinary Greek, covering his dwellings in the town and country, his daily job, mode of work, customs, mentality and aspirations. It is a description of the unsophisticated Hellene, not the cosmopolitan copying western patterns.

The bulk of the population of Greece is constituted by the middle class people in the towns, the peasants and fishermen, and the industrial workers, the latter being the smallest in number.

Among all classes the family sentiment, the devotion to this foundation of human society, is taken as the primordial duty of the man towards the female members of the family. The father is the *paterfamilias* whose authority is recognized as the basis of the home life. The custom of a brother not to marry before all his sisters have found husbands still strongly prevails, even nowadays when western habits are exerting a growing influence on the population. The home hearth is cherished, almost worshipped, as the symbol and the basis of common life and mutual support in its trials.

If he whom good fortune or talent has raised to a higher level of social standing or wealth neglects the less fortunate members of his family, he will be criticized for his behaviour. Public opinion, even in a restricted circle, is as powerful on this point as on the larger aspects of life. No Greek has emigrated to America—where Greeks

number as many as 500,000—and forgotten his home or his most intimate relatives whom he left behind in the motherland. In the country—in the Peloponnesus and elsewhere—one may find lovely small houses built with the dollars sent, or personally brought, by the emigrant, the outcome of his labours and stringency whilst living abroad. These emigrants go further. They will build a school or a church in their native village, or they will endow it with a water-supply from the neighbouring springs or streams. They spare a great part of their savings in order to form a dowry for their sisters—because the dowry system is still prevalent throughout Greece, and among all classes, according to this system the women of the family are endowed upon marriage.

This system may not be a good one in every case, because it develops a class of man whom the Greeks contemptuously call a dowry hunter (*proicotheras*); but generally speaking the custom establishes a sort of common responsibility between the husband and wife. Equality in the home economy favours thrift and, what is more essential, it does not make the wife live as a lower creature, subordinate to the husband.

This levelling of status between man and woman has not been achieved so well among the peasants and the working classes. Here the husband remains the master. But among the middle classes, those of the state official, banker or commercial employer, of

THE GRAPE HARVESTERS

*With their asses laden, these people wend
their way home through an olive grove
in Delphi, near Mount Parnassus*

the officer and shopkeeper, higher education (women have for a good many years been admitted to the universities) has raised woman's status to equal that of man. The feminist movement is growing steadily although the most conservative of the old generation look askance at the rising tide of feminism and the great desire for equal rights. The women of Greece are finding that as was the case with their sisters in Britain, their urgent demands are being fulfilled with the passage of the years. Sitting in Parliament and in the municipal Town Halls, they will remember the days when they had no Parliamentary or municipal vote.

In the towns and the country in Greece, one may meet, in the person of the simple man, the man in the street, a gentleman. The word is used not in its meaning of the well-dressed man, with refined manners and select language, but in the meaning of the honest and straight man, proud in his independence, and unshaken in his conviction that all men are equal, and all entitled to live their lives according to their abilities and their effort in the lot assigned to them by circumstances.

Foreign observers visiting Greece have spoken with the greatest praise of the hospitality of the Greek people; as William Miller wrote: "the extreme politeness and hospitality of the Greeks in their intercourse with strangers make travel in their country more delightful than anywhere else. A foreigner (and I would add especially a Briton) receives all over Greece, as a matter of course, the best place at all public shows with a polite cry of "Oriste" (this way, please) if he shows



any bashfulness. If he has to wait at a station, the station-master or the clerks will ask him to take a seat in their office. On steamers he has the best cabin placed at his disposal; if all the cabins chance to be full, some courteous Greek will at once offer to vacate his berth in favour of the stranger. . . All Greeks, rich and poor, are alike in this respect".

The word *xenos* (a guest) retains



all its significance among Greeks from the ancient times, when the foreign traveller had something of the sacred, and was granted every privilege of a prompt and spontaneous friendship. This feeling of hospitality is now, of course, more manifest in smaller places, especially villages, where comforts and amenities are more scarce than in the bigger cities with their hotels and boarding houses. In a village, the

peasant, after dispensing to a foreign visitor everything he possesses, his simple house, his frugal meal or his cup of coffee (with a spoonful of home-made jam and a glass of fresh water), will refuse any money, the offer may even shock his pride. It is true that, as the host, he thinks himself entitled to the reward of satisfying his curiosity about the foreigner's identity. Who is he? From whence does he come? Is he

married? How many children has he? What is the purpose of his visit to Greece? Is he a philhellene? It is perhaps a little indiscreet to try to violate the intimacy of his guest in such an abrupt way; but the stranger should forgive this inquisitiveness, for it is due only to an alertness of mind, an interest in foreign lands, and a natural propensity to add to his knowledge of the world by investigating everything which has the appearance of a mystery.

Love of Politics

There is a common critical slogan among foreign writers, which says, not without cause, that the Greek people are too fond of politics; many of the critics put the criticism in a nutshell by saying: "Every Greek is a born politician". And certainly they are tormented by an acute thirst for politics; and it may not, perhaps, be such a great fault for a democratic people to be not unmindful of politics; to be deeply, even passionately, interested in public affairs; to scrutinize the actions of their Government, and to try to discover what is right and what is wrong in them. The ancient Athenians considered the citizen uninterested in public life and the affairs of the State as a man without honour. It was natural for a people to be called upon to decide on every public issue in their Assemblies; it is natural for modern citizens likewise to be called upon to express their concrete opinion on the governing of the State.

The ardent patriotism, the genuine democratic feelings of the Greek people, their care for the welfare of their country, are beyond doubt; but in the past, fickleness in the expression of their political sentiment on various occasions has not served their permanent interests. Instead it has paved the way for many a bitter disappointment

Similarities in the character and the life of the ancient and modern Hellenes, have often been pointed out. No Greek of today for instance meets another Greek, in Greece or abroad without addressing him the question "Τι νέα?" (What is the news?) It is the same inquiry and the same expression as the question of the ancient Athenian to a fellow citizen, met in the Agora: "Τι κείνον?" To quote an observer: "I suspect that the average Athenian, whom Aristophanes knew and drew, was not very different from the modern frequenter of Zacharatos Café (a famous café in Athens) or the Constitution Square (the square in the centre of the capital of Greece). The features of resemblance are many and various, and they extend into customs, legends, beliefs and superstitions."

Ancient Customs

In the customs we find many vivid traces of antiquity. Many of the wedding customs among villagers (though in the towns they have been submerged in the flood of cosmopolitan similarity) are reminiscent of the features of an ancient marriage ceremony. The tears of the bride, the modest reluctance that delays her steps, the licence of the noisy song, are all essentials to the modern festival. Nor should the nuts and fruits (rice is also used now) dropped on the bride from the windows as she passes by, be forgotten.

The keening over the dead which Aristophanes imitates: "Μο μοο, μοοο μοοοο", is very likely that which is practised in the province of Maina, where wailing women lament a death by improvised verses—sometimes in the form of a metrical dialogue between two women leading the mourning chorus. These mourning songs attain in some instances a remarkable beauty in the expression of sadness.



SPINNING BY HAND

No art has been so long and widely practised as spinning and, in the peaceful atmosphere of her home, this Grecian woman spins in the same way as her grandmother.

word in its slightly different modern form, but with the same subdued irony, that a modern urchin or a man drunken with *retsinato* (the local Athenian wine, the bitterness and terebinthine flavour of which Byron liked, as he liked the black olives) may nowadays—when walking around the Acropolis—use to jeer at his mate or to a passer-by.

These similitudes and analogies between the life and customs of ancient and modern Greece are sufficient to give some image of the average modern Greek, who remains untouched by invading modernism, yet keeps the

particular identity of his nationality

The Greek people are not a gay folk. Their temperament is interwoven with a seriousness and sadness which one would consider unthinkable under their clear blue skies, amid their translucent light, and the sun-bronzed marbles of eternal smiling beauty. But the melancholy recollection of foreign domination, which lasted for almost four centuries, lingers in the memories of contemporary Greeks

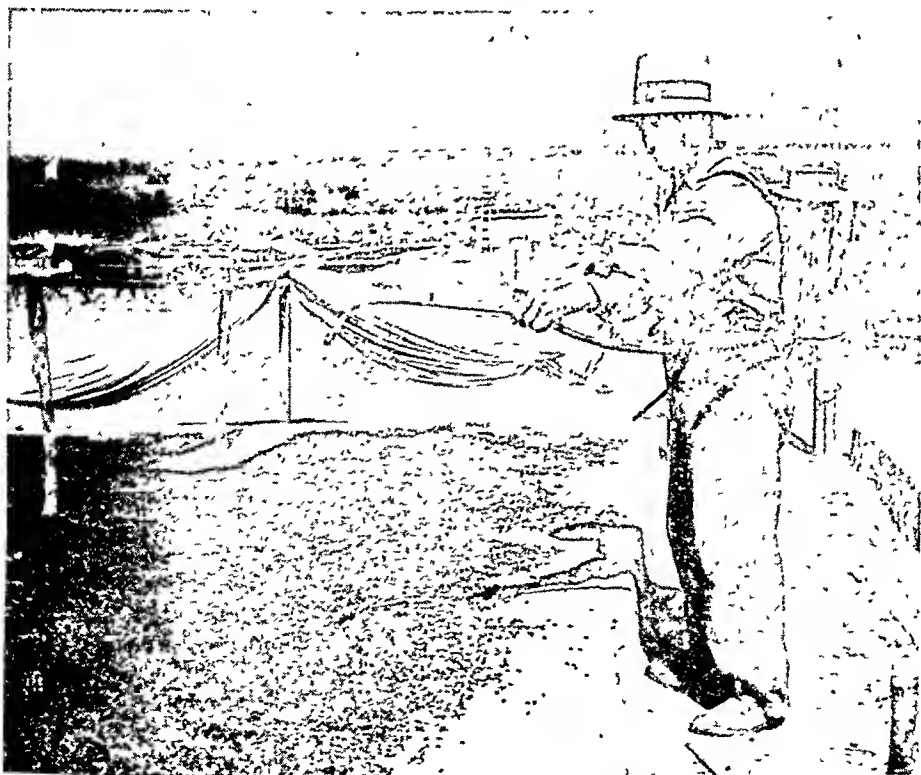
The song of the Greek shepherd or fisherman is a long-drawn melody, or rhythm, a kind of threnody. The chant

of the indoor singer in the dim tavern of a suburb, or in the lonely inn on the country cross-road is no different. The droning is so contagious that when a stranger, perhaps belonging to a higher class, is present, he joins automatically in the same turn of lamentation.

The mood of popular dances (some of which remind one of the dances described by Homer) is different from the tonality of the popular songs. Women dance in the same circular team as the men, but separated from them. A man in the circle of the dance does not actually take the hand of a female fellow-dancer, they join together by each taking the end of a hand-

kerchief. The circular dance proceeds almost as a quiet procession, with slow rhythmic steps. This dance is very different from English folk-dances—theirs is a swirl of excitement and a resounding tapping of heels

Folk-dances in the Ionian Islands, however, have a western character, as they have also in many of the Ægean Islands, where classical, Frankish or Venetian influence in custom and costumes remains prevalent, owing to the fact that the Turkish grip had been loose over them. One peculiar folk-dance is that danced by the mountaineers of Crete. It is called *pendozalis*, which would perhaps be translated



PRODUCT OF CORINTH

Currants are Greece's second biggest export. Here the fruit is being treated as it lies in the sun. This variety of grape vine flourishes on the Mediterranean coast

by the word "whirlwind". It is danced by men wearing the picturesque Cretan costumes with high boots, which beat hard on the soil as their wearers leap, jump and whirl, in a sort of wild fury and ecstasy. This peculiar dance truly represents the temperament of the men of this warlike race, men who for centuries have not stopped fighting for liberty on their mountains, and who constitute the most strikingly manly and handsome masculine type the Mediterranean shores have ever produced.

Grecian Humour

Although the average Greek has some propensity towards melancholy, he is not without a subdued humorous disposition. This is particularly manifested in the Greek proverbs, in which the daily philosophy of the people is generally expounded. It is difficult to translate these without losing the charm of the originals, for all of them are in verse or rhythmic prose. But a man will say of persons who want to teach others wiser and better informed than themselves: "Come, grandfather, we will show you your estate", or to honest people who have a fear of slander: "A clear sky does not fear lightning", or of unimportant people criticizing their superiors: "Nothingness has strayed on the street to mock the passers-by." For something said to one person, but destined for another: they will say "It is to you, the mother-in-law, that I speak, but to be heard by the wife."

The national dress of the Greeks before and for many years after the War of Independence (1831) was the *fustanela*, a kind of kilt of white cotton. It was worn short by the poorer people; long and multi-pleated by men of the richer classes. In the case of the former, the outfit was com-

pleted by a simple woollen jacket; by the rich, a red or blue elaborately embroidered coat was worn with the kilt. This costume, still worn in remote mountain places by occasional individuals, has for a long while been replaced in towns—and almost in all villages, especially those in the neighbourhood of cities—by the present western costume of trousers and jacket, worn with a soft hat in winter and a straw one in the long Greek summer. In the northern regions of Greece, woollen material is used by the country men for their dress. They wear, too, a *kappa*, a kind of sleeveless overcoat of a stout material, proper for sleeping in the open air, as in some mountain fold.

Most of the women one meets in the countryside are dressed in a very ordinary short cotton skirt and blouse. But there are everywhere, in Attica, in Epirus, in Macedonia, and in the islands, beautiful rich feminine costumes, reserved for ceremonial occasions, such as a wedding, a public dance, or a festival. The variety is as great as the dresses are rich and gorgeous.

Attitude to Religion

The religious tolerance of the Greek people is proverbial. The first King of Greece, the Bavarian Otho, was a Roman Catholic. The second, King George I, was a Lutheran. No Greek felt concerned about that, and both Kings had chapels of their own in the palace, with chaplains celebrating ceremonies according to the rites of their creed. Though most religious ceremonies are celebrated strictly according to the Byzantine rite, Byzantine mysticism is completely absent. It is quite unsuited to the Greek character. Moreover, religious sentiment in Greece is assimilated into patriotism, owing to the fact that the Church was, during



COSTUME OF THASOS

Cotton skirts and blouses are women's usual attire, but everywhere in Attica, Epirus, Macedonia, and the islands, beautiful costumes are kept for special occasions.



GREEK FISHERMEN

The sea around the sunny coasts of the Greek Islands is so translucent that one can see through the water to a considerable depth. The Greek people show more

FISHERMEN OF GREECE



AND THEIR BOATS

aptitude for fishing and sea-trading than any other of the Mediterranean peoples, and therefore the fishing industry provides them with one of their staple foods.

the dark centuries of foreign rule, the very ark in which the flame of national creed, language, and faith, was preserved burning and inextinguishable. Any modernism, however, such as for instance the translation of the Gospels (written originally in a Greek easily understandable to the educated Hellenic) into the vernacular, provoked in 1900 in Athens a violent upheaval, a sort of revolution, because people wrongfully confused the attempt with political issues. After the outburst of anger, which overthrew the Government and the Archbishop of Athens himself—though neither had anything to do with this translation—the anathematized text remains almost forgotten. Nobody reads it any more. It is only kept on the shelves of a few bibliophiles.

This chapter, while mentioning only the main characteristic features of the life and customs of the people described, would be incomplete without a reference to the folk-poetry of the Greek people. Goethe expressed admiration for it; Byron translated some of its most beautiful songs

Poetry of Greece

Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesarese described in such a felicitous way the character of the modern Greek bard, that it is difficult to find more adequate words than hers. She says "Would you know the poet, go to his land". The saying is even more true of the folk-poet than of the poet of letters, and it is supremely true of the Greek folk-poet.

The Hellenic balladist is the articulate voice of his natural surroundings. His imagination is touched by impressions which come from the outside; he does not try to create a new heaven and a new earth—he looks around; he sees and he sings. In this, as in so much else, his poetry bears the

birth mark of antiquity. Poets have sung of eagles who never saw one alive unless it were in a cage; the Greek folk-poet sings of eagles because they are familiar objects to him; he has seen them over his mountain valleys, seven at a time, soaring higher and higher in solemn circles, within sight of his own village.

He sees them and they see him; he thinks about them and what more natural than that they should think about him? Two eagles sitting in the sun talking over coming events: "They speak with the voice of a man." So too, the black plumed partridge sings, "not as a bird should".

The Greek peasant is in the confidence of nature; he knows the high grass slopes where the amaranth blooms "as white as a maiden's face", where grow the mysterious herbs which bring forgetfulness of all sorrow to him who finds and tastes them. The fields and the hills and the valleys weep for the hero's death; the forests and rivers open up a path to let the *klephts* (the Greek guerillas of the past) pass through.

Nature suggests affinity not contrasts. only the mountains "that wait not age nor death, but spring and summer" strike the beholder with his own fitful chances: he waits for the battle and for the dance—a strange sequence, but whoever made the song no doubt simply said what was true.

How to Know the People

To know, to study, to like, and to understand the Greek people, it is necessary to travel individually among the folk in their own country, and especially through the valleys and across the mountains, or along the shores of the "wine-dark" sea; it is necessary to have a cup of coffee and a peep at the land—accompanied by



GREEK WINE

This family is engaged in preparing grapes for wine-making. Extensive vineyards are cultivated, and much wine made in Greece, though not of superlative quality. Resin is added as it is said that this improves the keeping and thirst-quenching qualities of the wine. It is this addition which makes it distasteful to non-Greeks.

some expressive gestures, if Greek is completely Greek to you; to hear the lamentable tale of the people's sufferings under foreign occupation and to see personally the devastated land, part of which is reminiscent of the scorched and denuded plot on which Solomos, the national Greek poet,

composed this epigram 120 years ago, famous in modern Greek literature:

"Upon this sombre ridge of land,
Lonely Glory walking o'er it,
Calls to mind the fallen lads;
On her head she wears a wreath
Of those few herbs which on the
scorched earth remained."



THE NORTHERN PEASANT

The Basque country inhabitants are descended from the ancient Iberians. Each village has its own pelota court, the people being expert at this agile ball game.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SPANISH PEOPLE

A land of violent contrasts: the Andalusian peasant: young men of the south: scarcity of water: the Spanish temperament and climate: the sub-labouring class: costume survivals: public services: middle-class life: the modern girl: bullfighting: the ball game of the Basque country.

A TAWNY hillside, dropping steeply to turquoise-coloured sea, a galled horse that travels in an endless circle, dragging a wooden raft on which, poised like some Roman charioteer, rides the driver—bare feet braced on the vibrating planks, gaunt body arched back like a bow, rocky profile printed in bronze against a staring blue sky; black as charcoal the fleshless arm holding the hempen rein, dry as old leather the skull-like face, blown about with sun-scorched hair, that surmounts a hollowed carcase, to which the hot wind moulds the rags that cover it.

Along the broad road looping the hillside rush the Hispano Suizas, the Rolls-Bentleys, the Alfa Romeos of the new rich, the Big Business men, the successful bullfighters and the foreign tourists while, within a bowshot, the Andalusian peasant threshes her grain as her ancestors threshed it: oblivious of modern invention, or too poor, or too mistrustful, to give new ideas a trial.

This scene repeats itself over the length and breadth of Spain, epitomizing that land of violent contrasts: where amidst the thousands of acres of waste land which irrigation might turn into "gold mines", the few large cities occur like exclamation marks in the vastness of the rural scene: where the patchwork quilt of the olive groves is suddenly torn by some rocky excrescence on whose sides is scaled, like a shoal

of discarded oyster shells, the citadel-like structure of a tiny town, topped by its church: where the rolling plain rises and falls like an endless sea, the troughs of whose waves harbour tiny communities, then soars into peaks whose higher reaches are known only to the goat and the eagle: where an hour's drive carries one from sweltering heat up to the snow-line: where the Madrid to Sevilla 'plane casts its shadow in passing upon the ox-wagon, the mule-team and the barefoot lad piping his herd of swine along the stony gully.

It is curious that Spain, that land of fabled riches, where

—"the Phoenicians shipped

Silver for common ballast, and they saw

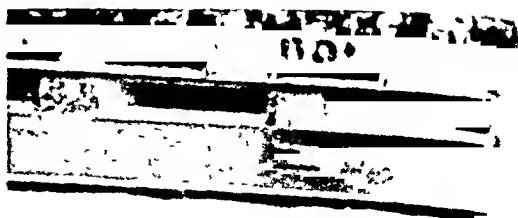
Horses at silver mangers eating grain"—

of spectacular grandeurs, and of aggressive masculinity (the highest compliment one can pay a Spaniard is to say that he is *muy hombre*—"very man") should represent itself in terms of its poor and of its working class women Yet it is so and thus one may set the Andalusian charioteer against the foreign conception of the southern houri.

Here, riding her threshing board, is one of the mute, inglorious heroines who, by sacrifice of all that the Andalusian woman holds precious, secures the livelihood of her husband (drowning in the casino), of her son (lounging in

SPANISH NATIONAL SPORT

Excitement runs high as the bauderilleros wave their red cloaks to madden the bull. The picador (mounted bull-fighter) stabs him with a garrocha (short pike) as he charges his horse.



the cafés) and of her grandson at the *seminario*, learning to be a priest. Here is no flashing, *castañeta*-snapping sorceress of the south, but the true metal from which the present strength of Spain is forged.

She has her counterparts all over the country: in the little laundress; in the cave-dweller who leaves her hillside at cock-crow to gather the fruits of the prickly pear (locally known as *chombos*), to sell for the fraction of a halfpenny; in the little, elderly maid-of-all-work who labours from sun-up to moon-set for the equivalent of twenty shillings a month (her own valuation of her services), claiming only the tacit privilege of passing the broken meats through the *reja* to her nephew, the granadino buck who, although he has not a couple of pence to jingle in his pocket, proudly refuses the bribe of a *duro* (five pesetas) merely to shake a rug, or to give the gardener a hand in watering.

These well-dressed idlers of the streets and cafés are the disease of modern (southern) Spain. They are young men of practically every class who, if they come of wealthy parentage, are content to live on their families, and if poor, would rather starve than work for a living. They form too large a proportion of the community to be dismissed as negligible, existing parasitically on their womenfolk, who sacrifice themselves in every way to maintain the "dignity" of the male. Almost always smartly dressed, they might be taken for young people of means; they will live through the day



on a cup of coffee and a cadged cigarette, and at night sneak to the *rejas* of the houses where their female relatives are employed as servants, ravenously to devour the remnants of the household meals which have been carefully saved for them.

These cannot escape the notice of the traveller, any more than the hordes



of gipsies who, either lodged in their permanent settlements in Granada or the Triana suburb of Sevilla, or wandering along the highroads, contribute their vivid personalities to the Spanish picture; any more than the blind men, of which every town has its multitude, mainly inferior guitarists.

Poverty exists on a scale hardly

conceivable in Great Britain. The Andalusian charioteer may eat meat once a year, if she is lucky, she supports life on a diet of *chombos* and boiled grass, into which a handful of dried beans is sprinkled. Her children run wild and naked like savages: hardier and healthier than town children, but pot-bellied, undersized and thin. Petty crime is a

recognized means of livelihood, so every window has its iron bars, every door its massive bolts, and the country landowner often protects his property by savage dogs.

The scarcity of water is one reason why the land—potentially so rich—is poverty-stricken. Save in the paddy-fields round Valencia, where rice is grown, artificial irrigation has never been employed on a scale commensurate with the areas to be fertilized. Water actually costs money, in some parts of the south, a bottle of pure drinking water costs more than a litre of wine. The rich landowners, by damming supplies, have frequently deprived the peasants of their livelihood: either creating a monopoly, or placing a prohibitive price on the common water. A few of the absentee landlords take no interest in the conditions of their tenants; many more have become hopelessly resigned to a situation for which not they, but their forefathers, were responsible, and which it is now beyond their power or their means to remedy.

Characteristics of the People

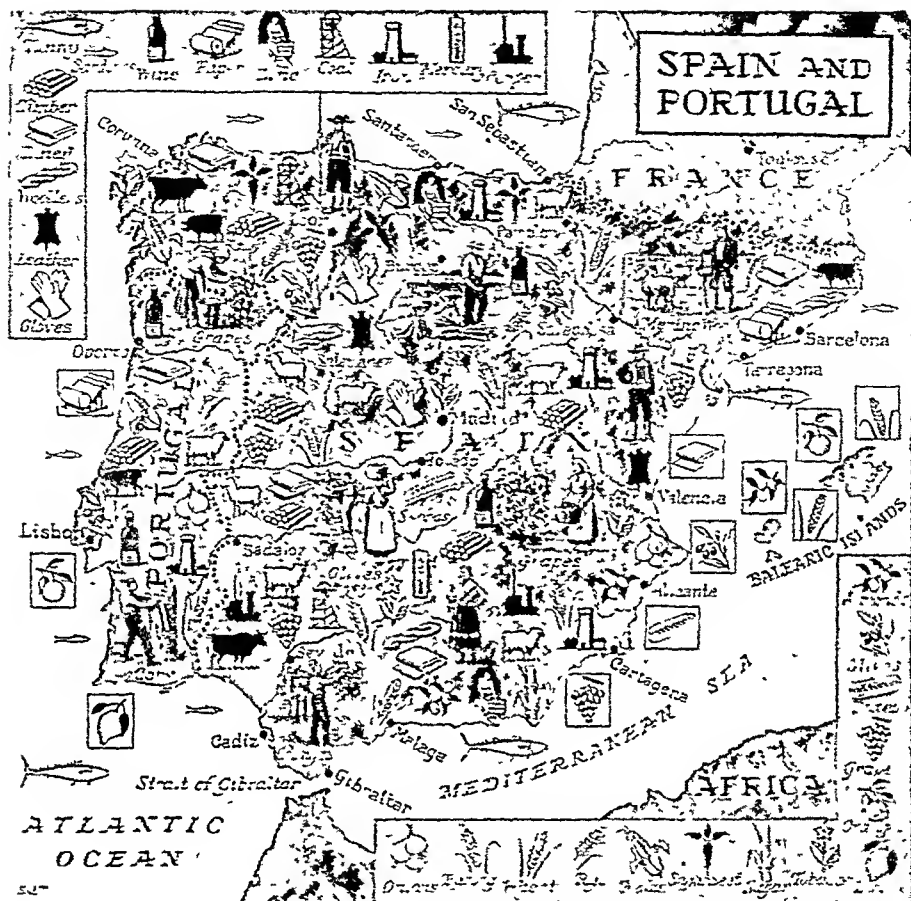
Yet if, in accepting Spain as a land of poverty, one were to assume it is a land of misery, one would be very far from the truth. To begin with, in a land where the majority is poor, no stigma attaches to poverty. Three-fourths of the population of Sevilla is said to live on the equivalent of a dollar a day, but it must be remembered that a dollar goes far in Spain. The Spanish temperament, profoundly cynical and realistic, instantly responsive to the ludicrous, with the inherited fatalism of its Moorish stock, can take poverty in its stride. There is perhaps less snobbery than in any European country. A man's dignity derives from himself, not from his circumstances. It is, no doubt, for this reason that one meets in

every class, from highest to lowest, beautiful manners—which, it may be added, seem suddenly to blossom in adolescence; for the Spanish child, since the secularization of the schools, is the greatest little ruffian in the world until, at twelve or thirteen, the change takes place, almost literally overnight, and the brawling, stone-throwing urchin of the alleys becomes *caballero*.

Different Types of Climate

The climate is another factor which makes poverty endurable. Granted it is a climate of violent extremes, particularly on the Castilian plateau, where the long, intolerable winter is followed by the savage drought of summer, and the climate of the capital is one of the most detestable in Europe. Here you get a race which is the antithesis of the southern Spaniard: dour, harsh, taciturn.

But as one travels towards the northern seaboard, both climate and character become temperate, while east and southward there is at least the illusion of perpetual sun. The winter is short and fierce, but the Spanish peasant knows nothing of the soul-destroying procession of rains, mists, winds and fogs that torments his British counterpart. Sancho Panza's saying, "There is always the sun on the wall", is the summary of his countrymen's philosophy, and the summary of a country which produces more than 85 per cent. of its own sugar (cane and beet); grapes—of which the finest, the malagueño muscatels, are too delicate to export, except as raisins. the best oranges and lemons in the world; and olives, of which it is said that the only genuine Queen olives are produced within sight of the Giralda at Sevilla, and that "oil in the cellar is like gold in the bank". These, the tobacco plantations and the cattle-



breeding ranches account for most of the agricultural population of Spain; their full exploitation, as appears inevitable in the case of every Spanish industry, has been tragically interrupted by the political upheavals which have periodically wrecked the country, and destroyed the landowner without appreciably improving the situation of the worker.

To return to what we may call the sub-labouring class; there are scores of tiny occupations which keep their practitioners just on the near side of the starvation line. Among the clusters of bootblacks in attendance at every

café, a hunchback makes the most money, for people will give an extra penny for the privilege of touching his hump, for luck.

Then, too, there are always the sellers of sweet almonds, of jasmine blossoms mounted like perfumed snowballs on split straws, of lottery tickets—the revenue gained by the state lotteries amounts to millions in the year. And there are the hosts of itinerants, from the sandwichman on stilts, the youth with men's ties slung in bunches from a coat-hanger, to the shrimp, water and gaseozas sellers—gaseozas being effervescent drinks and very popular.

Why, it may be asked, spend so much time describing these non-descripts? It is because, although non-descript, they are anything but nonentities in the Spanish picture. When a man cleaning your boots suddenly lifts his head to look at you with the face of the dead Count of Orgaz; when a dirty-faced child fixes upon you the imponderable gaze of a Velasquez *infanta*, you realize that there is, in these people, none of the humble, background-like quality of the English poor. The vinestock is there—*la pura cepa*—though the dregs have been trodden from it by time and circumstance. Here is the true Spain, not the travel-agency Spain with its regional costumes (never seen except at festival time, or at some local *romería*), its combs and mantillas (save in Sevilla, reserved for Easter, or for an important bullfight), its embroidered shawls, which have become almost a livery of gipsies and dancing girls. These are no essential part of the modern Spain.

Colourful Costume Survivals

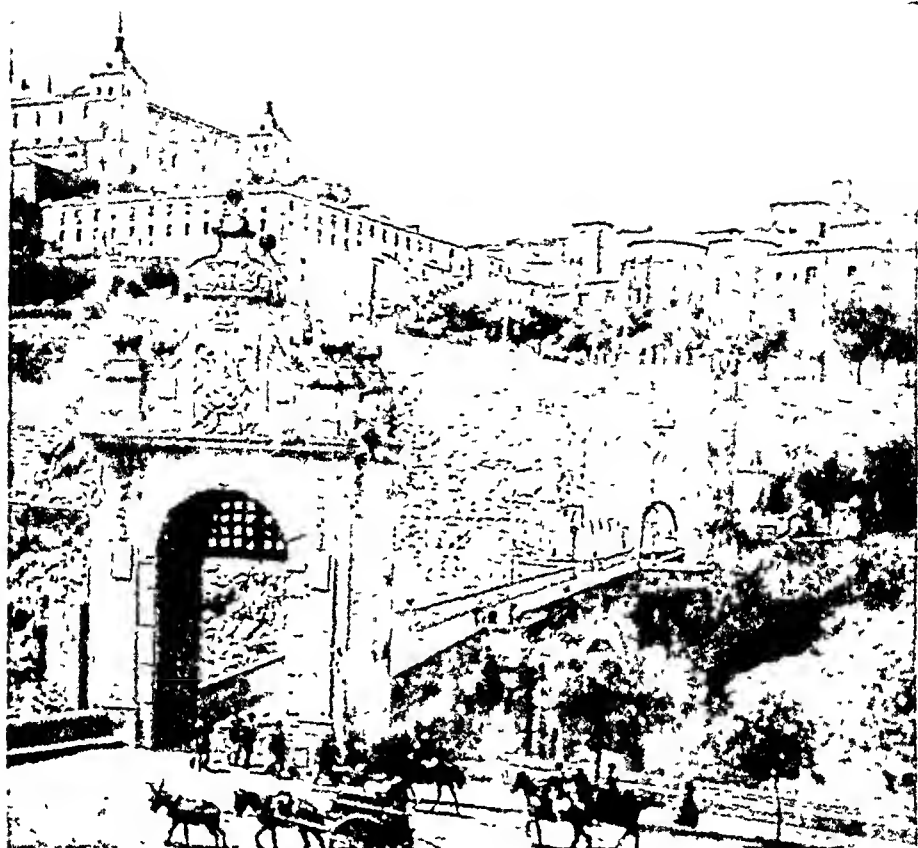
A few touches of costume survive, in the handsome, broad-brimmed Cordobés hats and the long, cloth capes, faced with dark green, blue or wine-coloured plush, which are still worn by men in cold weather; these are as practical, for their purpose, as the shepherds' sheepskin mantles or the beret of the windy north. The Andalusian riding costume, with short coat, tight, high-waisted trousers and flat-brimmed plush hat is worn by a few young bloods of the south; there are the fine, flaring leather chaps of the ranchers, and there is, of course, the bullfighter's costume, worn only in the ring, a relic of medieval grandeur. Black is the universal colour for women's wear, as it is in any Latin country where mourning is strictly

observed, and where a woman, if she belongs to a large family, may never own a coloured gown from the day she leaves school to the night of her burial.

Radio Ever-Popular

What is the outward and visible sign of prosperity in Spain today? Probably the radio. From the tiny southern *fonda*, sunk in its palms, myrtles and arums, to the workers' tenements of the industrial north: from the ever-open doorways of the labourers' cottages and through the *rejas* of seventeenth century palaces, now breeding grounds for a score of humble families, comes, at every hour of the day and night, the roar of Radio Madrid—always at full blast. The first thing a worker buys, if he strikes lucky, is a wireless set, with which he proceeds to advertise his success to the world.

• Luxuries, as understood by the English working classes, are unknown. In the stone sheds, wattled huts, cave-dwellings or ramshackle houses which shelter the inheritors of the glory that was Spain, sanitation is absent; the privy, if it exists, is a hole in the ground, the water supply is at a quarter of a mile's distance, floors are of trampled earth, windows, though shuttered, are empty of glass. Carpets and cushions are privileges of the well-to-do—although it is a poor house indeed which cannot, at festival time, hang its shawl, its bed quilt or its alpujarran curtain across the balcony rail; and the flat brass bowl, in which smoulders the heap of charcoal ash which provides a family with its centre of warmth in the cold days, when polished and hung up for the summer, is an object of beauty on which the eye of many an English housewife would rest with envy. Floors, in the south, are of stone or marble; north of Madrid, they are of wood and,



BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA, TOLEDO

This very old city is washed on three sides by the River Tagus and peasants, mule and horse traffic here cross by one of the two old fortified Moorish bridges.

in better-class houses, often of most beautiful design

Almost everywhere the eye is met by the harsh glare of electric light, which has invaded even the caves of the Albaicin gypsies. It is as much of a mania as the radio: six, seven or eight bulbs are used to light a room that would be amply served by two, and it is a mark of affluence to leave lights burning in an empty room. (Not that the average Spaniard is spendthrift; he is what one would call near; but

he cannot resist occasional display.) The installation of the electric system, although efficient enough, is done without regard for finish or appearance; all forms of public service—plumbing, central heating, etc., where they exist—are carried out in the most primitive and haphazard fashion. One service is maintained, however, which sets a fine example; from any little village where the telephone is installed, one can get almost instantaneous connection with Madrid or any one of the larger

cities, and the transmission is excellent.

Let us turn from this simple world to a more sophisticated one: to one of the small university cities, with its three- or four-storeyed houses built round the *patio*, which is the typical feature of Spanish domestic architecture. The high street façade is beautified by its iron balconies and grilles, and does little to prepare one for a disappointing interior. Dark, overcrowded and tasteless, these bourgeois interiors depress one with their total lack of cultural evidence; they reflect with painful exactness the mentality of those frustrated women of the sheltered middle classes who, in harsher circumstances would, no doubt, have developed the nobilities of their poorer sisters, but who, without intellectual occupation to take the place of hard work, ferment an atmosphere of petty scandal.

An Average Couple

When the Señor Fulano de Tal (which is the same as saying Mr. What's-it) married his pretty, seventeen-year-old wife, her dowry enabled him to install a bathroom almost on the Hollywood pattern, with its modern *azulejo* tiling, its chromium fittings, its matching tub and bidet. There was some talk of doing-over the kitchen, but as the señora had no intention of doing her own housework, and servants are only savages who spoil everything, a fresh coat of whitewash was considered sufficient, and the ancient charcoal stoves, the open range, were left as they were in the days of Don Fulano's grandmother.

Punctually, nine months from the wedding, the first of the little Fulanos arrived, and the señora settled down placidly to the succession of pregnancies, miscarriages and births which continued until Don Fulano exhausted the attractions of his home and sought

fresh woods and pastures new for the exercise of his roving fancy. The señora whimpered a little, but soon resigned herself to the inevitable. She is, after all, a very lucky woman; her husband's wholesale fish business is very prosperous, and his agency in wines brings in agreeable emoluments. He does not complain of her extravagance in dress, of the money she fritters in manicure, hair-dressing, perfumes, cinema seats, toys for the children and sweets, sweets, sweets!

Although a bare five feet two in her high heels, the señora now weighs a good twelve stone; her once lovely eyes are sunk in the fat white paste of her cheeks; she never moves unless she is obliged, and then only to switch on the radio a little louder, or to reach the dish of *turrónes* which is always at her elbow. She adores her family; she has even learned to live at peace with the five or six old women of her husband's family who, as their own homes have failed them, have taken for granted their welcome under Don Fulano's roof; and they have learned that she is to be trusted, that she does not make confession an occasion for meeting a lover, or give sly signals from her balcony to strangers in the street. Food, sleep and the children; with these Donna Fulano de Tal is content.

Conflict of Two Generations

The most striking thing in such a household is the tremendous gap of outlook between the older and younger generations. The influences of the modern school and the university have torn the young people away from the family root without, as yet, providing them with roots of their own. Shadowed by a continual disapproval, they form their own little coteries, to discuss economics, politics, literature and art, and view with horror the superstitions

of their parents. It is the ancient struggle of modernism against tradition, given a sharper angle by the strength and tenacity of the tradition itself.

The girls roll their socks round their sturdy brown ankles, bob their hair, wear (on formal occasions) the hat—almost universally unbecoming to Spanish women. They go, in each other's company (for they dare not yet make the supreme act of defiance in accepting the escort of a boy) to the cinema, to a concert; on their holidays, they play tennis, dance, swim and lead in most respects the normal life of their age. Their mothers fret, but not unduly; for they are convinced that the right young man has only to appear for Juanita to forget her foolish, modernistic affectations. Their optimism is more often than not justified; after genera-

tions of repression, the feminine temperament does not lend itself to prolonged rebellions, the average girl of middle class family, when trained for a profession, has not that steadfastness of purpose which leads to final emancipation. And perhaps this is as well, for in all Spain there is no lonelier being than the female intellectual.

Yet there will be a difference between the young wives and mothers of the rising generation and those of the "risen" one. If Juanita follows the confident prediction of her family, and gives up her studies for marriage, she will not be content, with the birth of her children, to resign all but the sexual claim on her husband's attentions. She means to change all that, and her success will depend partly on her tenacity, and partly on her power to



OLIVE HARVEST

With olive groves making a rich and colourful background, these harvesters return to their sun-scorched village, their baskets full of this luscious fruit.

counteract the influences of her relations-in-law, who will pity her husband for marrying a modern wife; but it will never be complete, for Spain belongs, triumphantly, immortally, to its masculine population.

One meets that masculine domination on the street, at the café, in the theatre; in the slow, considering glance, in the muttered compliment, in the mere bearing of the male who, whether in the stained cottons of the landworker, the factory-hand's oily dungarees or the fine black broadcloth of the office, subtly conveys his superiority to the sex which exists by his pleasure. In him, seemingly, is born that sensitiveness, less of the intellect than of the intuition which, omitted or repressed in the female, governs his appreciation

for all the arts in which his countrymen excel.

The mature Spaniard's passion for *flamenco*, for the guitar and for the bullfight is stronger than the passion for women which he has fully exploited in his youth.

The bullfight has for centuries employed great numbers as breeders, stock-keepers, ranch hands, bullring personnel, agents and the bullfighters themselves; its decline has been attributed to inferior breeding, mercenariness and to a lack of great national personalities in the ring. Football has usurped its popularity with the younger sporting set. But to see the Spaniard at his physical best one must travel north to see the ball game of the Pais Vasco—the Spanish Basque country.



LÉON, IN OLD CASTILE.

It is festival day and the women, dressed in all their finery, perform traditional dances. Spaniards are passionately fond of singing, dancing and the bullfight.



PACKING ORANGES

These Spanish girls are wrapping each golden fruit in paper ready for export. Seville oranges are a very bitter variety but are peerless for marmalade-making

For muscular agility, speed, brilliance and grace no European game compares with it. Apart from the professionals whose careers, owing to the strenuous character of the game, are much shorter than those of European tennis aces, the best to watch are the Pyrenean smugglers who, with shoulder muscles enormously developed by the loads they carry through the mountains, and right hands swollen to twice the size of the left (for theirs is the true game, played barehanded instead of with the claw-shaped basket used by the professionals), infuse the game with a spirit of battle that extends to the yelling, gambling audience. As on the northern side of the Pyrenees, every village has its *pelota* court, where every man, from the priest, *alcalde* (or mayor) and schoolmaster to the smallest urchin,

cultivates his strength, his speed and the quickness of his eye. It is a game too strenuous for the more languid south where, except for exhibition matches at Sevilla, it is not generally seen.

In this brief, attempted panorama of a few aspects of a few Spanish people, members of the most highly individualized race in the world, where one province is to another as a foreign country, where the south is differentiated from the north not merely geologically, but by its language (for you could not offend an Andalusian more deeply than by suggesting that his *andaluz* is a dialect of the *castellano*), it has not been possible to give more than a blurred picture, a few shades of atmosphere rather than a collection of facts: just enough, perhaps, to show the colour of modern Spain.



WOMEN'S WORK

As in all southern countries, women do much of the heavy work : in Oporto harbour, they are to be seen carrying baskets of fish, or coal, balanced on their heads.

PORTUGUESE PEASANTS

Alemtejo, the granary of Portugal: labourers in the cork forests: Portugal an agricultural country. the peasant's life and diet: illiteracy of the peasantry: their high artistic sense: feast days: the British Alliance: festivals and pilgrimages: a small country with a great lustre

IT is January in Alemtejo. Spring comes early to these flat southern lowlands, the granary of Portugal and its largest province. The shallow valleys in the stragglng cork forests are warm as an English June. The air is fragrant with the scent of wild thyme and the smoke of newly-burned scrub fires.

About thirty girls, recruited from local hamlets, are clearing the undergrowth from the property of a Lisbon cork merchant. Armed with short scythes and a cheerful serenity, they attack the stubborn scrub with quick powerful strokes. Their voluminous striped skirts are bunched up round their knees like bloomers. Handkerchiefs in designs of red, blue and yellow are crossed over their breasts, and similar ones are knotted under their chins beneath the round black felt hat worn so widely by the Portuguese peasant women. Bending and swinging rhythmically, they move across the waist-high scrub easily and gracefully.

There is a short pause at rare intervals, and a girl swings out of the line, to return bearing a large glistening pitcher on her head. Backs straighten and the swish of scythes is changed to an urgent patter of voices as the *bilha* of water is passed rapidly along the line. At noon there will be a longer interval for *almogo* (lunch)—a savoury bean or rice stew now being prepared in one of the sheltered hollows by a girl whose culinary prowess has earned her the job of cook.

From the higher slopes of the forest where the cork trees (gnarled and twisted as those of an enchanted forest in a child's fairy book) grow more thickly, echoes the clang of axes. With the waking of the year, the ancient forest has sprung to life, and pruning is in full swing. This is carried out by skilled teams of labourers whose fathers and grandfathers knew these same forests. Unlike the bands of workmen recruited locally for the corn and olive harvests, these men have come up from Algarve, the most southern province of Portugal. Their foreman (*maioral*), a fine rugged old type, knows the forest as he knows his right hand. He wears the sleeveless jacket of sheepskin typical of this province.

With the agility of monkeys his men swarm up the trees, and gripping the swaying branches with strong naked feet, swing their axes with easy dexterity. Later in the year, these same men will do the stripping. This is an even more delicate operation, for the cork bark must be cleft and peeled cleanly back from the trunk without injuring the core of the tree. The *tiradore* must wield his axe with the sureness of a surgeon's knife.

As the sun sets, the fantastic shadows of the trees lengthen, then fade completely. The girls make the long walk back to some solitary whitewashed cottage or the distant village, and the men return to their temporary camps. They will be back at daybreak, the girls padding on bare feet along the

**FISHER WIVES**

These women have a fine physique. It is an impressive sight to see them run barefooted through the streets, their baskets of fish balanced securely on the flat pads which



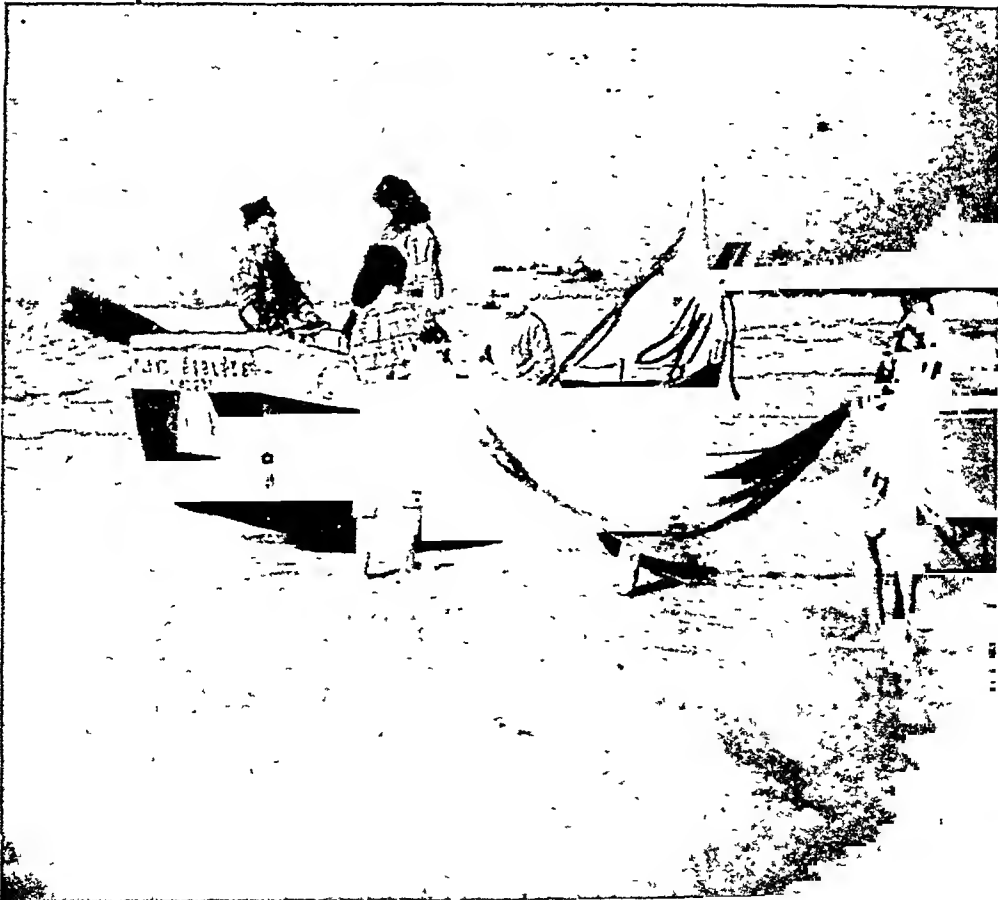
IN LISBON

rest; or their heads for that purpose. The view from the river of the white houses and gardens of Lisbon compares in beauty with the approach to Naples by sea

sandy tracks of the forest. A new day is greeted with the crackling of burning thicket, for their first task is to fire the dried heaps of yesterday's cuttings, the girls running from pile to pile with a burning shrub as a torch.

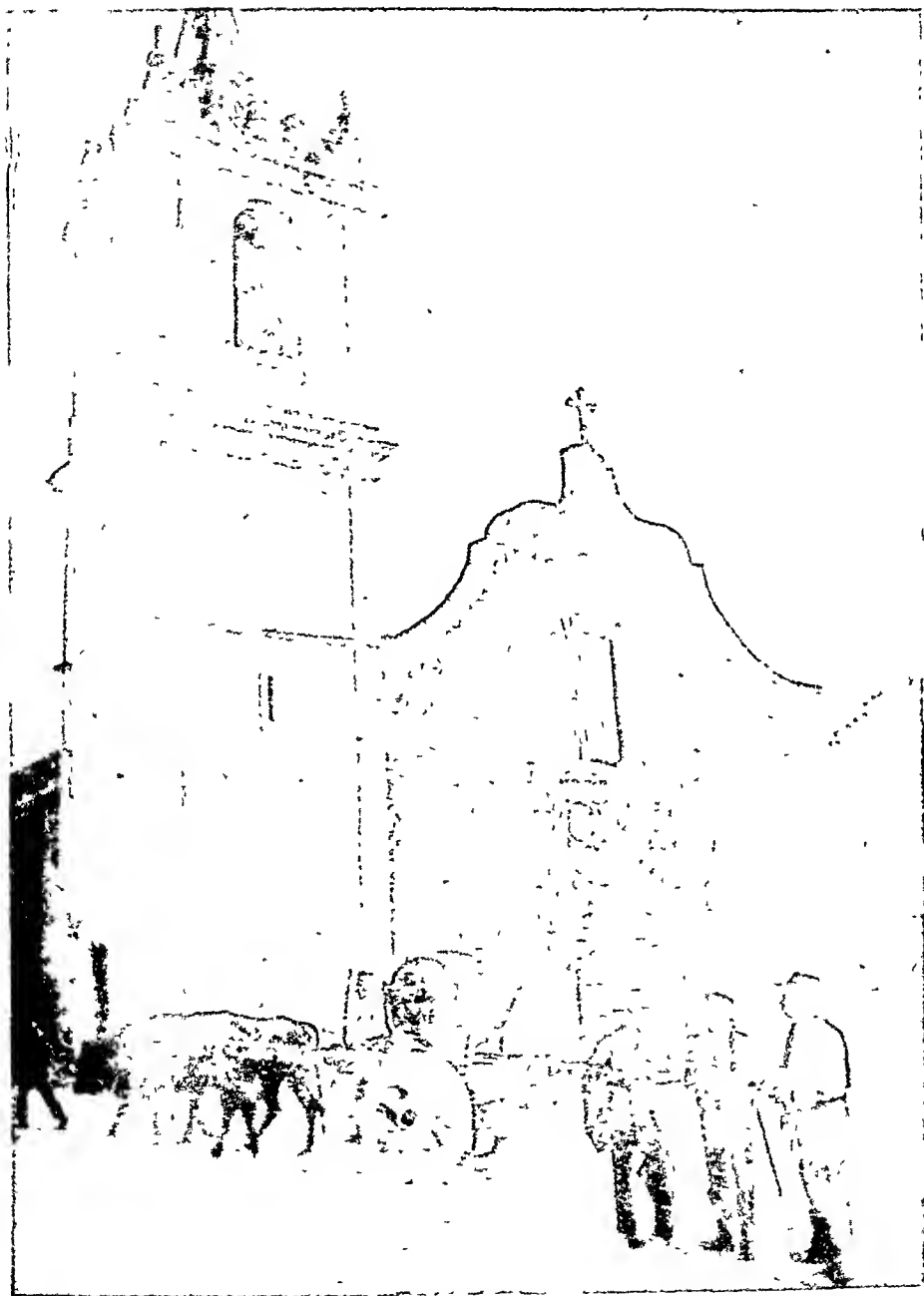
In the vast isolated forests and cornfields of the Alemtejo beats more strongly perhaps than anywhere the pulse of the Portuguese people—a slow unchanging rhythm beaten out through generations by the passage of the seasons, sunrise and sunset, a way of life determined by nature and accepted by a race whose roots are in the soil.

Portugal is essentially an agricultural country. There are no great industries and the average Portuguese is a craftsman or an agriculturist. He may have a smallholding of his own, or he may work for a *lavrador* (landowner). In either case his life is simple and without luxury. His wife works in the fields with him. They have a large family and the children, too, soon learn to be useful. A young boy makes a good herdsman, and will remain for long hours miles from any habitation, quite happily tending a flock of sheep or a herd of goats. Approached by a



PORTUGUESE FISHERMEN

Fish, especially dried codfish, is the staple diet of the labouring classes and the small farmers. Here Portuguese fishermen are seen preparing their nets.



BATALHA

The people of this little town, lying north of Lisbon and noted for its very ancient abbey, still use bullocks to draw their wine carts through the streets

foreigner, the same child will run screaming with terror from the unknown mechanism of a camera.

The family's staple diet consists of fish—mainly dried codfish (*bacalhau*) for they are far from the market—rice, beans, maize-bread, olive oil, fruit and vegetables. The *midday meal*, if eaten in the fields, is carried in a home-made carrier of cork. The meal at home is cooked in earthenware utensils on a charcoal stove. In Alemtejo, chestnuts, figs and an edible acorn are important articles of diet. Only on feast days are meat, eggs or chicken eaten, for these must all be sold at the market. Wine is plentiful and cheap, but there is no drunkenness.

Peasants' Artistic Skill

The Portuguese peasantry is probably the most illiterate in Western Europe, but it has a very high artistic sense. This finds expression in its handiwork, in the earthenware pottery (made in many parts in the small homes of the people) with its traditional designs of fish, cockerels and flowers, the black pottery of Beira Alta, which at its finest resembles pewter, and the highly glazed and decorative ware of Caldas da Rainha. The menfolk are clever cabinet makers and wood carvers. The women's deft fingers produce fine embroidery and exquisite lace. The goldsmiths and silversmiths of Lisbon and Oporto are crammed with fine samples of metal work showing a strong Moorish influence, and with handmade filigree jewellery. The latter is very popular with Portuguese womenfolk and the bride carries her dowry in the heavy gold ear-rings and ornaments she wears on her person. A bride makes the most elaborately embroidered sheets for her wedding night. Whether of linen or of cotton, she buys the finest her pocket allows

Ancient superstitions and belief in magic still play an important part in the lives of the people, and quaint customs accompany the important rites of birth, marriage and death.

Feast days crowd the summer months. The people are happy in their faith and a *bright feeling of gaiety* accompanies the religious festivals of the year. At the pilgrimage to *Nossa Senhora de Saude* (Our Lady of Health) at Penha Longa, in the green foothills of Cintra, the morning Mass is followed by a fair held in the overgrown grounds of a ruined monastery. The silent valley resounds with the music of the village brass band, whose stage is a decorated cart drawn by a team of placid oxen, blinking unconcernedly beneath flower-crowned horns. A gipsy fortune-teller plies her trade amid the boisterous crowd, while her lightly-clad offspring tread a gipsy measure to gain an extra *escudo*. The small sweet tarts of honey known as *queijadas* are in demand, and itinerant vendors do a brisk trade in trinkets, pottery and love-tokens.

In the wealth and beauty of ancient customs which still survive in Portugal, it is easy to forget the tremendous part played in the past by her people in the shaping of the modern world. Portugal is a small and a poor country but she has a great history behind her. Her rugged coastline—a 500-mile seaboard flanking the Atlantic Ocean—produced some great discoverers of the world, and still supports a breed of courageous seamen. As a pioneer empire builder, Portugal had and still maintains extensive colonies.

Affection for Britain

The British Alliance with Portugal, which dates formally from the fourteenth century and virtually from 1147, the time of the Crusades, still means a great deal to the Portuguese. There is a real



GATHERING OLIVES

Portugal is the third olive-producing country in the world. The girls are placing the fruit in cloths and baskets before sending it to the mill for crushing.

affection for the English and it has perhaps been difficult to understand why it was that Portugal, an ally of Great Britain, remained neutral throughout the Second World War. The answer is not difficult to find when the state of Britain's preparedness in 1939 is remembered, but it is to Portugal's credit that her loyalty to the British Alliance was

declared repeatedly throughout the war and that every appeal made to her under the Alliance was honoured. The importance of the Azores, where a British aerial base was established in the autumn of 1943, cannot be overestimated in the closing stages of the Battle of the Atlantic.

Like other neutrals, Portugal prospered

OBIDOS

Peasants of this historic walled city wear the well-known black stocking caps

during the war years, but it was a prosperity enjoyed only by limited groups, and not by the people as a whole. As certain products (notably wolfram) assumed major strategic importance, substantial credits were built up abroad. Internally, the natural result of the presence of large sums of money accompanied by a growing shortage of consumer goods was an enormous increase in the cost of living. Transport difficulties arising from petrol and coal scarcity led, during the latter part of the war, to dangerous shortages of such staple commodities as olive oil, potatoes and charcoal (the domestic fuel in general use). At one time even bread was rationed. It was a hard struggle for the average Portuguese to house and feed his usually large family on the low workman's wage, a fact which no doubt contributed to the outbreak of strikes in certain of the larger industries.

The overseas credits built up during the war are likely to produce substantial changes in Portugal. The greater part of them will, presumably, be expended upon the harnessing of water power and upon the establishment of industries which have never been able to exist because of the absence of coal and oil.

While great advances are being made in the improvement of education, expansion of medical services, transport facilities, and other forms of progress, it is gratifying to find that the authorities realize the attraction of preserving the antique charm of individual localities. The guest houses now established all over Portugal are furnished and decorated in the style of the region in which they are situated.

In retrospect Portugal resembles an ancient patchwork quilt of which the



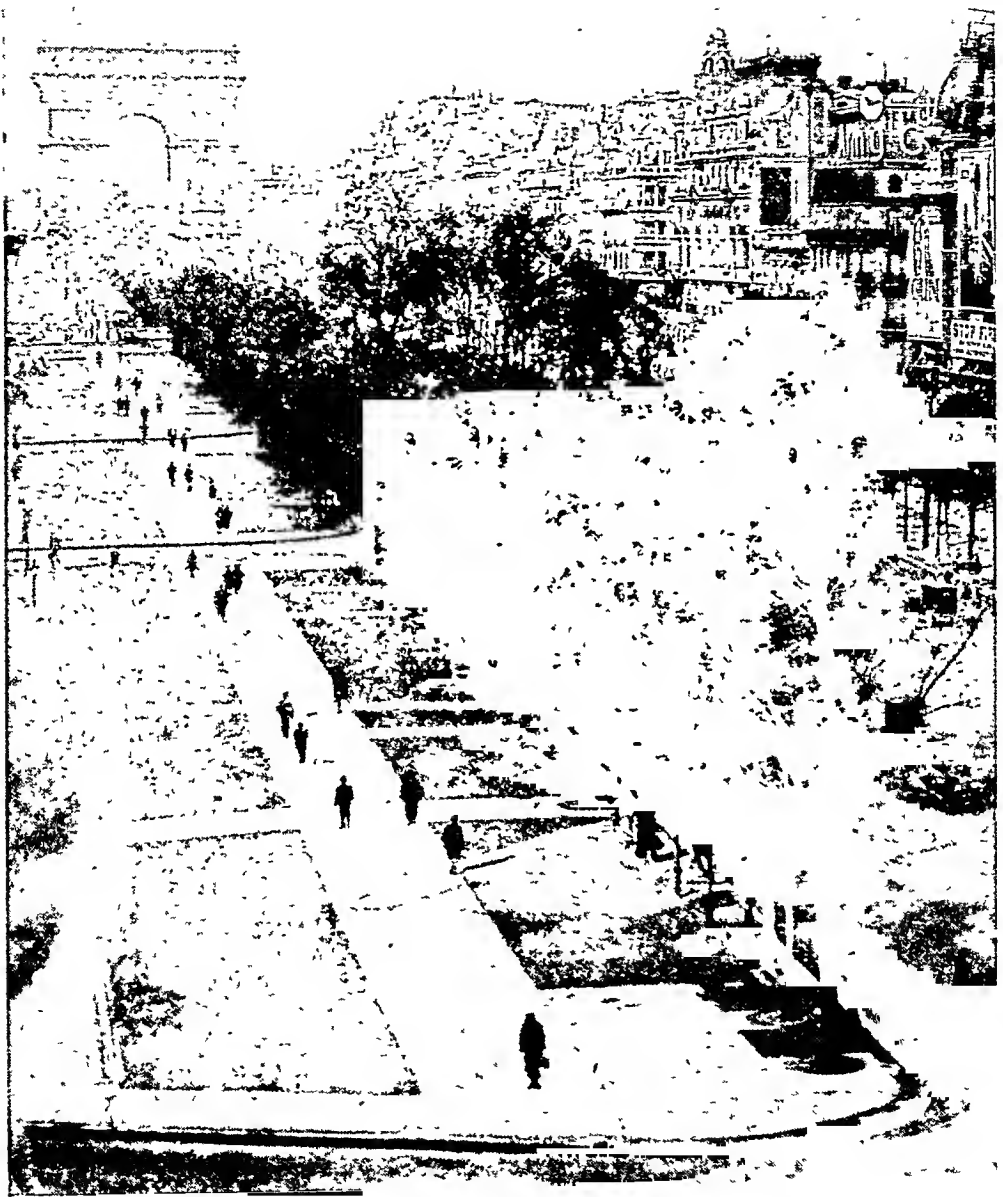
designs and colours of the individual pieces have remained unfaded through the years. Lisbon, with its wide avenues, its sophisticated restaurants and large blocks of flats, is a modern motif added by a later embroideress.

The people of Portugal spring to the mind's eye in a series of kaleidoscopic scenes at times almost too theatrical to be real; the harvesters in the Douro during the vintage, treading knee-deep



in the grape-filled tanks, stamping the rich juice from the bursting grapes to the accompaniment of shouts, songs and the music of the accordion; the handsome *campinhos* in their red and green stocking caps, scarlet waistcoats and black knee breeches, driving a herd of cattle before them as they gallop across the green pastures of Ribatejo; an aged peasant in Algarve turning his drying figs beneath an almost tropical sun; the

pungent smell of oil in a sardine canning factory, where the babies of the workers lie in the immaculate white cots of a modern nursery, the proud carriage and superb physique of a Lisbon fishwife, running barefoot through the streets, her basket of fish balanced securely on the flat pad which covers her hat—her shoes, which the municipal authorities have ordered her to wear, perched precariously among the fish!



STATELY PLANNING OF THE FRENCH CAPITAL

The French sense of order and beauty appears in the lay-out of Paris. The Champs Élysées, shown here, is a graceful avenue ending at the Arc de Triomphe.

THE WAYS OF FRANCE

Effect of nature and geography on France: all-pervading culture varies with the landscape and the people: the two outstanding traits of the French people, the life of the peasants, the countless small enterprises in France, the strength and vitality of France

NATURE has done much for France. If you climb to the top of Mont Valier, a peak that rises eleven thousand feet in the wall of the French Pyrenees, and look down, you will see Spain to the south—steep, arid slopes of rock and yellow earth, dotted with scrub pine. But to the north you will look down on another landscape, incredibly green; you will see the broad fertile plain of the Garonne and the wooded hills and winding valleys of old Gascony; on to the horizon and beyond rich meadows, fields and vineyards, and a glistening network of waterways. So men have known her for centuries.

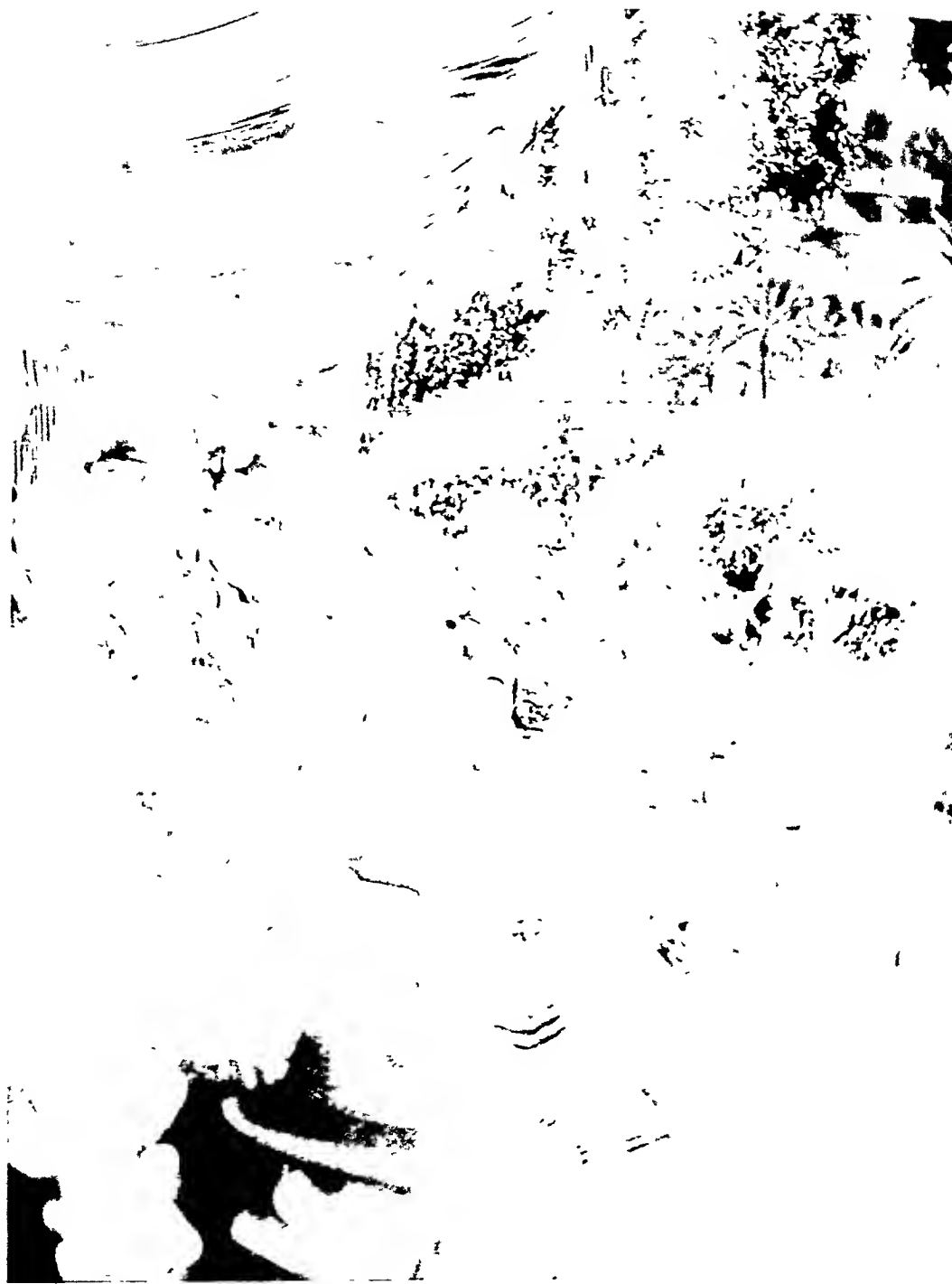
Geography has done much for France. Shut in and sheltered on three sides by mountains and sea, she has been like a *cul-de-sac* at the western end of the peninsula of Europe. Waves of migration and invasion stopped there and were spent. Men settled down. In a kindly climate and a fertile soil, seeds of civilization grew to a flourishing plant. This was true in historic and even prehistoric times. Where in Europe or the world did Stone Age civilization, as we know it, reach its highest peak in art and industry? In what is today France?

In France as nowhere else on the Continent, you sense the imprint and the pattern of a very old, all-pervading culture. It has nothing to do with monuments; it is in the people, bred in the bone and irrespective of class, a certain innate elegance. You sense it in the humblest things, the humblest details of everyday life. Stop for a meal

in a high village of the Pyrenees, or of the most backward regions of France—at an earthen-floor, blackened stone cottage, where living conditions have not altered since the days of the Romans. "We cannot offer you anything," apologizes the host—but no *chef* could improve on the omelette, cooked over the faggots in the chimney, accompanied by the famous—just hard sausage of the district pungent, somewhat acrid in a region where frosts come. The cloth may be of coarse homespun; it will be white and spotless, the glass goblet, the plates, the silver and forks, rubbed and shining. A simple meal will not only be cooked; it will be served.

Or perhaps you may be a guest in a foothill farmhouse at one of the great feasts of the year—pig-killing in January—when yards of new sausage and shrouded hams dangle from beams—or the local saint's day, when the whole countryside is *en fête*. There are gargantuan meals, lasting for hours. Yet you never see a groaning board, heaped with barbaric plenty. Course by course, the dishes appear from soup to coffee, and from the *apéritif* to the home-distilled *marc* at the end of the same ordered sequence.

You might repeat the experience up and down the land. In a farmhouse or a château, at a simple meal or a banquet, in cookery as in many other things,



• BATTLE OF FLOWERS, ONE OF THE
*Brightly bedecked with flowers and carrying young girls as passengers, these vehicles
make their way through decorated streets full of sightseers. After the procession,*



PRINCIPAL FESTIVALS ON THE RIVIERA

the flowers are scattered amongst the crowds and a mock battle ensues. Following this event there is always a carnival at which everybody present wears a mask.

of life, you will find that same fundamental elegance. The way you do a thing is as important as the doing, say the French. This is something more than tradition; call it manner, style—it was not learned in a day.

Different Types of French People

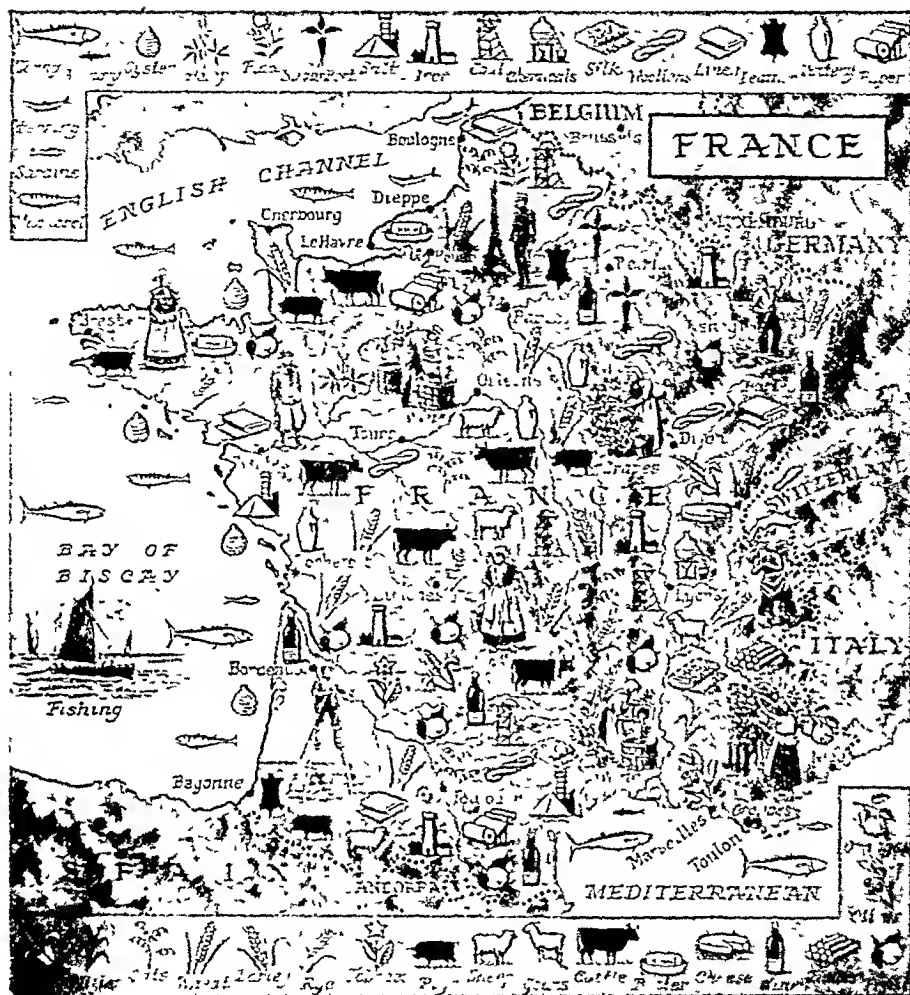
As the landscape of France is varied—its variety being one of the reasons why Frenchmen have been little tempted to travel abroad—so are her people. Historians stress their mixed origin—Celt and Gaul, Norseman and Frank, with a strong infiltration of Mediterranean peoples in the south. But you need not be a scientist to distinguish the sandy-haired Norman, the blue-eyed, dark-haired Breton, the blond Alsatian, or the vivid, dark-skinned Provençal. And there is the strong-featured Savoyard, the burly Auvergnat from the central plateau, and the Burgundian, hearty and high-coloured from good living. Though Napoleon split the old provinces into administrative *départements*, their folk keep the old regionalism alive. Every region has its local accent, or its *patois* which may be either a border combination of two tongues, or a form of the old southern *langue d'oc* or, as in the case of Basque and Breton, a totally distinct language unrelated to French.

Yet for all their regional differences, a common culture has welded the people of France together for centuries; French is spoken everywhere along with the local *patois*, except perhaps by the very old in a few remote country districts. Diversity of origin—which heightens the differences between men and makes for strong individualism—and unity due to a common culture, characterize the French people everywhere. And Paris is the symbol of that national unity—Paris which draws its population from almost everywhere.

One third of the French people are peasantry. "Fully another third can still feel the scratch of straw in wooden shoes!" stresses a French friend. This is manifest exaggeration, yet it is true that a large proportion of the remaining two thirds of the population is only a generation or two removed from the soil. Ever since the French Revolution, there has been a constant movement of country-folk towards the towns, stimulated at first by the new opportunities and advantages which the Republic offered the common citizen. During the past fifty years or more, industrial development accelerated the movement. Many a farm in the less fertile districts was abandoned—in the mountains of the south and south-west, the heather-covered plateaux of Auvergne, and parts of inner Brittany. After generations of hard and precarious living, thousands of peasants streamed to the city—to become wage-earners, shopkeepers or, attracted by the still greater security offered by government services, to become clerks, schoolmasters, *gendarmes*, city police and employees of the P.T.T. (Post, Telegraph, Telephone).

French Thrift

Perhaps two outstanding traits of the French people—thrift and the haunting desire (almost an obsession) for economic security—may be a heritage from hard and bitter pre-revolutionary days. It may be that the French hatred of waste and extravagance grew out of the resentment of the under-privileged Third Estate at the spectacular extravagance of the old French court. Or it may be partly due to the innate craving for measure in all things, which is so characteristically French. Whatever its origin, French thrift is no empty word. The housewife adjusts her budget to a hair. She needs no inducement to prolong the life of a threadbare gar-



ment There is no art of preparing left-overs in French cookery There are no left-overs Salvage is an ingrained habit . . . the sheet of brown paper, the string that tied a parcel . . . has not everything its use? Characteristically, the French poke fun at this hoarding instinct How many times one hears the story of the odds and ends of string kept carefully in a box labelled "Worthless bits of string"!

But the stranger in France makes a

mistake if he sets down French thrift as avarice. In the average household, this careful habit of saving is by no means thrift-for-thrift's-sake. The household saves for something. Its members avoid squandering wasteful *centimes* in order that some day they may make an expenditure that counts—it may be anything from a holiday meal at a restaurant or a winter overcoat to the children's schooling or the bit of land and the little house in the country that is the



dream of every French working man: they save for a secure old age.

In the meantime, they make the most of what they have and live as comfortably as their income permits. France is a country of small salaries, but good food and a good bed are simple comforts which are—or should be—within the reach of all men. The Frenchman makes no god of personal comfort; money as such is rarely his ultimate

goal. Assured retirement has always been one of the chief appeals of government service—to be able to retire at sixty, when you are not yet too old to enjoy life; to settle down under your own vine and fig tree, free from nagging necessity. Free. . . .

Of the working population of France, the peasant was the first to profit directly from the changes which the Revolution brought. He obtained the

IN THE PYRENEES

Accompanied by his wife and child, the peasant farmer drives his cow through the peaceful village of Cambo.



French agriculture is the small farm.

It may be very small indeed. On the Brittany island that has been the author's home for many years, where the sea represents the chief source of income and the men sail with the Navy or the merchant and fishing fleets, they speak of one acre as an estate! Elsewhere, many a family lives on less than five. Nearly 85 per cent of the total number of French farms do not exceed 20 acres. Tenant-farmers are a minority. Some of these still work the land as *métayers*, with the landlord furnishing seed and stock, and the farmer paying his rent in kind. This archaic system, never wholly satisfactory either to landlord or tenant, is gradually disappearing. But neither the *métayer*, nor the tenant who pays normal rent, can be considered as typical of the French peasantry. The average French peasant owns his land.

In the past, there has always been a marked tendency on the part of French peasants to make each farm, whatever the nature of the soil, a complete economic unit. The farmer grows a little of everything—wheat, potatoes, green vegetables, for the family needs; fodder for the stock. He counts on his strip of woodland for fuel, his vineyard for wine, or his apple-orchard for cider. For ready money, he relies on selling a small surplus, or on some product particularly adapted to the region: dairy products (Normandy, Brittany, Savoy), wine and oil (Burgundy, Provence, Bordeaux), cattle (central and south-western France). This all-inclusive type of farming has fostered the independent spirit of the peasant, but his attempt to wring all manner of

land. He has kept it jealously ever since. In modern France, large holdings are the exception; country estates of the old aristocracy or the wealthy middle class rarely exceed a few hundred acres. Large scale farming is limited almost exclusively to the flat wheat-country of Beauce, the sugar-beet district in the north, and parts of the wine-growing regions of the south. Throughout the French countryside, the typical unit of



PEASANTS OF FRENCH SAVOY

*The mountamous region of Haute Savoie is cultivated as diligently as the lowlands.
Here peasant farmers are seen at work amid the beautiful Alpine scenery.*

crops from a soil often ill-suited to the purpose, has dispersed his energy and rendered his life unnecessarily hard. Moreover the returns have been small, he has had little money with which to buy farm machinery, even if he wanted to do so. Often he has not felt the lack; indeed, on his small fields, sown with a variety of crops in strips and patches, modern machinery would be well-nigh useless. He has saved his profits either to buy more land or, an equally time-honoured custom, to purchase bonds and other securities, as a guarantee against hard times. The small farm and the multiple-crop system, which helped to build up a strong, independent—and conservative—peasantry, are big stumbling-blocks in the way of modernizing French agriculture.

Old Fashioned Farm

The 18-acre holding of Jean Cérisol, a peasant owner in the green uplands of the south-west, is typical of the small, old-fashioned farm. The house, like most old farm-houses of the region, stands on a hilltop. The reason goes back to the days when the valleys, where the main roads lay, were often routes for marauding armies. The village of Montjoie, two miles distant, is also built on a hilltop. The reason for that is still more ancient. Montjoie, say the historians, was once Mons Jovis, a temple to Jupiter stood there in the days of the Roman occupation.

In feudal times, Montjoie had its château; the farm of Cérisol was part of the château lands. Today the château has gone, since the Revolution, the farm has belonged to the family of the present owner. Perhaps his ancestors lived there in still earlier times, as serfs or free tenants of the old Counts.

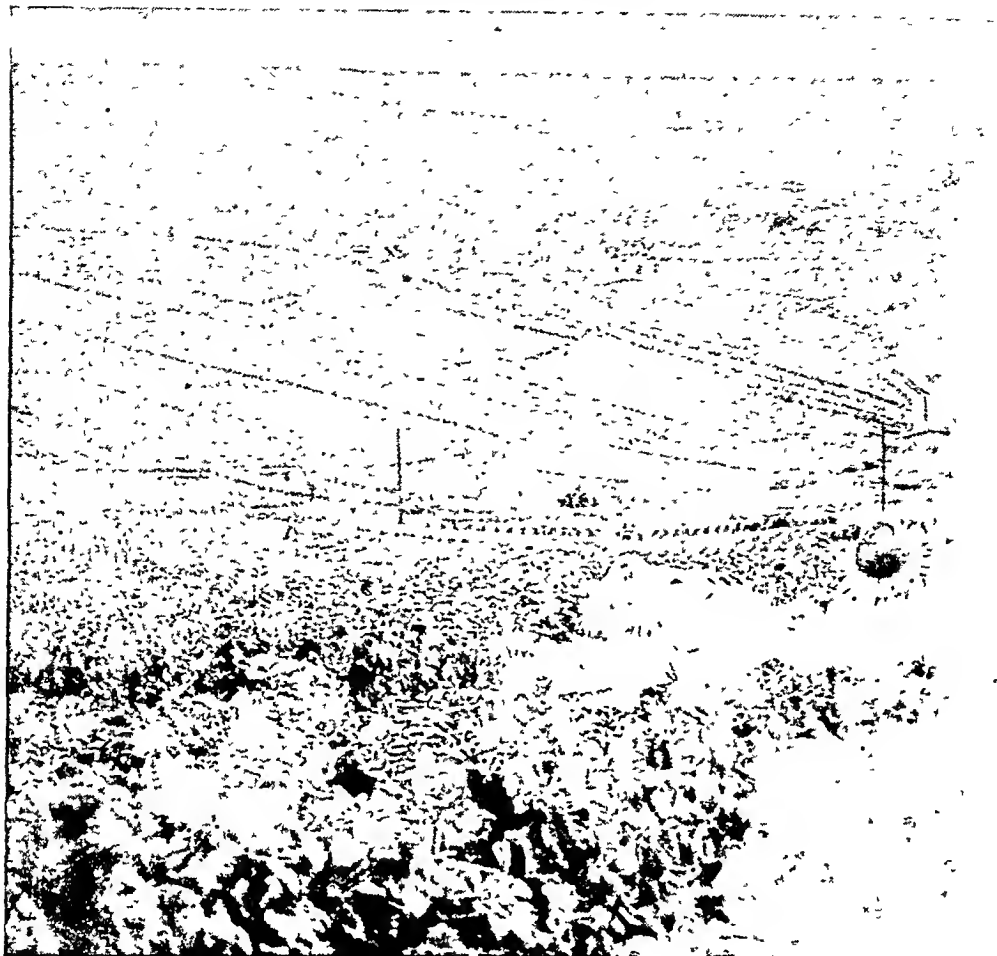
The main building of the farm is a long rectangular structure—house and hay-barn under the same roof, built of

rough stone faced with stucco, and roofed over with dark red tiles that with the years have taken on a brownish-purple tinge. As in all southern houses, windows are few and small, with massive shutters of unpainted oak to keep out the summer heat and flies. A grapevine grows on a trellis across the façade above the ground floor windows, its broad leaves and the wall behind them spattered a bright, light blue from the copper sulphate with which the vines must be sprayed to ensure a good yield.

Farm Kitchen

Indoors, the beamed kitchen has a floor of heavy walnut planks, laid down by Jean Cérisol's father over the former floor of beaten earth. Across from the door, is the fire-place—literally the fire-place since the fire is built on stone flags against the wall under the great projecting hood of the chimney. Marie, Jean's wife, does all her cooking there, in pots that snuggle close to the flame, or stand on iron tripods, or hang from the crane. On a blue-tiled table, stand a pottery bowl (the sink) and a big green jar filled with water from the spring. (The spring is an asset; nearly all the neighbours must haul water for their households from the river in the valley.) A long table, eight or ten straw-bottomed chairs and an old Louis XIII cupboard make up the furniture of the kitchen. In addition, two easy chairs—a gift from the daughter in Paris—stand against the wall. Jean likes to sit in his of an evening, by the fire, but not Marie. She prefers the low hearth chair by the fire.

Marie is little and dark and quick-moving. Her face is wrinkled, but her dark hair under the black kerchief has not a streak of grey. Now that the children are grown, she goes less into the fields, except at haying time and harvest, but she still does all the work



in the vegetable garden, and attends to the pigs and the fowls, in addition to the usual round of cooking, cleaning and washing. Once a month she trundles the family washing down the hill to the river where she scrubs and beats the linen on a stone slab, rinses it in the current and spreads it on the meadow grass to dry. The heavy homespun sheets were part of her mother's trousseau (linen of those days outlived its owners). When dry, it takes two to fold them, pulling with all their strength. Pulled and folded, the sheets are as smooth as if ironed.

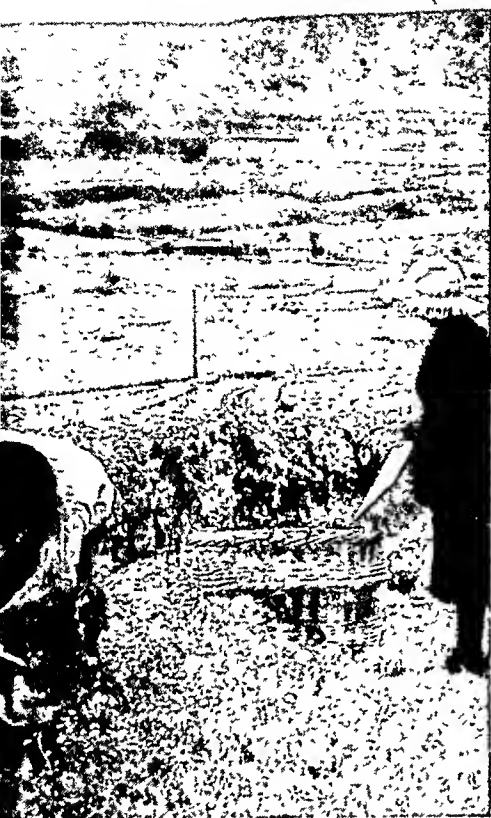
Jean, her husband, is wiry and lean with dark, hawklike features. (There

may be a dash of Moorish blood somewhere in his distant ancestry.) A vigorous man in his fifties, Jean farms his eighteen acres as his father did before him. Wheat, potatoes, beans, a little maize for the geese, grapes for the year's supply of wine. The salads, broad beans and cabbages are Marie's province.

In good years, he sells some of his hay and wheat. He also sells all the milk of his one cow. No one in the family likes milk, and surely you need no butter when you have good goose-fat for cooking. Jean sells the fat livers of the geese that Marie gorges for weeks before killing, pouring maize into their throats

IN THE MARNE VALLEY

The farmer and his family tend the vines on the hillside. In the distance lies Épernay, famous for its champagne.



through a funnel, and ramming it down with a blunt stick. The rest of the bird is put down in its own fat. A piece of goose and goose-fat go into the daily soup of beans and potatoes all the year round.

Jean's most valuable possession is the pair of big mouse-coloured oxen. One needs oxen—or a tractor—in that region; no horse could drag a plough through the heavy clay soil. Jean's pair of oxen are worth ten thousand francs, almost a third of the value of his farm. He raised them himself; each year he buys a pair of young *bros* and rears them for sale a year or two later at the fair. They are a good investment; in fact, it

was over the *bros* that Jean quarrelled with Armand, the elder of his two sons. Armand wanted his father to concentrate on raising oxen. There was land enough, provided he turned some of the fields into pasture. It would cost less labour and bring in more money.

More money. That was what lay behind it all, said Jean. All the new ideas about raising one crop—the easiest—and buying everything else at the store. Suppose the crop failed, suppose everyone raised cattle or potatoes and the prices dropped. Where would you be? All these young people saw was quick returns, quick money. And why? Because they wanted things their fathers never had. Clothes like city people, a motor-cycle. . . . Armand thought of nothing but machines, if he had his way, there would be machines all over the farm. As if you need machines, when you have a strong back and arms, a pair of good oxen, and heart in your work.

So Armand had gone to the city. He worked at first in a garage in Toulouse, then in an airplane factory. Someday he will return to the country, but not to the farm. He will open a little garage and machine shop, and tinker with bicycles, farm implements and lorries. And his shop will become a focus-point for the youth of the district and what Jean Cérisol calls "the new ideas".

Moise, the elder sister, left home years ago. She went away as housemaid with an old lady who owns a summer house at Montjoie. Now she is employed in a Paris dressmaking shop and has become so elegant you would scarcely know her—a true Parisienne.

With the two elder children gone, Jean works the farm with the help of eighteen-year-old Fernande and the boy Jeannou who is fourteen and big for his age. Fernande can do anything on the farm—she is strong as a man. Jean takes her with him when he hauls logs for the saw-mill in winter—another source of ready money. But all Jean's hopes are centred on Jeannou, a likely lad who has a knack with animals, and can drive as shrewd a bargain at the fair as any seasoned cattle-dealer. However, even Jeannou has not escaped the contamination of new ideas. When his father is out of hearing, he talks learnedly of cattle co-operatives and tractors, and he casts longing eyes at the schoolmaster's new motor-cycle.

New Stimulus to Country Life

Not all French farms are as primitive as Cérisol. It stands—and there are many thousands like it—at the very bottom of the agricultural ladder. Yet even Cérisol has electricity from the great power stations of the Pyrenees valleys, and many a peasant whose home lacks elementary comforts, owns a radio set. While the radio opens new horizons to the isolated farmer, the return of young men like Jean Cérisol's Armand, who have worked in the city, brings a new stimulus to the life of the countryside, new methods and a modern understanding of old problems.

On the eve of the Second World War, the wage-earners of France numbered roughly about eighteen millions. Of these, only a small percentage, little over one and a half million, were engaged in large-scale industry. Nearly eight times that number worked in small concerns, employing five workers or less. That is France: countless little enterprises, countless little workshops, turning out a wealth of articles with typical French care and precision.

In pre-revolutionary days, France of the monarchy counted a large population of highly skilled artisans—designers and weavers of fine fabrics, workers in leather and precious metals, glass-blowers, potters, cabinet-makers. The court and the aristocracy absorbed most of their output and set the standard and the style. Court and monarchy are gone, but France of the republic has maintained the traditional standard and style of French workmanship. In the industrialized twentieth century, the attitude of the skilled French worker to his craft is still very like that of the artisan of other days. It is not enough for him to turn out a given product with careful exactitude; what he makes must have finish, polish, line. A young factory worker standing before a motor of foreign manufacture, mass produced, on display at an exhibition in Paris was heard to say:—

"It's clever. It's cheap. No doubt it works well—for a time, but"—with frank scorn—"it's a poor bit of work."

That was Georges. You might call him an aristocrat, for he comes of a long line of skilled workers. He is a typical Paris worker—lithe, dark, with a throaty Paris accent that comes out strong when he is amused or annoyed.

Young Mechanic's Routine

Georges has been a wage-earner for twelve years. He left school at fourteen and served two years' apprenticeship in a machine-shop. Since then, he has come up steadily, working by day and studying through several winters at night-school, until he is now earning good money—nearly 2,000 francs a month as an expert mechanic.

The day begins early in the family flat. Georges brings up the day's supply of coal from the shed in the court and lights the fire, while his sister prepares his mid-morning lunch of bread and



AFTER THE FIRST COMMUNION

It is the day of the Festival of the Pardons and young Breton communicants leave the Church of St. Anne la Palud to form a procession in honour of the Saint.

cheese or bread and sausage. After breakfast—a bowl of strong black coffee and a big hunk of bread—Georges takes the 6.30 Metro train for the long ride across Paris to the suburb of Drancy where he works.

Each morning Germaine, his sister, does the marketing for the day—in the nearby shops or, three times a week, in the open-air market on the nearby boulevard. The daily meals vary little: a hearty vegetable soup with bread sliced into it, sometimes fish or macaroni; salad; and wine, of course.

Towards five o'clock every afternoon, his old father goes to the café, the

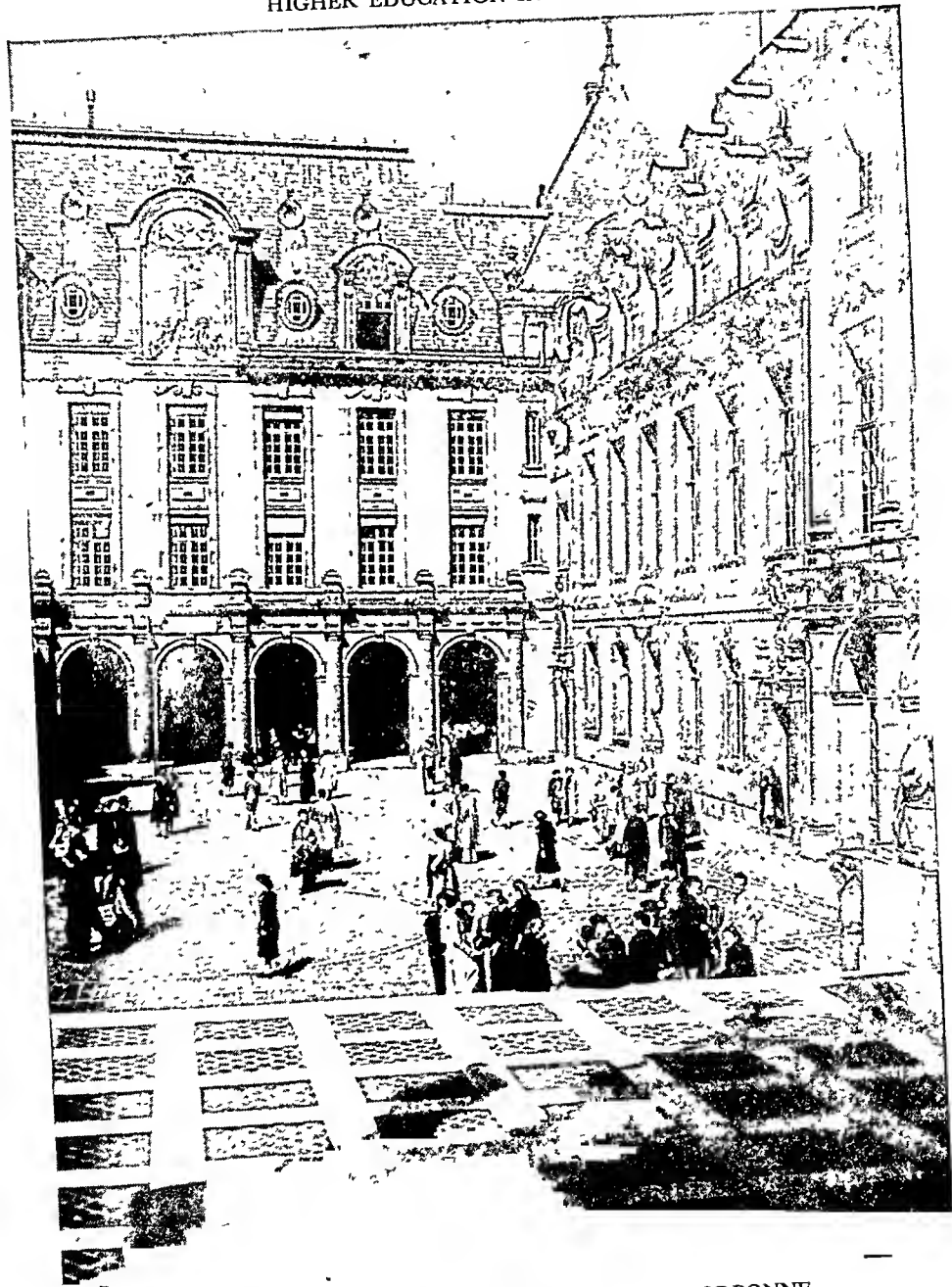
bistrôt at the corner, for a game of *manille* with a friend or two and to talk over the news of the day while waiting for Georges. On weekday evenings, the family is generally at home.

There is much in France that is old. But in her rich soil, her culture and the life of her people, the new grain germinates and springs into life with each new season. This is her strength—a vitality of the soil, the race, and the spirit, endlessly renewed. Bad years may come: the phylloxera may blight the vineyards: war may sweep the land from end to end. France resists and endures. France rises to new strength.

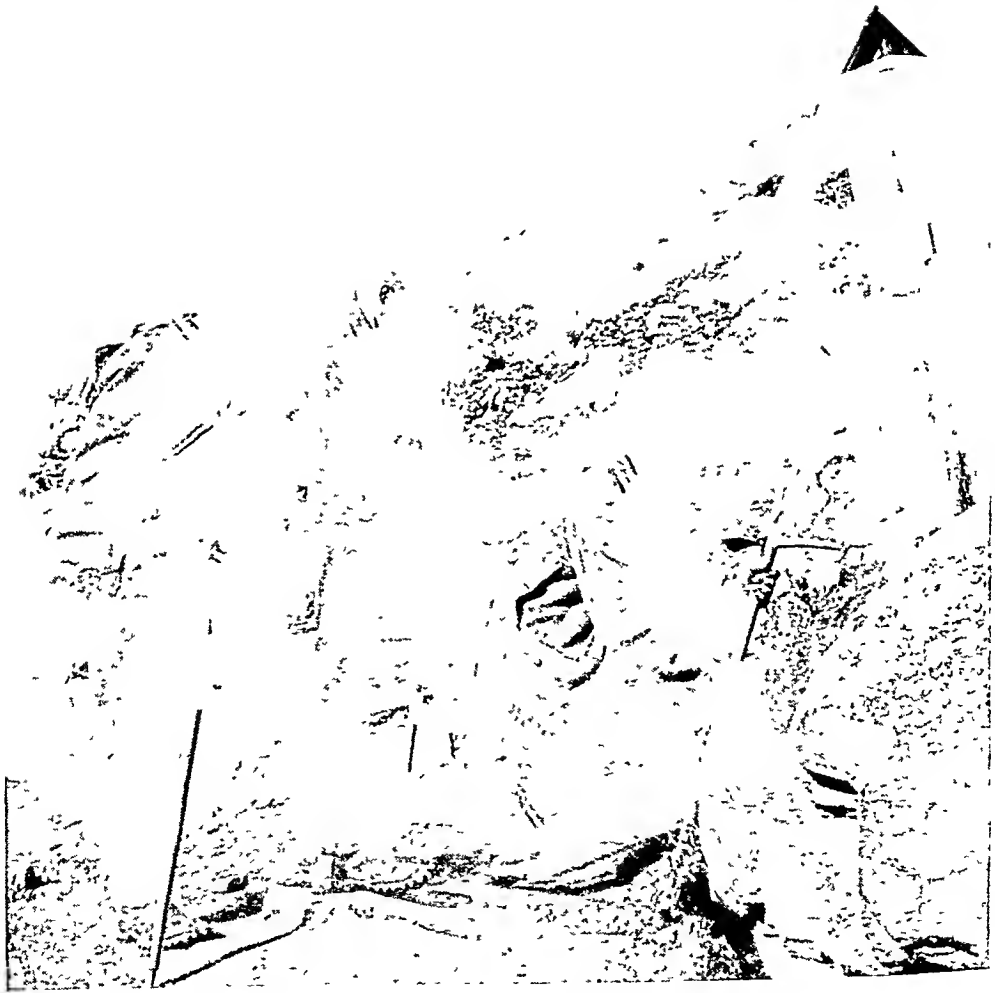


WORKMAN'S CAFÉ IN PARIS

Most of the Paris cafés open right on to the street; here you may sit down to a substantial meal; or you may linger over an apéritif, and watch the world go by.



STUDENTS IN THE COURTYARD OF THE SORBONNE
The Sorbonne, founded in 1256, seat of the University of Paris, is one of the finest University buildings in the world. Many foreign students attend lectures here.



WAYSIDE SHRINES

Before ascending the treacherous Matterhorn, these Swiss mountaineers pray at a simple mountain shrine. There are many such shrines on the mountain paths

THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE

Switzerland: its geographical position and racial composition. democracy of the Swiss people: development of the country's natural resources: the hotel business: healing power of the climate: life in isolated villages: the agricultural plains: lakeside towns: sport and religion.

LOOKING at a map of Europe, one sees a long range of mountains running south-westwards to take a sudden turn due south, like an elbow Couched in the joint of the elbow is a mass of high peaks and deep valleys through which flow rivers to all the points of the compass. At the source of these many large rivers is crowded Switzerland—a nation made up of three separate racial stocks—French, Italian, German Switzerland has no common language, but possesses four national languages of which at least three are spoken by almost every Swiss

On examination of the history of this amalgamation of nationalities, one would find that to Switzerland came a variety of political or religious outcasts, seeking security from persecution in a better world of their own making. What strikes and confuses a visitor most is to find three different languages, spoken, in their pure forms, by a people who are possibly the most patriotic and united in the world. Only by their patriotism and unity have these people been able to preserve their frontiers and independence. Undoubtedly the frontiers on the south, west and east are secured by the mountains; but in the north the plains are more vulnerable, and it is the deep-rooted unity of the nation as a whole that has saved it from invasion on this side.

The Swiss are a democratic people. Their democracy is, in fact, considered by some to correspond most nearly to the ideal of democracy. The Swiss

Federal Government consists of four authorities the Legislature, the Federal Assembly (the supreme representative body), the Executive, the Federal Council (an administrative body of seven members), the Judiciary, a Federal Tribunal, and the people of the Confederation

Every male citizen of the Republic who has entered on his twenty-first year is entitled to a vote.

Laws passed by the Federal Assembly can be vetoed by popular voice, which means that 30,000 citizens or eight cantons may demand that the law in question should be submitted to the direct vote of the nation, which may say only Yes or No. For the decision of the question a majority of both cantons and voters is required. This is termed the referendum, and it is always acted on.

It is natural that the environment of mountains should have produced a hardy nation, and one that can turn its natural resources to the fullest use. One must also remember that Switzerland has no seaboard and has to rely on overland trade with the outside world; so all goods produced have to face high transport charges, and must therefore be produced at low cost and be of an exclusive nature. The Swiss have found the answer to this economic problem by developing craftsmanship in manufactures, and high quality agricultural goods, combined with cheap motive power in the form of electricity. They have gone further than merely utilizing their natural raw



OUT TO PLAY

These children have finished their lessons and troop out into the sunshine for their break. They are well cared for by the nuns at the school where they live.

materials; they have commercialized their scenery, and in doing this have built up Switzerland's greatest asset, that of the hotel business. By opening the country to tourists, offering them fine sports and good accommodation, the Swiss draw people from all over the world at all seasons to their country; this in turn fosters the sale of material products, such as electrical and heavy machinery, dairy produce, watches and clocks. Ingenuity used in this manner can only be brought about by a strong nation, ready to be ruled by strict laws founded on a fair constitution.

Hotel Industry

To understand the life of the nation, one must understand how the austere mountains have been made to play their part in the production of the nation's wealth. Hotels are of all sizes from the small hotel *châlet*, on the shores of a mountain lake some 5,000 feet up, to the palace on the top of a mountain.

Let us first visit the *châlet* hotel, built on the shore of a small lake surrounded by tall spruce, and with a steep road leading to it from the valley below. To reach this romantic spot, one must ascend a narrow tortuous road wide enough to take only one vehicle at a time. To prevent accidents, the simple device has been evolved whereby the ascending coach sounds a horn and for a specified time afterwards no other vehicle may descend. Enough time is given before the ascent is made for any vehicle on the road to reach the bottom. As soon as the ascending vehicle has reached the top, a horn is sounded again as an "all clear" notice.

When the village is reached, one finds a number of small *châlet* hotels all much alike; often several are run by the same company. The summer

visitors make them their headquarters for climbing with guides, or easy walking, for flower collecting and lake bathing.

The *châlet* hotel is built of wood, with a wide spanned roof and deep eaves overhanging a veranda, which runs round the house protecting it against snow in winter and sun in summer. Inside is a long hall from which open the main rooms all with wooden panelled walls, and long french windows to the balcony or veranda. There is a magnificent view over the lake to the mountains. Everything is spotlessly clean down to the kitchen and outhouses. Upstairs are carved wooden bedsteads with feather overlays, but there are no carpets, only rugs on the floor. The food in this *châlet* is simple—meat at most meals, cheese of all sorts, fruit, plenty of butter, excellent bread, and some form of local wine. The manager who greets the visitor is a young man and this is his first job, but he has graduated in a hard school. As soon as he left school, he went to one of the capitals of Europe, as a waiter in a large hotel. Here he learnt the language of the country, how the people live, and what they like. He returned home to do his military service in the Alpine infantry, or artillery, but as soon as this was completed he was ready to take on a managerial post in the *châlet* hotel already described.

Manager's Ambition

It is to his advantage that he is married (and in fact young waiters, besides acquiring the knowledge of a foreign country, often also acquire wives of foreign nationality). The pair live in the hotel but, as most of the small mountain *châlets* have two seasons—one from the middle of June to the 1st September, and one from

1st December to 1st March—their sojourn in any one hotel may be short.

This, however, does not matter much to them as their ambition is to manage one of the palaces at a large winter resort catering for the winter sports crowd. To succeed at this important post, the manager must be a diplomat, a financial expert, and a first class organizer, imperturbable in any situation that may arise.

Life in Palace Hotels

Though the life of a small chalet hotel is exciting and interesting to the young manager, he finds something very different in the winter palace. Perched some thousands of feet up and reached by a funicular railway, the huge hotel stands, like part of the mountain, towering above a small lake, now frozen over, and ringing with the sound of skates and curling stones; higher up the mountain is the ski jump and the toboggan run. There is little relief from the deep snow in the landscape, with its ever changing blue shadows carved out by the ski runners, until the sun has set leaving the mountain tops glowing in a marvellous fire and the valleys shadowed in deep purple. Then life in the hotel takes on a brilliant aspect. The cocktail bar hums with languages of many nations; the dance floor is crowded with deeply bronzed men and women dressed in the latest Paris fashions; in the lounge plays a well known musician, engaged for a brief season. The care and organization of this gay holiday life is in the hands of the man who, only a few years ago, served in a London hotel and was pleased to accept a small tip. But such lifelong training is essential to those many young Swiss men who undertake such a responsible post.

The hotel business of Switzerland is

unique, because it is nationally organized. As the hotels are catering for visitors of all classes and nationalities, they are subject to strict supervision by a government whose eagle eye sees that the hotel business brings in a large portion of the national revenue.

The purity of the air has also inspired the building of large sanatoria to which doctors from all parts of the world come to visit their patients, and to consult with their professional brothers, many of whom run the sanatoria.

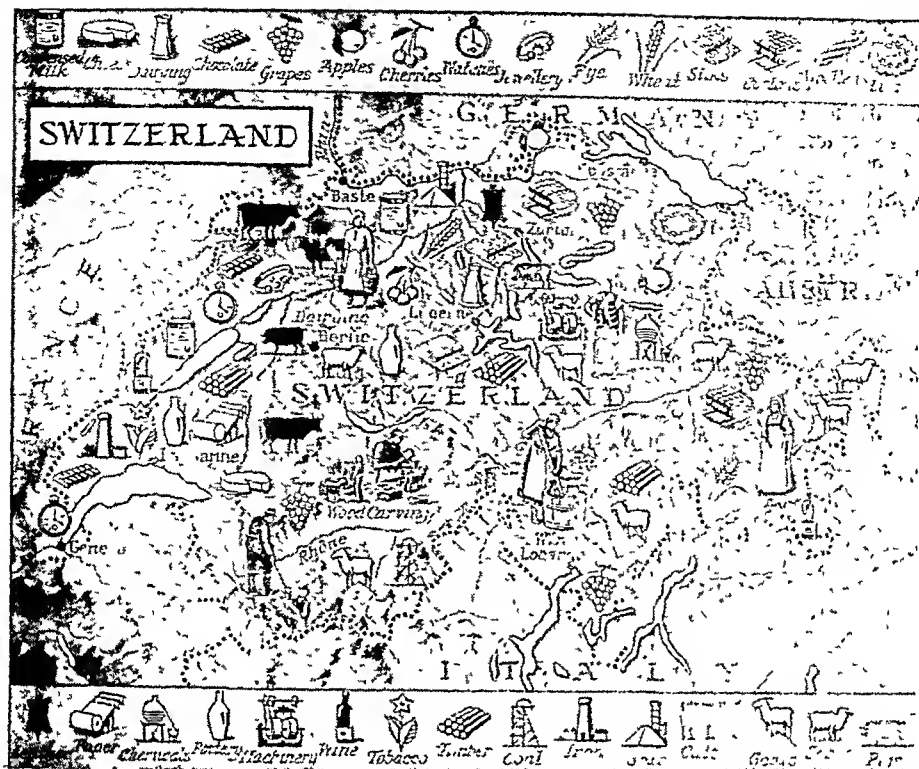
Hidden away in the solitude of the beautiful mountains are other industries, those for instance of forestry and electrical power. Thousands of feet up is a large lake whose outflow has been controlled to flow two thousand feet below to a turbine, generating electrical power, and then down again, a further two thousand feet, to work another generating station. This power is put to every possible use—driving the trains, the motors in the factory, the ovens in the bakeries, the power on the farm, and for every form of heating.

Forest Industry

The forests have been planted to produce all the woods necessary for the small craftsmen in the villages, and the bigger industries in the towns.

The life of the forester is possibly the most isolated of any; his work takes him away from the village for long periods; he lives in some small chalet or hut, where he devotes his life to his trees, planting, cutting, reporting on avalanches, which may in one fall destroy years of patient work, or fighting fires which spread with great rapidity.

The only man who knows, and one might also say has tamed, the mountains, is the guide. For generations he has handed down the secret of their moods to his sons. These guides are found in



the villages on any of the three frontiers, and it is a foolhardy person who risks a climb without the company of one of these grand fellows. Each has his own technique, and most are from families who have been guides for generations, for this is a trade which is jealously guarded.

Thus these lofty and proud mountains have been tamed to furnish the revenue of this small country.

The visitor, summer or winter, returns to his own country with an impression of a country planned to supply entertainment, sport and all things concerned with beautiful scenery. But he may have failed to see the small isolated villages which live a life that is almost completely untouched by the outside world.

Here dwell a hard-working com-

munity, living in streets of picturesque chalets. These chalets are traditional in design, proved by long experience to be most suited to the climate. The overhanging gables with their heavily carved barge boards, shutters with curved ventilating holes, and wide balconies and banistered steps are not merely a part of the glory of the 18th and 19th centuries, but are found in every village. The wide spanned roofs, with no valley gutters to hold the snow, overhang the verandas or balconies sufficiently to throw the snow away from the building during the winter, and to protect the rooms in the summer from the heat of the clear sun's rays.

These balconies, however, are put to a more utilitarian purpose than that of affording space for sitting at ease. In

the winter they hold the fuel supply in the form of neatly cut and piled logs, whilst in the summer much of the household life is centred there. Meals are eaten there during the day, and beds are moved from the rooms to the balcony at night.

The interior of the chalet has a large living room where in winter, when all outdoor work ceases, the family

gather to do wood carving, embroidery, and to assemble mechanical toys.

The food is of the simplest, chiefly dairy produce and some meat. Near the chalet is a cow-house, with stalls for the cows, and a long loft over it where the winter ration of hay is stored.

Everybody (including all the animals) is tucked away in buildings during the winter. But when the snows



HARROWING THE SLOPE

The farmer harrows his field himself as no modern machinery could contend with such steep slopes. When the hay is ready, the villagers cut it with scythes.



DAIRY FARMING

Switzerland is justly famed for butter and cheeses, the latter taking about ten months to ripen. Here they are seen haying their daily sponge while ripening

melt and give way to the green pastures of the summer, the cattle are driven up to the high mountain farms, which are usually just single-roomed *châlets* with a cow shelter. The cows have bells of all sizes slung on a wide strap round their necks in order to tell the farmer where his beasts have strayed. As soon as the pastures which have been reserved for hay are ready to cut, the villagers as a community turn out with scythes—no modern machinery can contend with the steep slopes—and the hay is cut. It is soon dried by the hot

clear sun, and is then put into piles until the sledge arrives. Across the sledge are placed two ropes and when the hay has been piled on, the ropes are joined across the top, so that on arrival at the winter farmstead, the electric crane that is in every barn can hoist it to the loft. As soon as the hay has been gathered, large barrels containing the liquid manure from the village cess-pools are brought up to the pasture, and the manure is spread. In a few weeks another crop of hay is gathered.

The life in these isolated villages is

a balcony, where the family sit in the summer. The children go to the national school where they learn three or four languages, as well as the ordinary subjects. When old enough, they go on to the university, to specialize in science, agriculture, engineering, and the hotel business. The boys have to serve their initial term of two or three years in the Army, and return to it later for periods of short-term service.

During school life and later years at the university, games figure prominently in the daily routine; football is of recent introduction, but the Swiss have always made rowing and swimming a speciality. The schoolboy or student learns to handle any boat from a racing outrigger to a cutter, and to be at home in the water should a sudden squall, rushing down some mountain valley, capsize the boat.

Travel by Lake Steamer

Business men, especially those who have to travel from town to village, often travel by lake steamers; in some cases these take longer than the trains (steamers sometimes taking a whole day to traverse the lake from end to end), but they afford the most pleasant means of transport. The captain brings the steamer alongside the pontoon or quay of the many villages on the lakeside: the business men disembark at one or other of the stopping places, and walk off through the tree-shaded garden alongside the lake; the various packages of merchandise, crates of vegetables, and even animals are quickly landed. As the propellers churn up the deep blue water once more, other passengers can turn again to the fascinating scene of mountains and small villages; excursionists on a day trip may lunch on deck at the check-clothed tables, and enjoy a meal of lake trout, roast beef, or veal, fruit and cheese washed

down with wine, and excellent coffee.

As evening approaches the steamer may take on board, perhaps at some small village landing stage, a party of young people carrying enormous bunches of narcissi, gentians, and other wild flowers collected on the mountain walk from which they are returning to the town. As the steamer thuds its way through the dark blue water, the young party make the mountain valleys echo with their song. On feast days, or general holidays, some big town will be giving a magnificent firework display, and the reflection of it in the water temporarily eclipses the last red glow of the sun on the snow-topped mountain. On the shore gleam the lanterns of the fishermen as they spear fish, and higher up the lights on the funicular railway twinkle ceaselessly.

The lakes have been harnessed to commerce in the same way as the mountain scenery has been exploited to the full.

There are many fine old historical towns in the country and possibly the most interesting is the capital city—Berne. Here a large number of 15th and 16th century houses form streets so narrow that small carts drawn by dogs deliver the milk, bread and meat, and no noise of modern cars or clatter of horse traffic on the brick-paved alleyways disturbs the student in the rooms of these old houses.

Town Life

Each town—Berne, Geneva, Zurich—is renowned for some special industry, and although thickly populated, it remains clean and without slums; life always appears to be a bustle; people go to work in the early morning before it is light, and at noon stream forth into the streets, most of them to go to their homes and some to restaurants for



GIANT COW BELLS

This man, in his picturesque costume, is carrying two enormous cow bells, these are worn by the leaders of the herd so that the farmer knows wherever they stray.

dinner, then hasten back to work so that they may be free early to spend their evenings in enjoying various forms of sport. Ski-ing and mountaineering are sports that are widely practised by the Swiss people. In practically every small town there is an Alpine Club. On Saturday afternoons parties leave for some remote village

where they will arrive at dusk; here they find guides waiting to take them up some mountain. The first part of the climb to the hut is done in the dark. After a rest, the party is ready to proceed, so as to arrive at the summit at dawn. Often these parties return home late on Sunday, having been walking and climbing half Satur-

day night and all Sunday, and are ready for work early on Monday. In the winter, snow- and ice-sports are enjoyed in the same full manner.

Besides outdoor relaxation, the student in the city has every opportunity to listen to good music, and at the same time enjoy his beer, and smoke his large china pipe. Theatres and cinemas are available to all. One does not see much of the native costume in the larger cities, but every canton has its own particular picturesque dress, which has retained its original design dating from the 15th and 16th centuries. The design of these costumes is practical for the purpose for which they were evolved, and it is for this reason that they have been retained in the country-

side, where progress from the town has not penetrated. The men wear woollen or cotton shirts, short breeches, thick woollen stockings and heavy boots; the women wear open-necked shirts, wide, heavily pleated skirts and, like the men, thick stockings and boots.

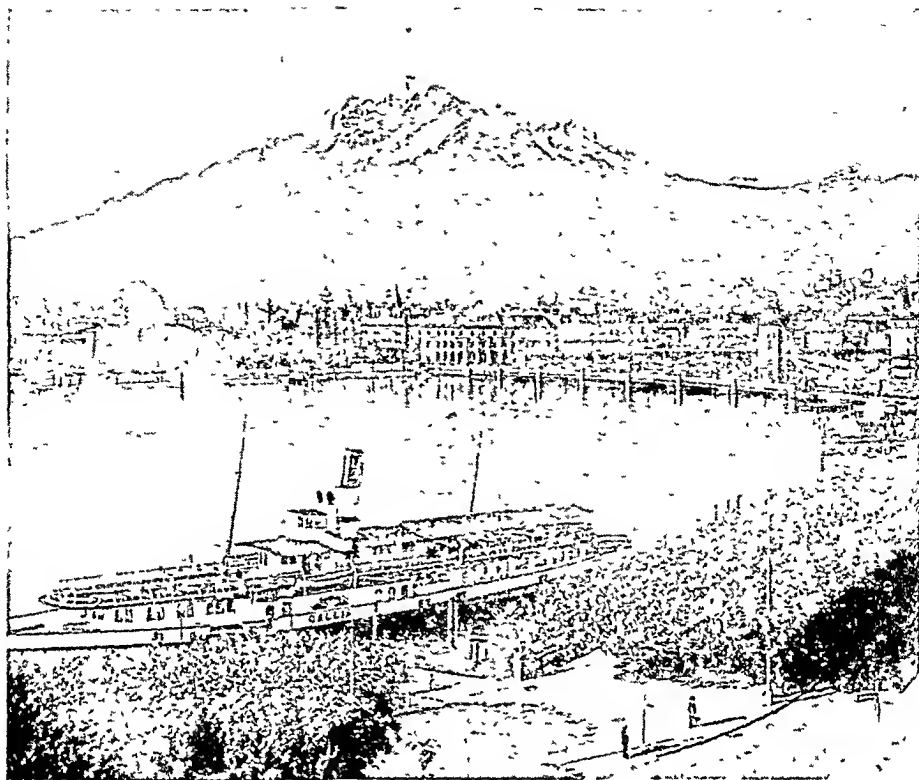
On Sundays and holidays they wear a similar costume, but delightfully embroidered, with stockings and buckled shoes. The design and embroidery vary in each canton and often in the villages of the same canton. In the cities, modern dress almost always holds the field, though there are many fine old dresses put away in chests that are brought out on particular occasions.

It is hardly surprising that, in a country where the grandeur of the



AN ESSENTIAL PART OF SWISS VILLAGE LIFE

Villagers hold their meetings in this little square which corresponds in importance to the English village green; the fruit market is set up here every week.



ON THE BLUE WATERS OF LAKE LUCERNE

Slower than the railways, lake steamers used by business men and tourists are a regular and pleasant form of transport as they reach more inaccessible villages.

scenery can inspire fear as well as happiness, religion should have a very firm hold. But there is no religion common to the whole country. Each part, the Italian, French or German, has retained its own, though Protestantism predominates. There are many simple shrines on the mountain paths, sometimes placed there to commemorate accidents. The churches vary, of course, according to the district; but they are generally simple in design, frequently of the chalet type, with thick timber walls, wide eaves and wooden tiled roofs; the steeple is short and holds a single bell.

Some years ago, the naturalists noticed that certain plants such as edelweiss, gentians and primulas were rapidly becoming extinct, the ever-watchful government enacted a law forbidding the export of any plants, though cut flowers may be collected.

It is natural that the Swiss are justly proud of their country, its beautiful scenery and all the jewels of nature that it holds. They will always welcome visitors and show their country's beauty, but at the same time, they do all in their power to prevent damage to the asset they have created out of barren rocks and deep lakes



MIDDELBURG, OLD WORLD CAPITAL OF ZEELAND

This housewife wears the traditional dark dress and ornamented cap as she buys her fish. National dress, however, is not often worn in many parts of Holland.

THE NETHERLANDS

A country wrested from the sea. Dutch homes and national dress. daily life: the importance of agriculture. bulb-fields and formal front gardens: family excursions: winter carnivals: skating: the barge owner: canals: enjoyment of food. St. Nicholas' Day: social divisions in Holland.

A FLAT landscape, divided by dikes and canals, straight roads bordered by trees, windmills on the skyline, bulb-fields and people in curious clothes—that or something near it is the picture which probably comes to most people's minds when the word Holland is mentioned. But it is far from being the picture that lives in the minds of those who really know the country.

Yet the picture has its interest because remembering it helps us to discover one of the most important clues to the Dutch character. In few other countries is there so close an alliance between the old and the new, so smooth a partnership between the traditional and the completely modern.

If an attempt is to be made to see twentieth-century Holland in one composite picture, it would be better to leave out the landscape and to think in terms of personalities; better to think of a man in Quaker's clothes or in the garb of a merchant captain (a trader or a craftsman of olden times), standing on the bridge of a ruthlessly modern motorship or in the centre of a mass production factory which he controls without the slightest suggestion of being out of his element; or of a woman in modern clothes in a modern house, who keeps on her walls the old paintings of grandmothers and great-grandmothers and in one of her cupboards an outfit of the national dress, which she never wears herself, and in one of her rooms an old, well-stocked linen chest of which she is as careful as the

great-grandmother from whom it has been inherited. Not that Dutch men wear the clothes of 200 years ago, except perhaps in some fishing villages, or that more than one Dutch woman in a hundred possesses either national dress or clogs, but in reading about foreign countries, or visiting them, it is the picturesque and the exceptional that one remembers more than the usual. Let us see then what Holland has to offer in this respect.

The flat landscape breaks into heathland in the east and into hills in the south. The windmills are closely linked with the very existence of the country, for large parts of Holland have been wrested from the sea by the people themselves. Almost a third of the national territory lies below sea-level and is kept from dissolving into swamp only by constant pumping. The windmills were the first source of power to keep the pumps going. Today they are largely superseded by electric power installation, but each one of the thousands of windmills we may meet serves an essential purpose. It is not placed there to look pretty, nor kept going because its owner dislikes modern progress. It does a job efficiently at less cost than any other form of power.

A Dutch home is the pride of the housewife. It matters little whether the house is in a back street of a large town, or built on the side of a cobbled causeway with the back seeming to overhang a canal; the housewife will, on every Saturday morning, perform the ritual

of brushing the whole front of the house up as far as she can reach, and even the pavement will be included.

Inside, the house will be as spotlessly clean, the brass and copper pans and jugs shining brightly. The stove, which burns peat, will be the most prominent piece of furniture in the room, often gorgeously decorated with tiles. Although unfortunately modern furniture has in general displaced the old oak dressers, whose handles and knobs vied in brilliance with the copper pans, the large linen press is still prominent. To prevent the linen being soiled by the grubby and inquisitive fingers of the children, and to allow for the proper airing of its contents, there is behind the heavy oak doors another which is carved and pierced with an interesting design. Such cupboards have been handed down through generations. In the kitchens it is common to find a large store of bottled vegetables ranged round the walls.

In at least one bedroom upstairs there will be a large four-poster bed, which may date from any period but will be sure to have a fine feather mattress, as will all the other beds. Rightly the Dutch housewife is proud of a home which gives such an impression of comfort and cleanliness.

National Dress

The so-called national dress, which is really provincial dress, survives to any considerable extent only in the province of Zeeland; and the clogs for both men and women had their origin in the marshy nature of the ground. When peasants walk on such fields, clogs keep their feet warmer than any other footwear.

The clogs have survived for so many centuries because they are so extraordinarily useful. Besides being practical for outdoor work, they are

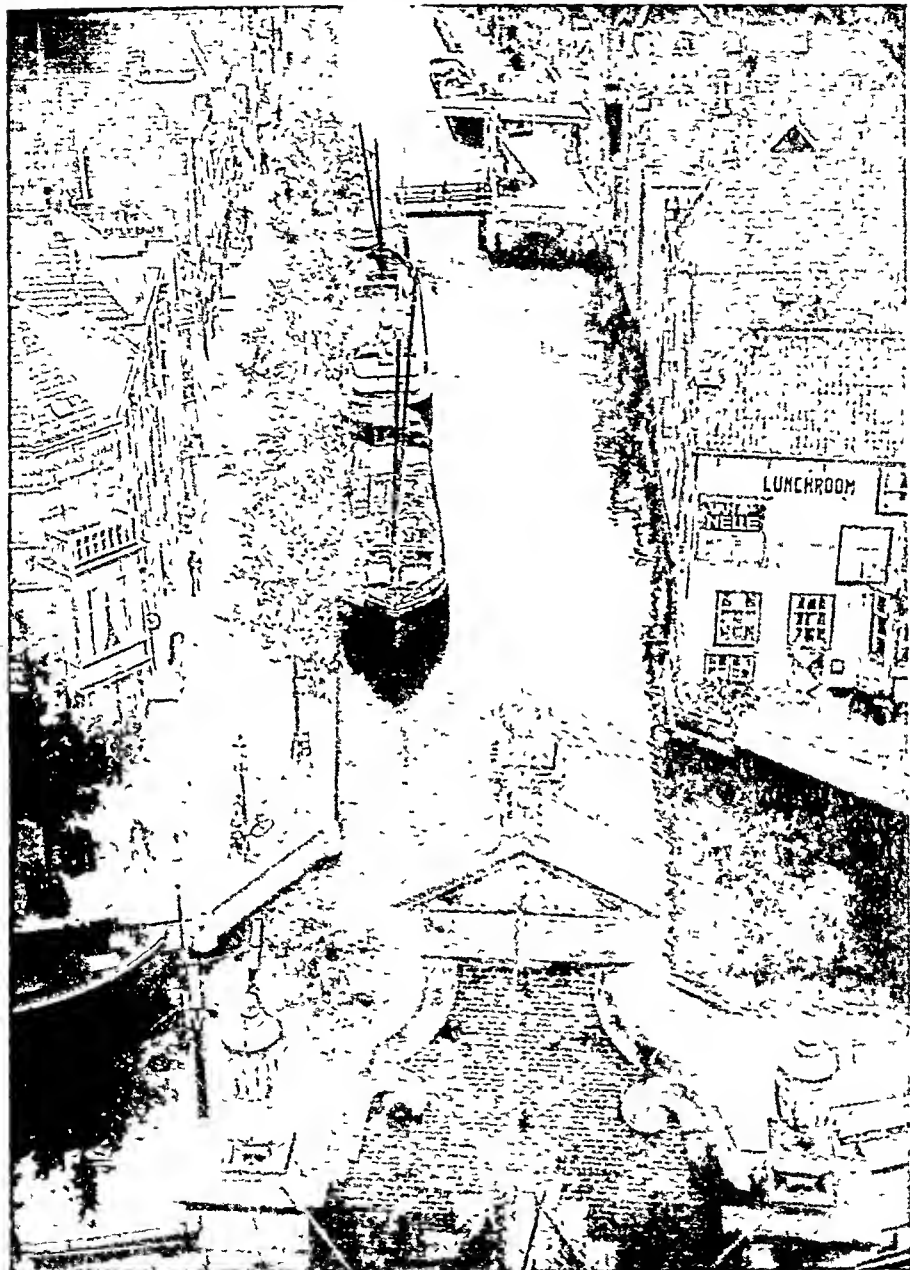
easily slipped off to be replaced by house-shoes. In cold weather, or if the clogs are a little too large, straw is used as a padding. The clogs are always left in the porch, and the passerby can tell who is *thuis* (at home) by the sizes and number of clogs that are left on the doorstep.

National Traditions

The only other traditional part of the Dutch costume that has survived is the metal-and-lace cap. This delightful relic of the 15th century differs in shape according to the district and even according to the wearer's religion, and it is often of gold and the lace of fine quality. When a girl is born on Walcheren Island, her parents choose a vase or bowl and everyone who comes to the christening puts a contribution into it, the god-parents generally giving a gold coin. When the girl is twelve or fourteen the money is taken out and used to buy the golden ornaments for her cap. These ornaments differ according to whether the girl is Catholic or Protestant, and they vary even from village to village; anyone versed in the folklore of Walcheren, therefore, can not only tell to which religion, but even to which village, a girl belongs.

Whether in town, village or farmhouse, the children start their day in much the same way. They are up early, and after a breakfast of bread, butter and cheese with plenty of milk, they clatter off to school. Those in the country who may wear clogs leave them in the porch.

The labourer's child will find amongst his classmates the squire's, the burgo-master's, the grocer's and the bank manager's children. All do the same work, each having an equal chance to get to the top of the school. At midday the children go home to a meal which is again accompanied by plenty of milk. Incidentally, most of them do the



ALKMAAR

People live in brightly coloured seventeenth-century houses on the tree-lined banks of canals in this town, whose name means "all-sea", north-west of Amsterdam

journey on bicycles, swelling that enormous stream of cyclists that swarms over all Dutch streets at the peak hours of midday and six o'clock. The return to afternoon school depends on the age of the child, and only the very young ones have the afternoon off.

If a boy is to become a farmer, he can study agriculture; often he returns home to persuade his father to try out the new methods he has learned, thus assuring the vital progress so necessary to a country dependent on agriculture for a great part of its wealth. If the boy is nursing an ambition to go to the colonies, he can specialize in tropical agriculture. A degree of Wageningen University will in that case do a lot to smooth his way to the managership of a sugar or rubber estate in one of the islands of the Dutch East Indies

Canal System

In a country where the canal system is as intricate as the English railway system, it is not surprising that a great deal of the transport proceeds by water, the more so since this is more economical than road or rail transport. This convenient water-way transport system is of enormous help to the farming community of Holland, and has a lot to do with the Dutch farmers' success in producing export goods at prices enabling them to compete successfully in world trade. The technical efficiency of Wageningen University is another factor in this direction.

However modern the farmer's son may become in his methods, he does not often go outside his own neighbourhood to find a bride. She is most probably a local girl whom he has known all his life. Custom decrees that formal introductions of both bride and bridegroom shall be made to all the relations. Occasion is thus given for a round of parties at which traditional

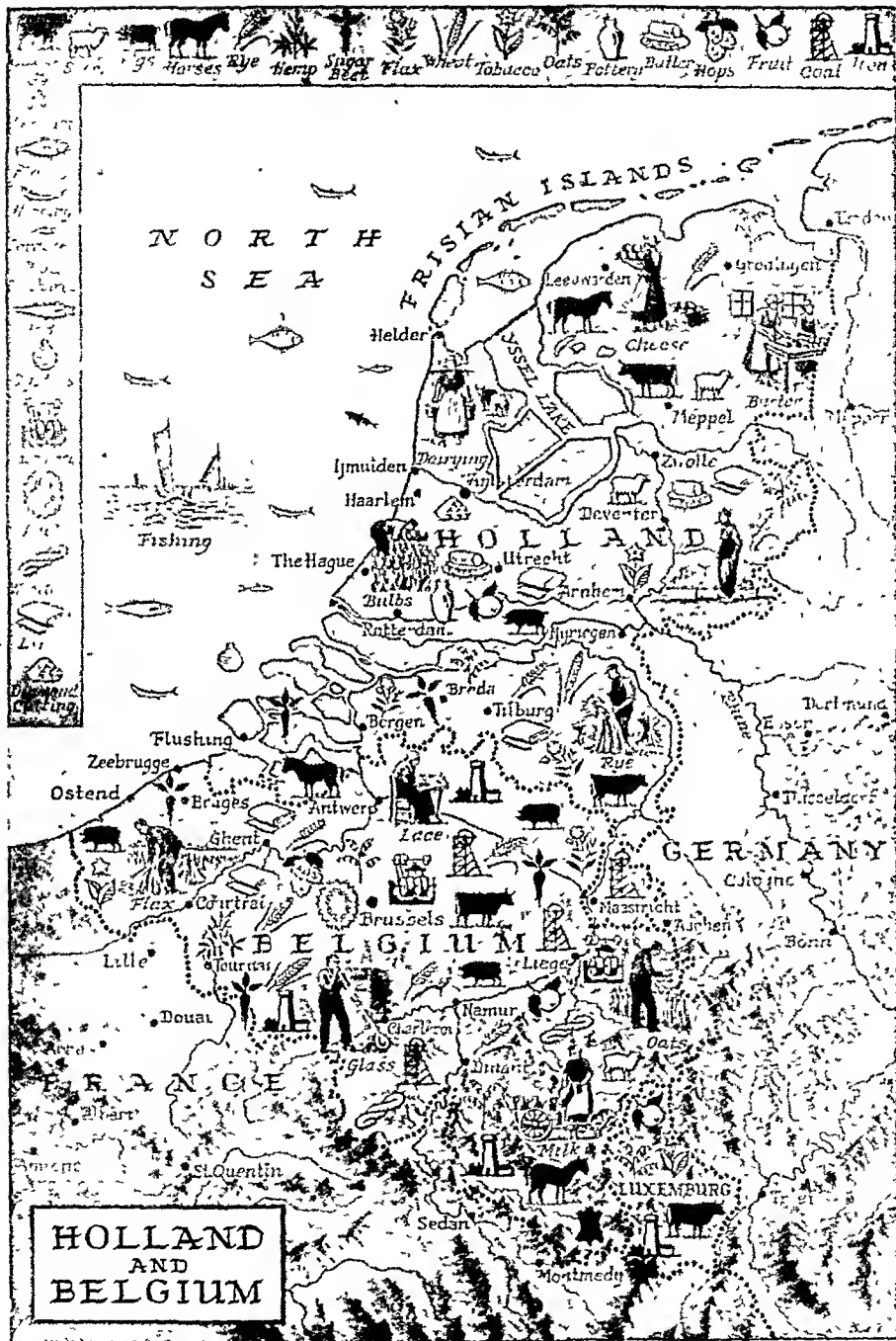
Dutch hospitality may be seen at its most opulent. A number of parties are held at which dancing and singing are kept up throughout the night.

Such revelries often continue for a week, by which time all pretence of formalities has vanished. This custom of introducing the couple to their respective relations-to-be is not confined to country districts, but is frequently carried to even greater length in the towns all over Holland.

Sport and Recreations

When a boy decides after leaving the university to enter business life, he will go into an office in one of the cities. He starts his work at eight o'clock in the morning but he finishes earlier than in most Western European countries. And thus he still finds plenty of time for sport which takes the form of rowing, swimming, tennis and football. In the evening he will go to the cafés, where he can sit at a table to meet his friends over a glass of beer, or coffee with plenty of cream, and listen to good music at little expense. There are, besides the cafés, the usual cinemas and theatres, music-halls and dances.

Later when he marries, if he has made money, he will find a house in a tree-bordered road with a formal front garden. In the summer he will sit with his friends on the veranda, overlooking a well-kept lawn, in the centre of which is a formal flower-bed. This flower-bed, always a source of much care, is planted with a succession of bright flowers, tulips, cinerarias, begonias or dahlias, according to the season. In many towns a bye-law exists forbidding the planting of a hedge which could hide this bright display. So the family can sit on their veranda, drinking their coffee, and proudly surveying their formal garden, whilst the passers-by enjoy the flowers—and see who is





AGRICULTURE IN HOLLAND

This man and wife work hard to make a success of their small farm—a characteristic feature of Holland. Nearly half the agricultural land lies below sea-level.

being entertained by their neighbours.

There is seldom a back-garden or a kitchen-garden to the town house. The supply of vegetables from the market-gardens is so plentiful that nobody bothers to grow any in his own garden.

Seaside and other excursions are a great feature in the families' programme of amusements. One of the first of the year's such excursions is Bulb-Sunday, which necessitates a journey to the bulb-fields round Haarlem. As soon as the bulbs are in full bloom everyone troops by car, bicycle or horse and trap to the fields where the blooms are being stripped from the bulbs and thrown into heaps to rot. This curious-seeming procedure

is necessary to make the strength of the plant go into the bulb. In the evening the roads are crowded by all the vehicles and thousands of bicycles, now fantastically decorated with every form of daffodil, narcissus, hyacinth and tulip, and yet the countryside for a brief period remains brilliantly slashed by strips of every colour.

A carnival which has been made familiar to us all by the old Dutch master Breughel, is the winter scene. When one looks at a map of Europe one sees that Holland occupies the extreme end of the north-western coastline. Thus it is open to all the cold winds from the remainder of the continent. Though one may doubt the

veracity of the old masters, one has only to experience a cold winter in Holland to realize what high carnival is made, and how true are these pictures.

Even in these days of modern transport, the sledge reappears on the roads and canals. People remember relations whom they have not seen for some time, living perhaps twenty or thirty miles away up the canal. A journey of this distance on skates is nothing, and parties are made up, consisting of five or six people. Instead of joining hands, they all hold on to a long pole, and in long strides they swing along at a tremendous pace, often covering in this happy and exhilarating fashion, twenty, thirty or even forty miles.

Their skates are low-bladed and long, fixed in a wooden mounting, and peasants will even discard their clogs and just strap the skate on to their stockinged feet, taking only the precaution both for comfort and warmth's sake to wear several pairs of stockings. Booths are erected on the ice, and Hollands gin and other hot drinks—and snacks such as herrings, sandwiches and cakes—help to reinvigorate the skaters on these very lengthy skating trips.

Though high carnival is safely enjoyed on the canals, the frozen IJsselmeel gives the skater the opportunity to live dangerously for a short while. He can risk his life, if he is not very experienced, at ice-sailing in a small



VOLENDAM, FISHING VILLAGE OF THE ZUIDER ZEE

All Dutch womenfolk keep their houses clean and comfortable and this mother and her daughters are no exception. All the brass and copper is brightly polished.

ice-boat, which, with a strong wind—and it can blow!—often reaches a speed of 45 miles an hour. But disaster can so easily occur if the boat hits a small frozen wave or any other roughness of the surface of the ice. It is wonderful to see these sails racing across the ice and turning into the wind at high speed

Life of the Barge Owner

All Dutchmen enjoy a cold winter, except possibly the barge owner, but he seems to live a life apart though he is closer to the spirit of the country, living as he does in its blood-stream. The barge-owning instinct seems to carry on from one generation to the other. Children are born and bred in these large flat-bottomed barges with their tall masts and large leeboards, enabling them to sail the inshore seas and navigate rivers right into the heart of Europe.

Progress is not always made by sail, motor or towing; long distances are covered by punting the barge with a pole. To stand on a canal bank on a dark night is to be wafted into a mysterious scene as one listens to the measured footsteps of the bargeman, as he tramps the deck in his clogs—a moment's pause, that breaks the rhythm of his footsteps—then on again, then swish, as the pole is drawn through the water, and finally a splash as it is dropped into the water at the beginning of a fresh beat. The masthead light gradually grows like a moving star, suspended above the barge.

When the frost comes, the barge is docked and work ceases. Of recent years the bargee has had another trouble to contend with, and this during the summer when his progress should be easy. Some thirty years ago a water weed from the east somehow got into one of the canals; now it spreads with such rapidity in the

summer that, if it were left to itself, the canals would be completely covered with it to a depth of several inches. Against this the bargeman would find the power of his pole completely ineffective. The canals have therefore to be dredged and cleansed with particular care.

In spite of ice in the winter and the fight against the weed in the summer, the canals still carry the bulk of the goods traffic. Flowers, milk, cheese, vegetables, coal, sugar-beet, fish, etc. are all brought to the towns on the water-way. The flowers, fruit and vegetables heaped on the stalls alongside a tree-bordered canal, flowing through a town like Amsterdam with its fine old 15th and 16th century houses, represent a picture that competes with the dazzling brightness of an eastern market. Thus the householder never forgets how great a part of his daily necessities is brought to his doorstep by means of the canals, nor does the manufacturer, who sees them bring raw materials to his wharf.

Pleasures of Food

The Dutch are great trenchermen. Enjoyment of food is recognized as one of life's pleasures, and Holland is no exception to the almost universal rule on the Continent to wish a good appetite to a friend before a meal. In normal times when well-to-do Dutchmen really let themselves go, their six o'clock dinner might consist of oysters followed by a rich soup, salmon, roast beef, chicken or game, with accompanying vegetables, and finish off with an ice and possibly *paté de fore gras*. A meal such as this would bring a whole collection of carefully selected wines—white wines from the Rhine, French red wines that had been matured in caves on the banks of the Meuse, champagne usually of the

sweet type, and finally brandy with coffee to encourage digestion. Later in the evening, sweet cakes with tea would make certain that the diner should not go hungry to bed!

A normal well-to-do Dutch breakfast might consist of *yoghourt* (or curds and whey) sprinkled with powdered sugar and cinnamon, white bread, dark

heavy rye-bread, very thin slices of ham, soused herring and a variety of cheeses, usually served on small wooden platters, with tea to wash it all down.

In a country where the pleasures of eating are frankly recognized, there are of course also a number of national dishes and cakes. The Dutch do not celebrate many feast days, so it is not



BULB-FIELDS

Many people work in the lovely hyacinth fields at Haarlem which is the centre of the bulb-growing industry. The plants are exported to all parts of the world.



EDAM CHEESE

Brisk bidding takes place in this old market square for the cheese for which Holland is famous. It is round and its surface is coloured deep red.

surprising that Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas' Day (Dec. 5th) calls forth an orgy of present-giving and such customs as the lighting of windows, clogs and shoes put out for the reception of presents, and the eating of cinnamon cake. It is chiefly a children's occasion, parents merely enjoying the youthful merrymaking until they are free to

celebrate with a party of their own.

Tucked away in the flat country, or in the heather- and pine-clad country of Gelderland and North Brabant, are some remarkable old houses or castles, many dating from the 15th century and earlier. These old homes were built in strategic positions, to guard a river, canal or road, and are often approached

by an avenue of elms or beeches, which terminates at a gate-house guarding a bridge over a moat. The reflection of a mellow brick or stone façade of generous proportions in the water presents a peaceful picture entirely in keeping with the purpose for which it was built centuries ago. The interior is not pretentious and, though it may in some cases be without modern conveniences, it is a home which quickly shows to the observer how greatly the calm and unhurried life of the country square has contributed to the stability of Holland as a nation. Beyond the house is no large and spacious park, such as would be found in England. The green fields come right up to the edge of the moat. Often these castles or country houses are owned by a titled family—baron or count—and have descended through generations

from father to son; but heavy taxation and the law of inheritance, which decrees that the heritage shall be divided equally between the children, are rapidly forcing the estates to be sold.

If the family is one with a title, then each member of the family bears it, but the father adds the name of his estate to his title. Some of these names carry hereditary duties at court, which require attendance at the Hague, where the family may have a town house in which to live when court duties demand.

Holland presents us with three easily distinguishable classes—the land-owners, titled or otherwise, the commercial, and the peasants. But all these classes are imbued with the same spirit of devotion to their Queen, and a very realistic appreciation of the fact that the old days of happy isolation and neutrality are gone for ever.



HOLLAND'S COMMERCIAL CAPITAL

Amsterdam, heart and nerve-centre of the Netherlands, is largely built on piles and is connected by canal with the North Sea and the Rhine and Meuse Rivers.



PIT-PROP WOOD FROM THE BEAUTIFUL FOREST REGIONS

Large colonies of lumbermen toil from dawn to dusk in the Ardennes—here two are seen felling the mighty trees and bringing them in to the sawmills for cutting.

THE BELGIANS

Two peoples with one constitution: the difference between towns of the north and south: the battlefield of Europe: life in the agricultural districts: religion: raising of sheep: the Belgian Congo: Antwerp: life in Brussels: recreations: the Belgian's cosmopolitan mode of life.

BELGIUM is a country of two peoples with one constitution. The northern people of Flemish descent, who for centuries have lived in the rich delta lands of the Scheldt and Lys rivers, form the agricultural side of the population, whilst the southerners, or descendants of the French, surrounded by the mineral wealth of the earth, have concentrated on industry.

Paintings by the old Flemish masters tell a little of the history of Bruges, Ghent and Antwerp, and we associate these ancient towns chiefly with the Flemish. The pictures as painted in the 16th century and even earlier, show beautifully proportioned brick houses rising from canals over which are narrow bridges, and in the distance a church steeple surmounted by a copper cupola. So little have the centuries altered these towns that we could today easily find our way to some such spot as that depicted by the old painters. The reason for this apparent cessation of progress is possibly due to the fact that these are the homes of an agricultural people who have not been driven by the wheels of industry to change their calm outlook on life.

How different are the industrial towns of the south—Liège, Namur and Charleroi, where the manufacture of heavy machinery, motor cars and hardware sways the life of the people.

For centuries Belgium has been the chief battlefield of Europe; other countries have chosen to settle their quarrels on her soil. In the eighteenth century

she was occupied by the Spanish, of whom there is little trace left today, twice in the twentieth century the country has been ravaged by war. Yet the country has risen again to leap forward and make up for the lost years of progress. These difficult conditions have united the two races under one Government.

The only large city in the north is Antwerp which ranks as the seventh largest port of Europe, and is, curiously enough, the main port through which industry in the south receives its raw material from the Congo and all other parts of the world. Immediately round this great port are miles of flat country divided by canals and dikes. The farmers cultivate every field whether it be grassland, arable, vegetable or nursery garden, on the grassland they keep large herds of dairy cattle of a type similar to the Dutch Frisian, but brown and white instead of black. Most of the produce they grow goes to their own towns and cities, the grain and sugar-beet from the arable land going to the sugar factories.

Life in the villages and small towns of the agricultural districts is controlled by the seasons, winter with its short daylight does not allow much time on the land, though the transport and dispatch of the sugar-beet crop to the factory during the autumn and early winter months call for ceaseless labour throughout each day. In the summer months the unremitting labour in the fields demands the whole time of every man and woman.



THE BELLMAKERS OF BELGIUM

The men are placing the mould in an outer casing of steel and into this the molten metal is poured. This must be done speedily for fear cooling takes place in one part



AT THEIR DANGEROUS TASK

before another, thus tending to affect the quality of the bell. Any unsteadiness of hand when dealing with molten metal may very easily cause a serious disaster

LW—L*

The midday meal is usually eaten in the fields, but the substantial meal remains until the evening. Potatoes, bacon, beans, cheese and vegetables form the staple diet of the country folk. Beer, cider and a certain quantity of wine are consumed both in the home and local cafés. The people who labour in the fields—like all agriculturists—have little time to enjoy the pleasures of cities, and thus they find their relaxation in the local cafés and cinemas or fishing in the rivers.

Another branch of agriculture that flourishes chiefly in the hills of the Ardennes is the raising of sheep for wool. Here are sheep farms and some large estates, well wooded yet with large tracts of well watered country similar to English downland; these estates are privately owned but the village communities hold the right to graze sheep under the control of the mayor: these rights are jealously guarded and cannot be interfered with by the owner of the estate. The wool is communally marketed, and the proceeds divided according to the number of sheep grazed by each individual.

Religion in North and South

It is natural that the calmer and less demonstrative Lutheran and Calvinistic creeds should suit the mentality of the farmers of the north, and Catholicism is more often found in the industrial south than in the agricultural north.

Belgium is almost equally divided into the flat country of the north and the hilly or almost mountainous country of the Ardennes. The dividing line contains the industrial district on a line Mons, Namur, Charleroi, Liège, and here the coal fields and the factories are situated. Though fairly liberally supplied with raw material from her own soil, Belgium imports large quantities of tropical produce from her colony, the

Congo—one of the richest colonies in the world. Many of the manufactured goods are returned to the Congo for the native population. In the immediate vicinity of these large towns are valuable deposits of sand and silica from which bottles are made for export to every country, England being one of the chief importers. Motor cars and railway engines are built at Charleroi. Mons supplies coal for the factories.

The factory worker has his playground in the woods and streams of the Ardennes, and at the end of the week, he finds relaxation in shooting and fishing.

Industrial towns often give the impression of being hideous and with little of architectural interest to please the traveller; but Namur and Liège are exceptions, and in these towns there are some beautiful old buildings of historic interest. Similarly in Antwerp of the north, there are buildings which have survived sieges, amongst them being the cathedral. But Antwerp is a city apart from all others; it is a busy seaport, one of the gateways to Europe, and an industrial city where the very ancient craft of diamond-cutting is only rivalled by Amsterdam. Through this great port pass raw materials from the tropics and manufactured goods from the south, from parts of Germany and Northern France. It is the terminus of large canals and the junction of railways. It is second only to Brussels as a nerve centre of the country.

Importance of Brussels

The Government rules from Brussels, the capital city which represents both peoples. Here is centred control of industries both agricultural and manufacturing and, possibly more important, foreign banking, finance and insurance, which has led to a cosmopolitan outlook not found in any



LACEMAKING BY HAND

This old lady still makes lace in the way that she was taught years ago. One of the foremost industries of that city, Brussels lace is famed for its quality.



OSTEND, THIRD PORT OF BELGIUM

There is always brisk buying and selling at the fish market in Ostend, which lies on the West Flanders coast and is noted for its oyster and lobster fisheries.

other city in the world. The natural outcome of this has been the evolution of international finance, which has produced a race of international lawyers capable of handling cases in any language. Loans are floated to finance undertakings in every country, and the capital for this is often derived from the great natural wealth of the Congo.

It is not surprising that Brussels gives

the impression of a gay but solid town without the dismal aspect of an industrial city. It is the head and heart of the nation, a fine modern town where the houses are usually built of stone, substantial if not particularly attractive or outstanding in architecture. The old churches and the other buildings stand out in contrast to the blocks of offices and the modern residential buildings.

To understand how the Brussels business man lives, let us visit one of these buildings. They consist of several floors, on each of which is a flat or apartment, these are designed for comfort and furnished in modern style, often decorated in dull shades of green and yellow from the carpet up to the walls and curtains. The hearth is occupied by a large stove, from which most of the apartment derives its warmth. Meals play an important part in the daily routine of the *Bruxellois* and the housewife's kitchen is large and has a good range, with a closed-in fire, and plenty of heat space on the top.

Daily Life in the Town

Life in the town starts early. Offices are open at eight o'clock, so breakfast is brief (unlike that in Holland) and consists of coffee or chocolate, hot rolls delivered direct from the bakery, with butter, and jam or honey. After the children have gone to school, and the master to the Bourse, the housewife sets out with her shopping bag to make her daily visit to the markets. She is not easily satisfied, and will seek and bargain until she obtains exactly what she requires. Because the day has started at such an early hour, lunch or dinner is served at 11.30; the business man will go to the big restaurant where he can read the paper, have heated political arguments with his compatriots over an *apéritif*, or listen to the café orchestra.

When the weather is sufficiently warm, tables are set out on the pavement, and the waiters in their comings and goings round the tables force the passersby into the road. In summer the congestion is worse, because the large plate glass windows of the café are lowered, and the strains of the orchestra floating through to the people in the street gather a crowd.

From his seat at a city café table, the

Bruxellois may see all the peoples of the world go by. Many business deals are carried through over lunch, which may last two or three hours before the parties to the deal are free to go back to their offices. Five o'clock tea has of recent years found its way into the daily routine, and between five and six o'clock business shuts down. After office hours, the smaller restaurants are frequented, as much for their intimacy as for their food. Here dishes from all countries were formerly served accompanied by wines of all nations, the red wines of France being the favourite.

Although business is the main activity of the Belgian, recreation is much enjoyed; every large town has its race courses for horse, car, or bicycle racing, and large crowds gather on the course. In the adjoining countryside fishing, shooting and boar-hunting are popular pursuits easy to follow.

Holiday Resorts

As in most countries whose chief concern is business, the summer holiday is of great importance, and of recent years seaside resorts have sprung up all along the Belgian coast, where during July, August and September families from the cities enjoy the pleasures of bathing and riding on the beaches and dancing and playing in the dance-halls and casinos.

Owing to his international business connections, the Belgian travels much and has acquired a distinctly cosmopolitan mode of life; for this reason, any visitor to Belgium very quickly feels at ease, even in the large chateaux or country houses (as apart from cities and hotels), a stranger will always find something to remind him of his own country. Possibly it is because its people are so travelled that this divided nation has managed to preserve its unity, and the country to enjoy prosperity.



BRITISH WORKMAN

This cheery Cockney, a moulder by trade, is typical of many thousands of British workmen. Concerned chiefly with their own affairs, men such as he are very slow to anger but, once roused, they are capable of fighting with determination.

LIFE IN BRITAIN

The marked regional differences in the people's characteristics: Cockneys: farmers and sailors of the West Country: the flat lands of East Anglia: shepherds and industrialists of Yorkshire and Lancashire: the Tyneside workers: the Scots, the Welsh and the Irish: British democracy.

IT is not always sufficiently appreciated that within the limited area of the British Isles are wide and marked regional differences in men and women. Even within England itself such variations of character are easily discerned, as might be expected in a race which is the result of a welding of British, Roman, Danish, Anglo-Saxon and Norman blood. One of its most apparent features is in the strength of local dialects, which are very forcefully marked for so small a country. A Durham miner meeting a Somerset farmer may have to speak with especial care to make himself understood.

Save for the irrepressible Cockney, with his nimble mind and wit, the people of London and the Home Counties exhibit few outstanding local characteristics: they are too cosmopolitan, in the sense that they or their fathers have been gathered from every corner of the British Isles. The greater the distance from the metropolis, the stronger the regionalism of mind and character.

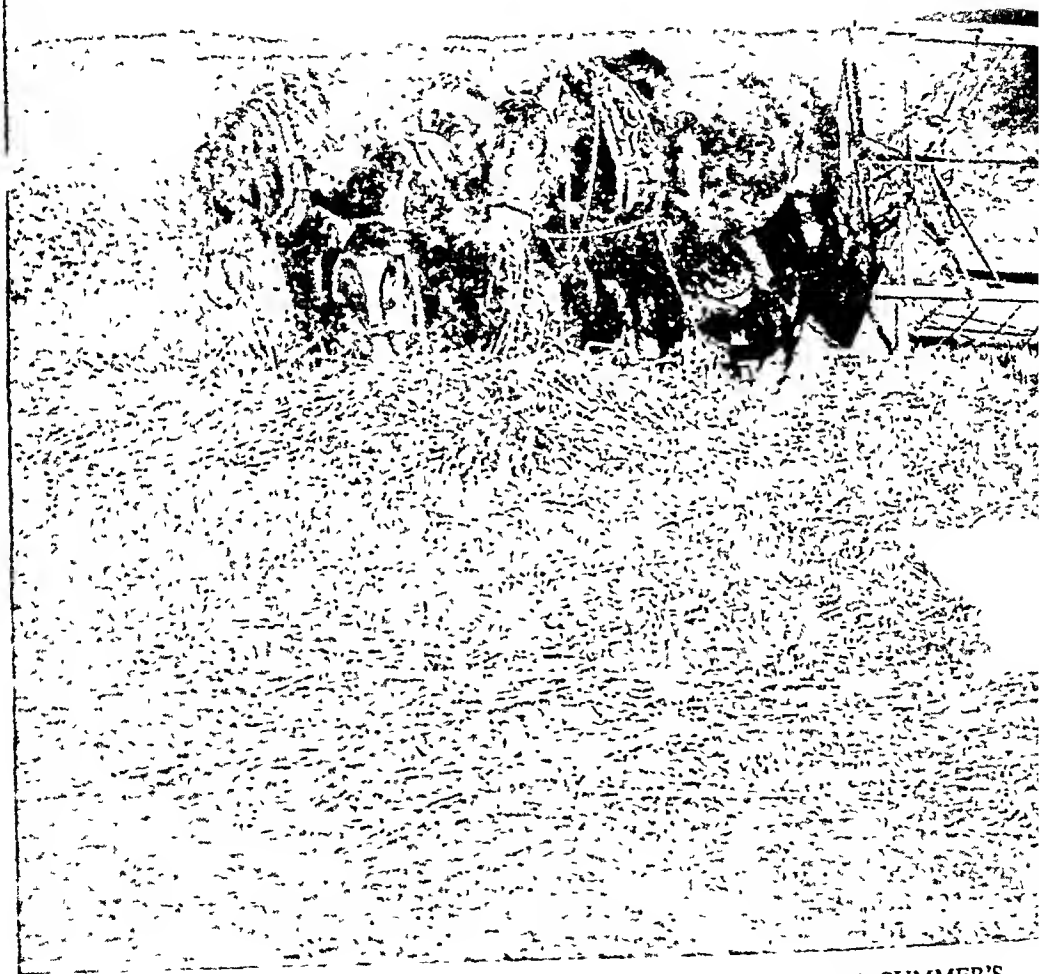
This is easily remarked by the time we have reached the West Country, where the independent Somerset farmer and the seafarer of Devon are sturdy types. Nor need we be ethnic students to appreciate their different origin from that of their Cornish neighbours, whose swarthy complexions and dark hair betray their Celtic ancestors almost devoid, until recent generations, of Saxon infiltration.

The spirit of the West Country is

expressed in the tradition and enterprise of Bristol, in the diverse industries of the region, and in the balance between town and country. Further north, in the Midlands, the character of people and scene differs. The south—to its joy—has nothing akin to the Black Country, adjoining Birmingham. This eyesore was once a pleasant countryside, and even in its ugliness is one of the keys to the industrial economy of Britain. In Birmingham alone men claim to make anything from a pen nib to a steam engine. It has not been spoiled by its prosperity—it has a worthy record for enlightened municipal government as well as business enterprise.

The East Midlands have a mixed economy, with rich farmlands and occasional manufacturing towns. Their people, by virtue of their central position, share freely in the faults and virtues of all regions. They are industrious and enterprising, and it was no accident that in 1935 Leicester was adjudged to be the most prosperous city in Europe.

The flat lands of East Anglia support a people who by repute are less adventurous and imaginative than others—but who nevertheless had the initiative and patience to reclaim considerable areas of land from the sea. In Norfolk and Suffolk, the region of large farms, the influence of the feudal squire has lingered more persistently while in neighbouring counties the smallholder prevails, facing difficult



A SUMMER'S

The peace of the Dorsetshire countryside envelopes these farm labourers, as they and their horses pause at noon for rest and refreshment. Both are well earned, for

**MIDDAY REST**

working hours are long at harvest-time—as long as daylight itself. Dorset is noted for its oats, wheat and barley, while dairy farming is also of much importance

times with optimism and courage. Lack of contact with industrial workers, and long years of village isolation, have combined to leave stronger traces of old superstitions and suspicions than in other parts of England. To a stranger, the East Anglian is proverbially slow of speech and uncommunicative.

Yorkshire houses an amazing medley, from shepherds in the isolated valleys to the millions of workers herded in the industrial towns. Even these, however, hold one outstanding advantage: their towns may be dull and dirty, but the people have cheap and easy access to a pleasant countryside, and therefore most outdoor movements find their strongest membership in Yorkshire, which is the largest county in England.

Yorkshire Folk

Wool is still king of the county. In the days of the industry's first development, the local conditions were ideal. There were sheep on the hills, and the Pennines supplied soft water, free from lime, to wash and dye the wool. Then, as machinery was introduced, the hills supplied ample water power. Today the trade is highly specialized, one works—and sometimes a whole town—concentrating on a single process.

There are signs of reorganization in the industry. It grew up in a multitude of small mills—their owners were usually weavers who had got on, who called employees by their Christian names, and answered to their own. This made for human relationships, but not always for effective competition abroad. But Yorkshire can still make the finest tweed in the world.

The Yorkshire folk are a firm and sturdy people, rather dour and matter of fact, never given to flattery, but conscientious workers and practical craftsmen. They take a great pride in their own town and county, a pride so

carefully cultivated as to give them a sense of superiority. A southerner talks of going "up to London". A Yorkshireman always goes "down" to London.

Lancashire Characteristics

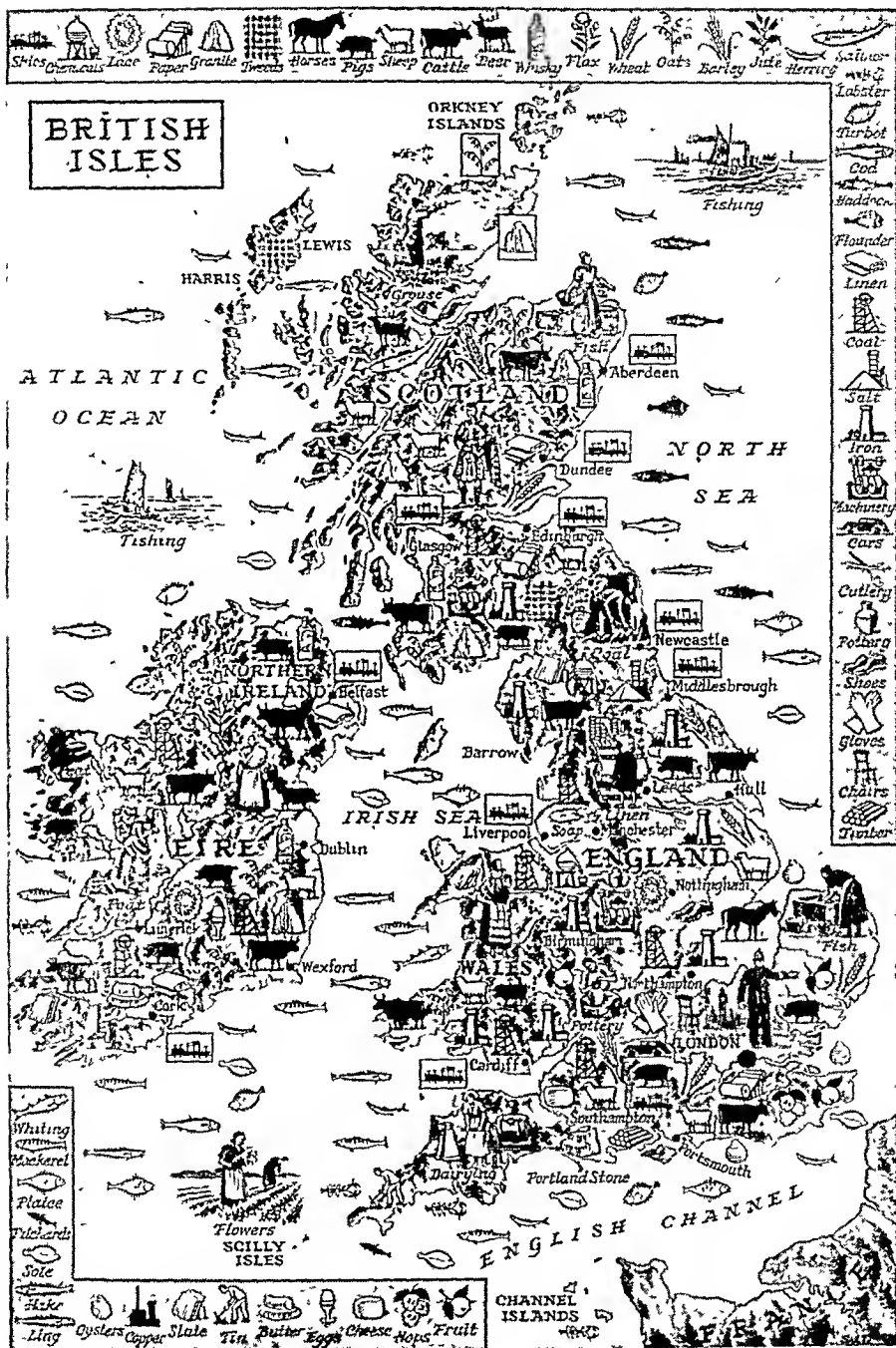
Many of his qualities are shared by his neighbours in Lancashire. In both counties standards of education are high, and the people are great readers.

Local patriotism is equally firm in Lancashire: a man's home town is a place to be loved, ugly though it may be. And ugly it often is! There is an old Lancashire saying, "Where there's muck, there's money". By such a criterion, some Lancashire towns must be very rich!

In some parts of England there persists the legend that the working dress of Lancashire girls includes clogs and shawls. This, today, is absolute fantasy. The mill girl is much more likely to wear a smart frock, while her shapely legs are ensconced in silk stockings and trim shoes.

It was a Russian author who wrote, truly, that we do not know what a face is like until we have seen it smiling. No one knows the Englishman until he has seen him on holiday. The enormous variety of leisure activities is only an indication of an individualistic outlook in life. An ever-increasing number find their relaxation in foreign travel; others seek the quiet of the countryside or of the mountains. The Lancashire man shares with the Cockney a love of crowds, while the Cockney thinks of Southend or Margate, the Lancashire folk hie to Blackpool, almost unrivalled in its facilities for mass entertainment.

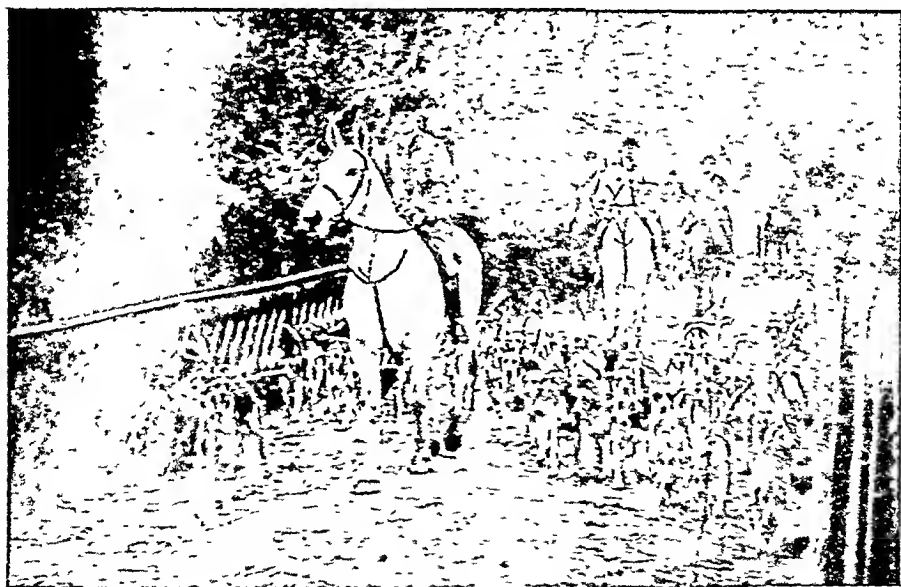
The Lancashire people enjoy themselves in hearty fashion, without restraint; their outlook and speech are blunt and wholesome; there are no half measures in their work or play.





ASPECTS OF ENGLISH LIFE

Above; A shepherd and his dog drive the sheep through the sweet-scented lanes of a beautiful Worcestershire village near Bredon Hill. Below: The local cricket team plays a match on the village green—a charming and typically English feature to be seen throughout the country on a Saturday afternoon in summer.



RURAL BEAUTY AND COUNTRY SPORTS

Above: Altarnun, one of the loveliest villages in Cornwall. Village boys water their horses at the shallow ford. Below: Foxhunting, though less common now than fifty years ago, is still keenly followed in the hunting counties of Leicester, Rutland, Northampton, Lincoln and, to a lesser extent, the Home Counties.



BRITISH COALMINERS

Miners arriving, tired and very dirty, at the surface of the pit at the end of the shift. Coal mining is one of Britain's principal industries. It is a dangerous and difficult trade, calling for a long apprenticeship, skill, and great endurance.

In this they resemble the folk of the North-East, where are grouped three strata of agricultural, industrial and mining communities. It is unfortunate that these have been for so long isolated one from the other. A mining village was often almost a segregated community, with the minimum of outside contacts. This has bred a parochial outlook and an introspective brooding: in the village there was nothing to do, and few cultural opportunities. Added to this, the housing standards of Northumberland and Durham have been, on average, the lowest in England. Only a virile people would have survived the economic disasters which have smitten them.

Regional differences do not exhaust

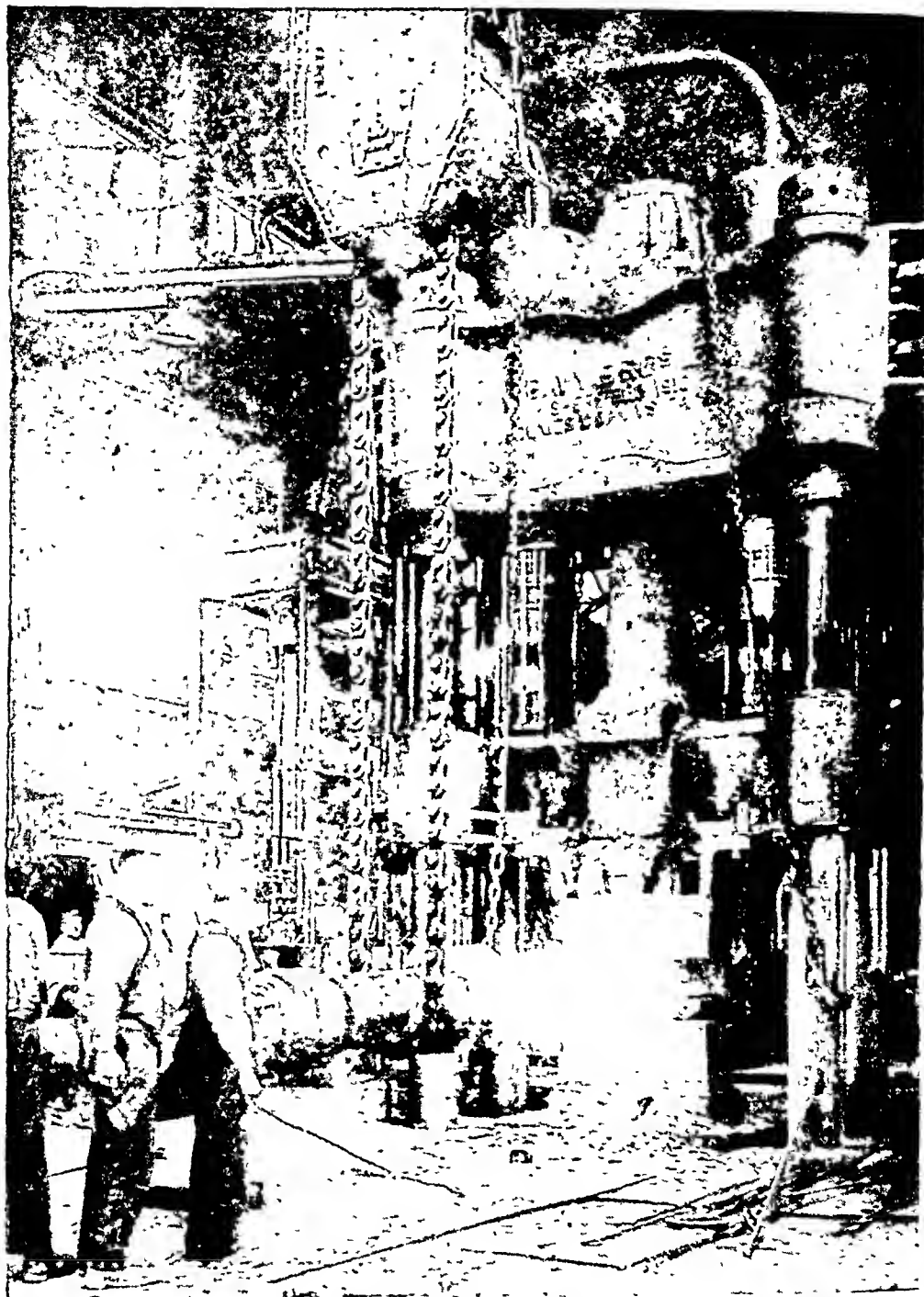
the varieties of the British character. They are strongly marked in the occupations of the people. Farmers from Kent and Cumberland are very different in many attributes, but they are closer to each other than they are to near-by industrial workers. The miner has a remarkable sense of group comradeship. Add to these features the loyalty of most men to their social class, and the range of English life can be more fully appreciated.

The greatest cleavage is that between town and country. England now houses a predominantly urban population, and in many of its basic ideas it differs considerably from that of the countryside. Village life has a sedate pace. The power of tradition is more marked.



LANCASHIRE COTTON

The mill girls are proud of their skilful fingers. The yarn on this girl's loom has been dyed, washed in cold water, and is now being run out into "couches".



INDUSTRIAL MIDLANDS

Britain is famed for her heavy industry. Thousands work in factories such as this, where a huge forging press is seen moulding white-hot steel into ingots

The two world wars served to revive British agriculture, and labour conditions greatly improved. Let us follow the farm worker through the day. He rises early—as often as not, before day-break—and after a simple breakfast goes off to the fields, his lunch of bread and cheese in his pocket. The farm is not large—100 acres, maybe—and the farmer works it with two or three helpers.

After the cows are milked and the animals fed, the day is directed by the seasons. If it is hay-time or harvest-time, then the whole day will be spent in the fields. Nominally he works for eight hours a day, but the farm labourer is dealing with forces far more

variable than machines; nearly all his tasks depend upon the weather. In summer his hours are often as long as the day's light.

He will consume his meal where the job finds him. Should rain spoil the chances of sowing or reaping, there are always animals demanding attention or implements needing repair. The British farm, unlike the Canadian, is not a huge grain factory, it is usually mixed in its products.

The farm worker's earnings even today are comparatively low. True, he often has useful perquisites, a very cheap cottage, usually with a good garden, and sundry supplies from the farm. Yet his family ensures that there



SIMPLE RELAXATION IN THE EVENING

The day's work finished, the working man may visit a local public house and, over a glass of beer, can chat with his friends, or listen to the broadcast news

is little to spare. For all that, his children are often healthier than those of the higher paid artisans of the towns.

His pleasures and interests are simple; his garden, a few fowls, a dog; a game of darts with cronies at the local inn: a yarn over the gate with a neighbour. Although very British, insular and even parochial in his outlook, he would have immediate points of contact with the Polish peasant or the prairie farmer of Canada.

England's countryside now sees rapid changes. Decent living conditions are being introduced into villages which never knew them. The agricultural worker is being recognized as a skilled man who deserves a reasonable wage. Cultural strides have been outstanding. The village hall is often the centre of a vigorous life, and organizations like Women's Institutes and Young Farmers' Committees have made deep inroads into the old rural lethargy.

Socially, the changes are even greater. The day of the old feudal squire is over, and he has been largely replaced by the successful business man who needed a country house. The old, picturesque sport of fox-hunting is gradually dying, economic difficulties being the cause of its decline. The feature of the village least changed is the inn, which is still a local club as well as a house of refreshment.

Industrial Country

Britain is predominantly an industrial country. For generations her manufacturers led the world, but now she has serious rivals.

The life of the British industrial worker differs only in detail from that of his world counterpart. His housing conditions were once poor, but have been greatly improved. The devastation of war retarded progress, and his individualism and conservatism made

the problem complicated. Russian and German workers are happy in large blocks of flats, economical in space and rapid in construction. The English working man has a sturdy preference for a house of his own, if possible with a garden. This accounts for the vast spread of British industrial cities, and for the fact that most factory hands have a considerable journey to work from their homes on the outskirts of the city.

Industrial Worker's Day

The factory worker clocks on and settles to the job. He may be a weaver of cotton or wool; an assembler of motor cars; a glass-blower or a hosiery operative or a miner—the variety of British industrial occupations is almost endless.

He may be a skilled man or a labourer. In Britain the difference between the rates of pay is less marked than in other countries. He is perhaps at his best in skilled individual occupations as, for example, in the many aspects of shipbuilding, mining, or engineering. He works without rush, but consistently.

He may have brought a packed lunch with him; or he may use the factory canteen; or, if distance permits, he will return home for a meal. After work he goes home for tea, washes and changes, and is ready for recreation. The cinema is first favourite in industrial centres; the working man's club or the public house is seldom neglected but in many cases neither can compete with the claims of home and family. The little garden is a source of pride and joy, its flowers and vegetables highly prized.

Such a man may not be politically minded, but industrially he is very solid. He led the world in the development of Trade Unions; he was well to the fore in the many voluntary societies which



THE FUN OF THE FAIR

Hamstead Heath on Bank Holiday is the Londoner's playground. Here are roundabouts and swings, fair booths and lemonade stalls, and there is all the open Heath from whence to choose a place to sit and eat vanilla ices or fish and chips!

have played a big part in the social history of Britain. He may be on the committee of one of them—in northern England, especially, people are very committee minded, and do get things done. Maybe he is interested in one of the educational or cultural societies of his town, for not every working man spends all his evenings at the pub. Community centres, drama clubs, lecture societies—such organizations have made great advances in many industrial centres. Machines can kill or neutralize the mind, but there is no natural cause and effect here; some men, after a day of monotonous toil, seek mental relaxation and cultural opportunity as an essential relief from the boredom which would otherwise affect them.

Interest in Games

Our man has probably his special interests: football is almost certainly one of them. He will follow the fortunes of his local team with great enthusiasm—probably in his youth he was an active player himself. His summer interest in cricket will not be so emotional, but is often deep. Racing by horses or dogs may attract him; the element of chance, of a big win, is a constant inducement. Millions of families get a mild weekly thrill by attempting to forecast the weekly football results.

By American standards the British industrial worker is not highly paid, but then the cost of living is much lower.

He is greatly interested in social questions, which affect him intimately. Better housing, old age pensions, health insurance, security of employment—on these he holds strong opinions, and is now seeing practical results. Education, too, is an increasingly important subject, and many men seek for their sons better opportunities than they themselves enjoyed in their youth.

The English worker shares freely in the faults and virtues of the British race. He is usually decent, considerate of the rights of others as he is determined on his own; illogical, often under-informed of foreign conditions, yet capable of sane judgment; more governed by traditions than he knows; sometimes smugly complacent, often of a natural courage which is resilient in defeat and generous in victory. He can be led but not bullied. Given sincerity and humour, he is a loyal follower—and sometimes a natural leader.

Of the other peoples who make up the British population, the most numerous are the Scots—who are to be found in every part of Britain and the Empire.

They are intensely proud of their country and of their race, and they freely proclaim their pride. They have serious minds, are very hard workers and great readers, and have a passion for education for its own sake.

As in England, there are many regional variations in Scotland. In the islands of the north many of the people are of Norse descent. They are very hardy—they have to be, or they would not survive the rigorous climate.

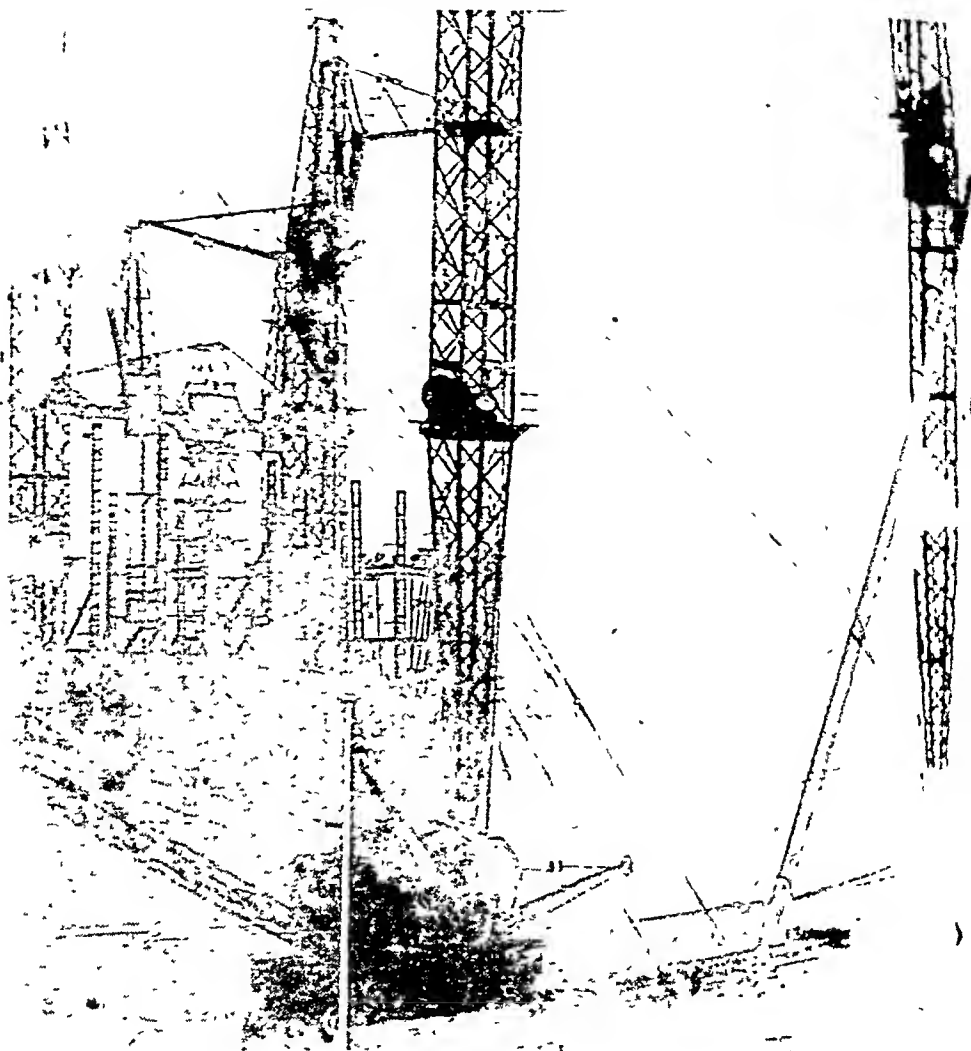
Highlanders of Scotland

Next come the Highlanders, a volatile people of great courage and natural philosophers. Some of them still occupy the old crofters' cottages, and farm their small holdings. Even more forcefully than in rural England, tradition is a power in the Highlands. The games and sports are those of yesterday, which tried a man's individual strength, courage, and mind. The Highlanders could never understand a game played by a few people while thousands of others looked on. This happens only at the annual Highland Games, when local champions compete.



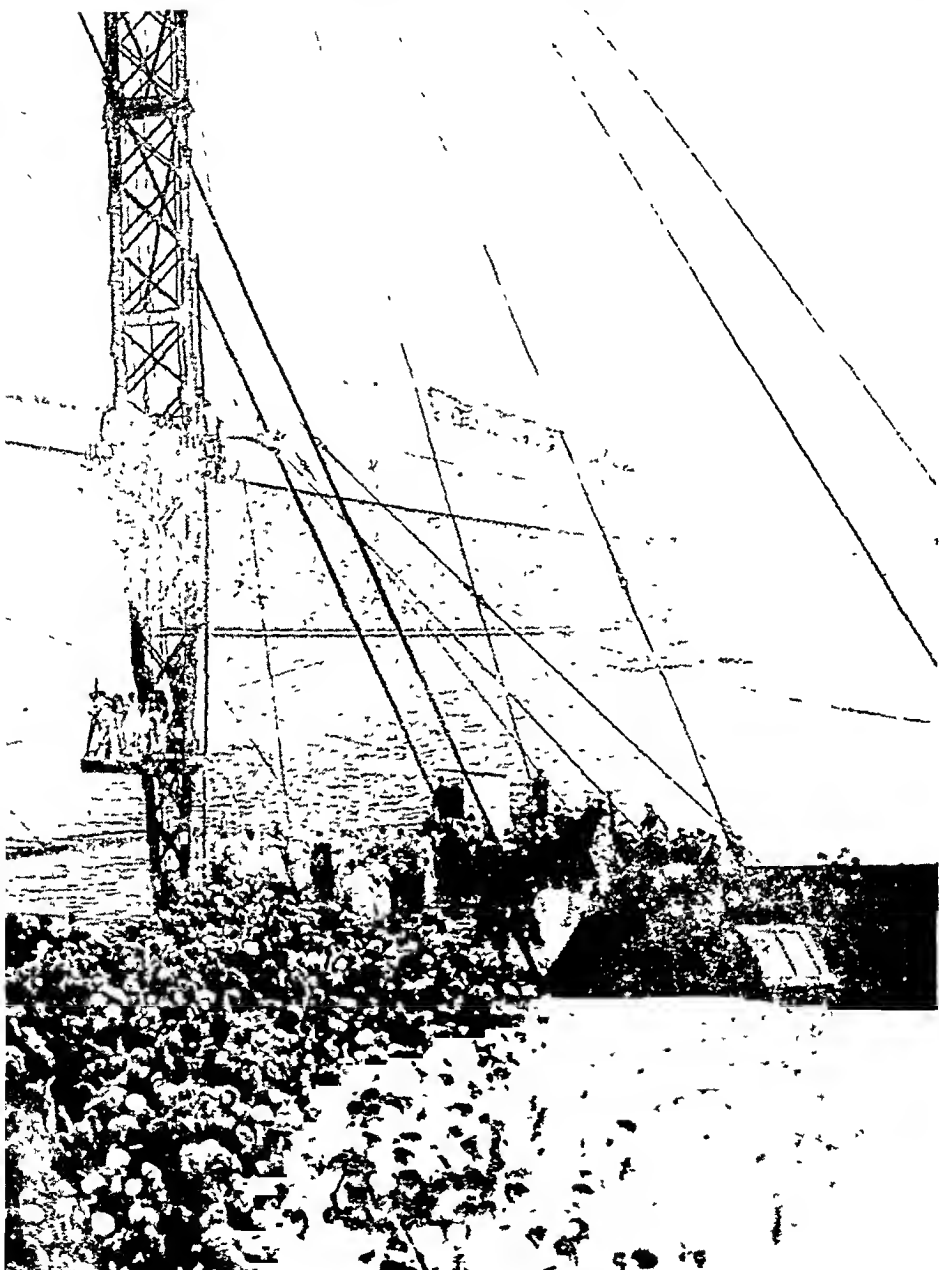
COVENT GARDEN—LONDON

At dawn fruit, vegetables and flowers arrive and are sold to wholesale buyers whose lorries and carts jam the narrow streets. The day's business is over by ten o'clock and by midday the cheerful crowd has dispersed until tomorrow.

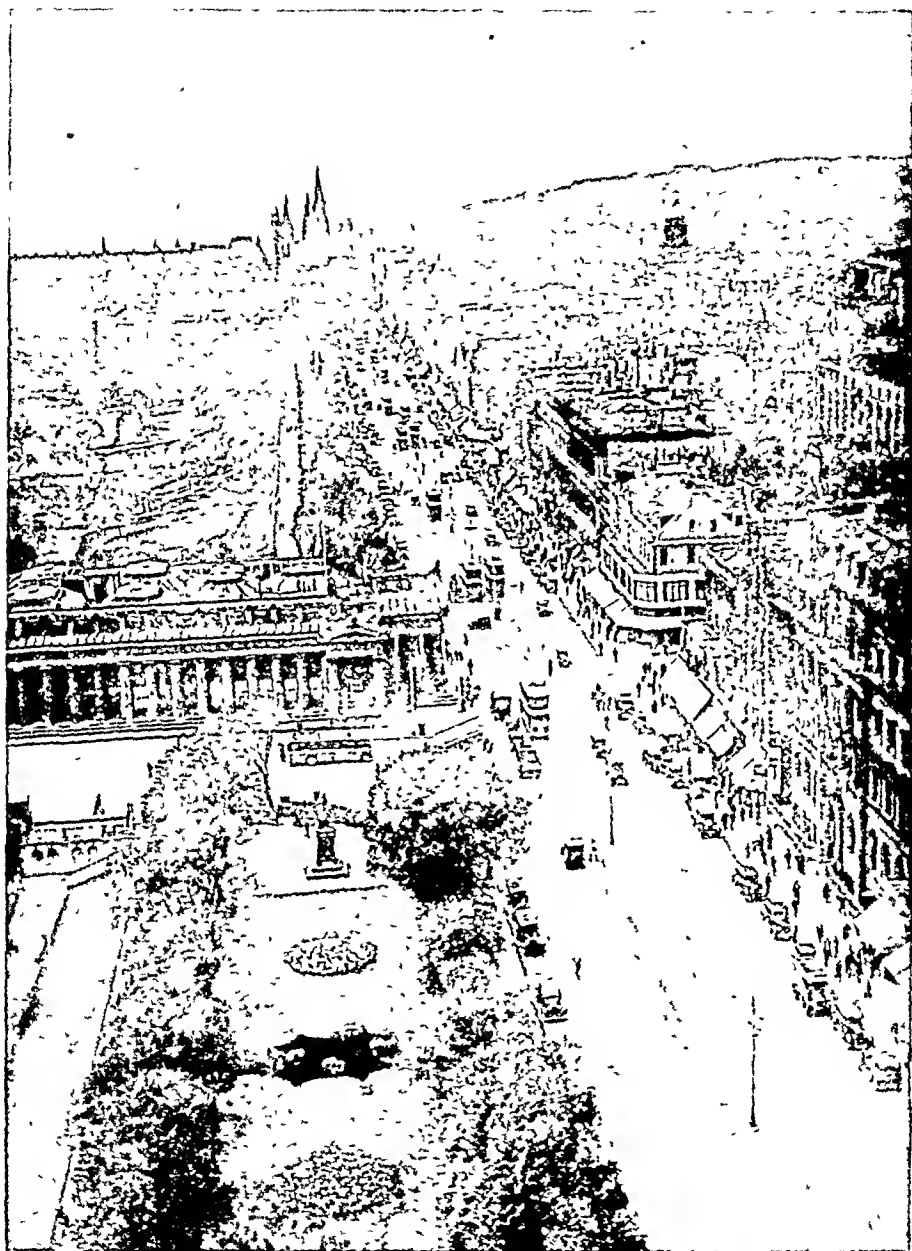


CLYDEBANK

An enormous crowd cheers as a new Cunard liner goes down the slipway after being launched from her stocks on Clydebank. Many of Britain's greatest ships have

**SHIPYARD**

come from the huge ship-building yards and engineering works on Clydeside, where one-third of the population of Scotland lives within ten miles of Glasgow.



PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH

The capital's main thoroughfare is long and straight, and has shops on one side only. Across its broad expanse, shoppers see the well-kept public gardens where the Walter Scott Monument stands; and beyond it is the Royal Castle, high on the ridge.



HIGHLAND GAMES

The annual sports of the Highlands are traditional and like and Tossing the Caber are such as try a man's strength, Putting the Weight courage and skill.

country. In Ireland, many small local factories have now been established—not because they have natural advantages, but because the country wishes to become virtually self-supporting. Apart from this, the country is mainly agricultural, and the local horse-show or cattle-fair takes the place of the Welsh singing festival. The people are easy-going and gay; by contrast, in political affairs their memories are long and bitter. They are poetic and imaginative, lively conversationalists, and good workers.

The Irish are traditional opponents of authority; they are among the leading individualists of history. To be “agin the government” has long been a custom. An Irish wit remarked that Mr. De Valera adopted the wrong devices when he tried to press the revival of Erse. He should have made it

illegal, and then every Irishman would have learned it!

Sometimes this idea has degenerated into a cult of hate, perpetuating ancient grievances. There is no part of the British Isles where history counts for so much; and, sometimes, so distortedly. The Cockney is concerned with the things of to-day, the Welshman with thoughts of to-morrow; the Irishman still broods over the tragedies of yesterday.

With such variety of background, the complexities of the British character can be well imagined. Yet from such a variety of sources it has drawn a great part of its strength; it has never been afraid to absorb ideas; its tradition of compromise has applied forcibly to mental things. British outlook on religion is a compromise; British language is a compromise—a blend of the



EISTEDDFOD PROCLAIMED

Music and poetry are a passion in Wales. Every year festivals are held and prizes awarded for original compositions. Here, the trumpet of the bard of Wales is sounded at the Gorsedd at Bridgend in the presence of the bards and druids.

MARKET SCENE IN IRELAND

Ireland is mainly an agricultural country and the local market and cattle fair is the periodical social and business event around which the people's lives revolve.

Latin and Teutonic tongues, with free borrowings from others. The result has been a language of exceptional fluency of expression, capable alike of expressing notions or scientific terms. This, added to the enterprise of the British, has led in turn to a literature unequalled in the world. In music and painting Britain may be second-class, but in the written word Britain has every cause for pride.

These, then, are some of the features of that mixed body known as the British people. Its achievements have been far greater than a superficial examination of its character would suggest.

Britain has achieved a system of parliamentary government which, with all its faults, is the envy of most other nations. It has depended upon decency and restraint to make it workable, which is why some of its imitators have failed. Its Civil Service is quite properly held up as a model to the world; it has its limitations, but they are outweighed by one overwhelming quality: incorruptibility. The standard of local government varies, but Britain was among the pioneers, and its best results can also challenge comparison.

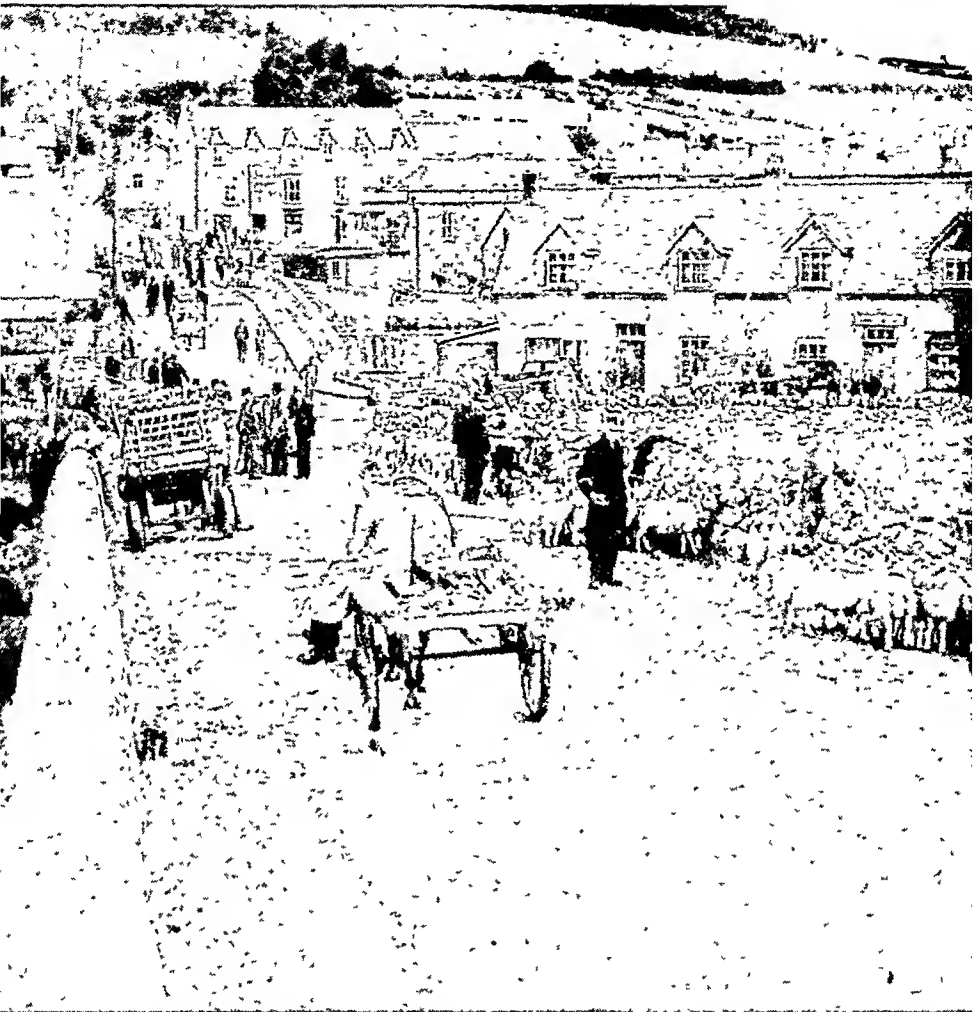
The British are not by nature a pugnacious people, and their armed forces are planned for defence; but Britain can hit hard when roused. In the past her casual outlook has been relieved by her pride in the British Navy—this in itself is a reflection of the old sea-tradition which has been so powerful a force in the island's history.

In education Britain once led, then



lagged behind, and now advances again. Her Press is at least as good as any other, and if she is still backward in the arts, at least her standards are rising. In games she was once the tutor of the world, but did not always manage to transmit the ethical and moral qualities which can underlie a contest of skill.

It has been emphasized that generalizations can be misleading. It would be difficult to draw a picture of the



average Britisher, and one that could be agreed on would not differ in essentials from his contemporaries in other lands. It would be a picture of an ordinary man, going to work each day, and returning with pleasure to his home—its influence is far greater than he knows. He seeks his entertainment modestly; once he used to make it himself, but now he is falling into the common rut of mass-made recreation. His general outlook is often parochial; he is very

concerned about the practical details of his working conditions. Yet, when he is moved, he is capable of responding to a crusade, he has a great sense of loyalty; he demands his own rights, but admits those of others. He is a pioneer of the tradition of freedom. Often he is much bigger than he knows, not appreciating his own achievements and capabilities which is perhaps why the reputation of Britain is so very often higher abroad than it is at home.



BERGEN FISH MARKET

*The little boy and his mother watch carefully as the fish they selected is weighed
Fishermen in their oilskins frequently bring their catch alive to market.*

THE SCANDINAVIANS.

Coastal homes in Norway: fisherman and farmer: the small towns: recreations: Sweden's ancient civilization: its productive forest: town and house planning. restrictions on drink: distribution of population in Denmark: country life: main industries: the towns: social legislation.

BECAUSE Norway is rugged and storm-scarred, a mountainous highland crossed by steep valleys and lacerated by narrow fiords, it is a country where home life is all important. Nature has forced the people to build themselves strongholds from which they can carry on the struggle for life, and it is these strongholds in which the life of the people is centred.

Small houses cling to the slopes and shelter behind the rocks along the coast even up to the northernmost point, far beyond the Arctic Circle. During winter they are almost hidden under a covering of snow, others scattered along the valleys, are separated by miles of white meadow and dark forest, ringed round by the ice-capped mountains. Only the faint light of a wintry sun appears low in the south. Even throughout the daytime the polar night darkens the northern sky—a sombre background for glittering, frozen stars and the cold sparkle of the ever-changing ribbon of the northern light.

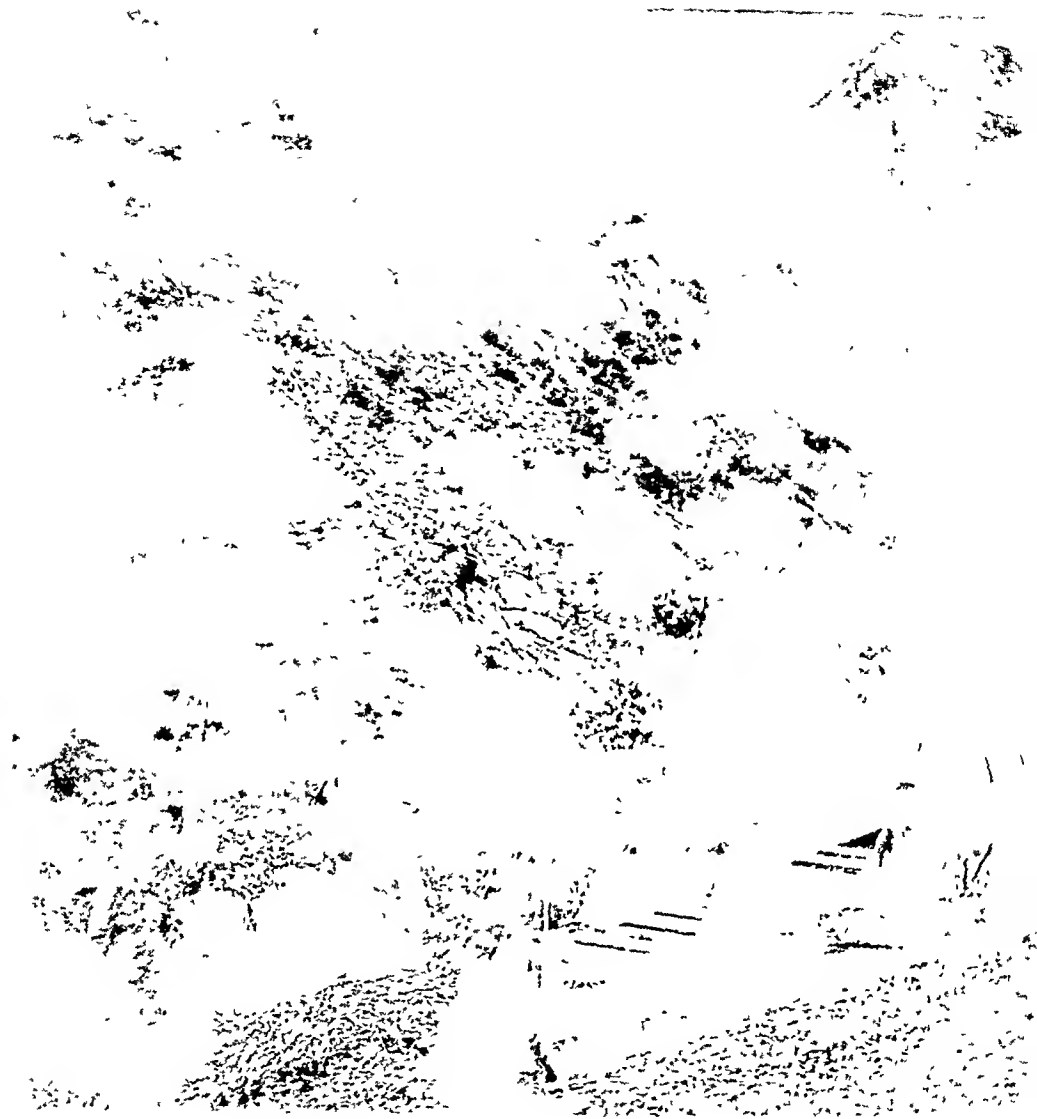
There is a striking metamorphosis from the frozen and dark winter to the short and hectic northern summer, from the winter storms that rouse the ocean to beat in fury against the coast and make the fiords almost un-navigable, to the calm of summer, when there is bathing and yachting on fiords smooth as mirrors, with camping in the highlands under the thin cover of a tent during the short summer nights when darkness hardly comes at all. Beyond

the Arctic Circle the sun does not sink beneath the horizon for weeks.

When the summer is brought to a sudden end by the first frosty night, the world alters completely. The birches flame up overnight like yellow candles; aspens burn purple among evergreen spruce and fir; a violet carpet of heather and moss covers the moors. The air has the cold, clear freshness of autumn, but white night-frost on the fields and morning mist from tarns and rivers already play the prelude to winter.

After months of snow and darkness, a south wind brings mild weather one spring day; the ice which has fettered the rivers and streams, breaks up; the covering of snow becomes dark in patches. Even before the snow has gone, the first blue anemones and snowdrops blossom, and soon the birches are veiled in light green.

Tens of thousands of people have built their homes along the coast. Their houses cling to the feet of the mountains beside the fiords, or shelter behind the rocks of tiny islands, thousands of which rise above the ocean along this long irregular coastline. At many places people have literally anchored their houses to the rocks by chain cable so that the winter storms cannot sweep them away. The sea is the highway of these people. They have no other way to reach the local store, where they must buy food—flour, sugar, salt, coffee, yeast and other necessities. They have to go by boat to sell their produce,



mainly fish, perhaps potatoes, a small quantity of milk from a few cows, and eggs from some wind-ruffled hens. Once a year they may have mutton from the small herd of sheep, which grazes all the year round on tiny tufts of grass found on the cliff side. These people have to use their small row-boats and travel miles by sea to visit neighbours, to go to church, to take the children to school, and to fetch doctor, midwife or priest when necessity demands.

Life is not so lonely in these tiny wooden fishermen's houses as it may appear from the deck of a ship steaming up the fiord. There are wireless sets in nearly every home along the coast, and news from all over the world, entertainment, weather forecasts and information of a practical nature are brought to the people in even the poorest homes.

Moreover, every day has its duties. The husband is usually employed in fishing. Most Norwegian fishermen own



HAYMAKING AT A WESTERN FIORD

Old farming ways survive on this farm as modern mechanical methods are impracticable on such sheer and stony hillsides

by herself for long periods. She has to be a farmer and a sailor herself, as well as a housewife and the mother of her children. She must know how to plant the potatoes and the vegetables, to attend to cows and sheep, she must receive calves when they are born, and she may have to slaughter the pig. She must be able to judge the weather and the sea, to know when she can set off in her rowing boat to the local store, and of course she must know how to handle a boat. She has no time to think about loneliness and dullness in her home.

Small brooklets of clear water from the glaciers and mountains join together and become rivers, pouring immense supplies of water over the cliffs to the main stream in the valley. Norway possesses a greater supply of water-power than any other country in Europe, and modern engineering transforms this water-power into electricity. The waterfalls are therefore known as "Norway's white coal." They produce a cheap and abundant supply of electricity for industry and for the home.

At places the valleys broaden into fertile plains. Here the stream meanders, slowly and quietly; only when the snow is melting in the mountains in spring-time does it swell and run majestically towards the ocean, carrying thousands of hewn logs for the factories.

The Norwegian farmer owns his land and farm himself; and most farms are small enough to be managed by the farmer himself and his family. According to ancient law, the farm should remain in the possession of the family, descending to eldest son or daughter. Even if the farm is sold to an outsider, the new owner cannot refuse to sell it

their motor fishing vessel, bought with their earnings or with credit granted by the State Fishing companies are few, and the fisherman has a profound contempt of becoming a wage-earner.

The fisherman may be away from home for weeks at a stretch during the seasonal fisheries. In many coastal homes, too, the husband is a sailor in the merchant navy and then he may be away from home for years. Under these conditions the housewife has to manage

back should a descendant of the original owner claim the right to buy it.

The farmer has to do the spring sowing as early as possible, and even then it may happen that the short summer will not let the harvest ripen before the frost comes. Much labour, toil and careful watching are necessary to secure the harvest, and all hands—men, women and children—take part in the outdoor work during the busy seasons; ploughing, potato planting, sowing corn, weeding vegetables, hay making and so on. Modern methods of agriculture are in use. The tractors are humming, the hay-cutter is shrieking and the electric thrashing-machine is grumbling during the whole long day. Only in remote places do the old ways survive, mainly because modern methods are not practicable on the inaccessible steep and stony hillsides.

Preparing for Winter

When the harvest is safely gathered, people turn to their houses, attending to every join and crack in walls and roof and floor, making them proof against winter wind and weather.

Christmas Eve is the most solemn family celebration. At five o'clock all church bells in towns and countryside ring in Christmas. By that time everybody will have rushed home from their work. In towns the tramcars and buses stop running and busy shopping streets are soon empty. Highroads and paths in the countryside are deserted.

The family and the servants gather round the Christmas tree and sing the traditional hymns, while the candles burn down. From underneath the tree gifts in attractive wrappings are distributed to everyone, and the house resounds with the children's laughter. An abundant dinner table is laid in the dining-room with all sorts of national dishes, many only served at Christmas

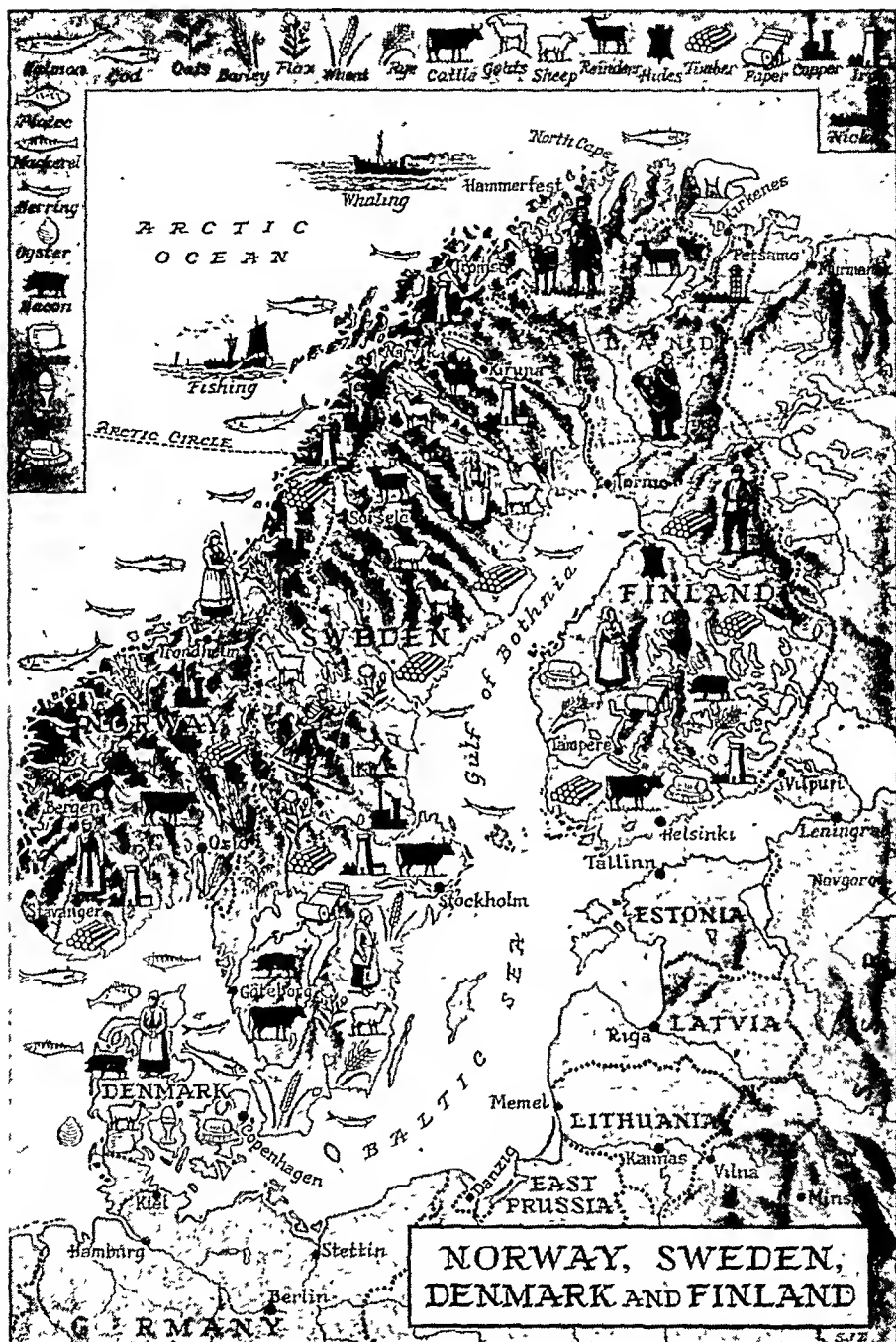
For days after there are parties with relatives and friends and Christmas celebrations in the Festival Halls. The traditional hospitality is great. It is not due to any special virtue, but a reflection of the need for social contacts in a thinly populated country where travelling is often difficult. As a matter of course any visitor is asked to enter and sit down among the family in the living-room, to have coffee and cakes, and a chat. Everybody says "*Takk for maten*" (Thanks for the food") to the hostess, when leaving the table. Those are among the first words children are taught.

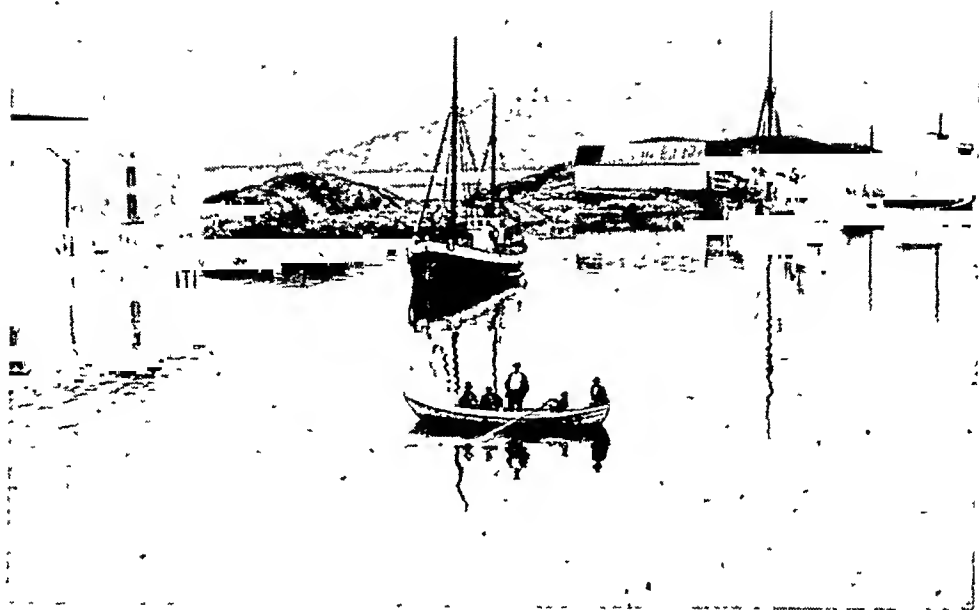
Most Norwegian towns are situated on the coast. The fiord is at their doorstep, and hills or mountains surround them. Their natural setting seems to give the towns and cities a special homeliness, sheltered as they are in the arms of the country.

Streets and windows look out on the hills or the harbour. The houses are built in rising tiers along the slopes and hills, so that each may have a clear view over the neighbouring roof. In Bergen, for instance, it happens that some houses are built on such a steep hillside that they have a direct entrance from the rocky garden to all the four floors

Building and Architecture

Small houses in Norway are usually built of wood, and vary in form and character, more often than not being built by the owner to suit himself. The larger towns have blocks of flats and modern houses of concrete, glass and steel. Streets and shop-windows are illuminated with a flood of electric light. The architecture of churches and other monumental buildings is often floodlit. Electric trolley-buses and tramcars are as efficiently developed as anywhere; electric trains bring people from the residential suburbs into the town.





ISOLATED FISHING COMMUNITY IN NORDLAND

The men of Sandnessjoen, a tiny fishing community consisting of a few scattered huts, leave their fishing vessels and go home by rowing boat for their meal.

The cheap and abundant electricity has in many ways given the housewife freedom from drudgery. Electric washing machines are often installed in modern houses; electric cookers and refrigerators are fitted into the flats; electric vacuum cleaners, fires and sewing-machines are very often the family's own property. All kinds of electrical gadgets are produced by the country's own industry.

The small Norwegian towns are closely connected with the neighbouring farming and fish-producing districts. The distance between the producer and the consumer is not very great and you may see them meet at the stalls on a market day. The fish market smells of salt sea and fresh fish. The fisherman himself in his oilskins often brings his catch alive to town in special containers.

In some places there are concrete tanks containing salt water even on the market place itself, and the housewife can point out among the number of fish swimming there the one which is just the size and quality she wants.

Potatoes, vegetables, fruit, wild berries and garden berries are abundant on the market square during the summer season. In early autumn the flower market makes you believe that you are in a sub-tropical town.

The towns have modern places of entertainment: theatres, concert-halls and cinemas. But in spite of coloured films and swing orchestras, private entertainments still play a greater part in the social life of the towns in Norway than in most other countries. People put on their best clothes and visit the homes of friends and relatives

During the winter children, young people and adults all go ski-ing, tobogganing or skating on the nearby mountains, hills and lakes. In the summer people camp in the woods or on small islands at the mouths of the fiords, which they reach by motor boat.

The great national festival of the Norwegian people is the Seventeenth of May, which commemorates the origin of the Constitution. Above all, this is the day of the school children and young people. In demonstrations all over the country they leave the schools under their flags and banners and march to some open space, where speeches are made and games, sports and dances are arranged. Everybody wears his best summer clothes for the first time in the year on this occasion.

Thousands of school children march through the main street, ascend the slope in front of the Royal Palace, and march along before it to salute the King with their waving flags and their gay and eager hurrahs.

Norwegian children are brought up in an extremely democratic world. The schools are publicly owned and run, private schools being almost non-existent. The fact that the children from well-to-do homes and those from poor homes mix every school day from their seventh to their fifteenth year, has its democratic influence on society. Equality in the important elementary stage of education forms the basis of respect for every man's opinion.

The gallant stand made by the Norwegians against the Nazis in the



IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

Hunting for whales is one of the occupations of the men who live in this village of Ulsfjord where, in the winter, the polar night darkens the sky from November to January. The roofs of the houses are covered with grass and flowers.



NORWEGIAN SAILOR

Norwegians who live on the broken coast have to make most journeys by sea; consequently they are brought up from childhood to regard the sea as their highway.



NORWEGIAN LAPP FAMILY IN FINNMARK

There are few Lapps in Norway and they live mainly on reindeer. They move their tents according to summer grazing in the mountains, or winter grazing in sheltered forests.

Second World War will go down into history as a golden thread woven into an otherwise dreadful pattern of oppression, bloodshed and terrorism. Overwhelmingly inferior in numbers and modern weapons, the people of this gallant nation yet contrived to harass a powerful enemy. Many of them managed to escape, leaving behind the homes and the people they loved, and made a hazardous voyage to Britain, there to join the Norwegian Forces, while others by dint of underground methods carried out work quite as valuable in Norway itself. Although she is now free from the invaders, the devastation of war will take many years to erase and it will be some time yet before Norway regains her old prosperity.

Life in Sweden

A tourist travelling up to Stockholm, or further northwards, might easily get the impression that Sweden is a country of virgin forests with scattered settlements among the dark green of the firs and the lighter green of the pines. From some point of vantage in the capital itself—where an elk or hare may still sprint along the empty streets in the early morning—he will see the forest closing in round the garden suburbs. But if he should set out for the real northern wilds—on the Norwegian border—he will find himself in a land as pure and untrodden as on the day of creation.

Despite all this, Sweden is a country of ancient civilization. This seemingly virginal land is the oldest existing monarchy in Europe; it has the oldest still-functioning industrial company in the world (the copper mining firm Stora Kopparbergs Bergslags Aktiebolag, which goes back to the 13th century); it introduced systematic population statistics earlier than any other country in the world (in 1749); it had

a central authority for archaeological preservation and research in the early 17th century. It is a very old country.

In relation to its population (just over 6½ millions), Sweden has a surprisingly large area: 173,000 sq. miles, or almost three times as much as England and Wales. Over its great length of nearly a thousand miles, the density of population varies between 300 per square mile in the south to less than one per square mile in the far north. The southernmost point is in the latitude of Newcastle, the northernmost many miles north of the polar circle. The annual mean temperature varies from 44 degrees in the south to 27 degrees in the north. In the south, the summer is reckoned to be 140 days, in the north twenty-four days (from about 12th July to 5th August!).

In Scania (Skåne), farming is carried on by ordinary Central European methods, and has been developed to a very high level; in Norrbotten, the northernmost province, the few days of summer which, however, are long and sunny, produce a scanty harvest of oats and hay. In the south, the landowning aristocrat—there are a few such—may look out over his fertile acres from the turret of his 16th century castle (with central heating, hot water and refrigerator) between a visit to the races at Jägersro and a golf match at Båstad; while the Lapp in Karesuando moves his tent according to the migrations of his reindeer herd, between summer grazing in the mountains and winter feeding in the snowy forest dales.

Importance of Forests

On the whole the forest gives its character to the country as more than half its area is covered by "productive forest". It is not difficult to discern the psychological influence. In the lonely villages and still more lonely lumberers'



LUMBERING IN NORTH SWEDEN

The lumberman works hard in the early spring thaw, stripping bark from fallen trees before floating them down the river from the mountains to the Bothnian coast.

cottages and huts, there lives a slow-moving, quiet people, with traits of melancholia and also of hypochondria.

Economically, the forest, with its byproducts, is of great importance to Sweden for it provides the foremost export article of the country. The vast, sparsely populated tracts of Norrland stand out as the most important source of industrial raw materials, with scientifically tended timber areas, with a dozen natural floating channels along rivers running from the edge of the high mountains down to the Bothnian coast, and with the areas round river mouths dotted by sawmills and factories.

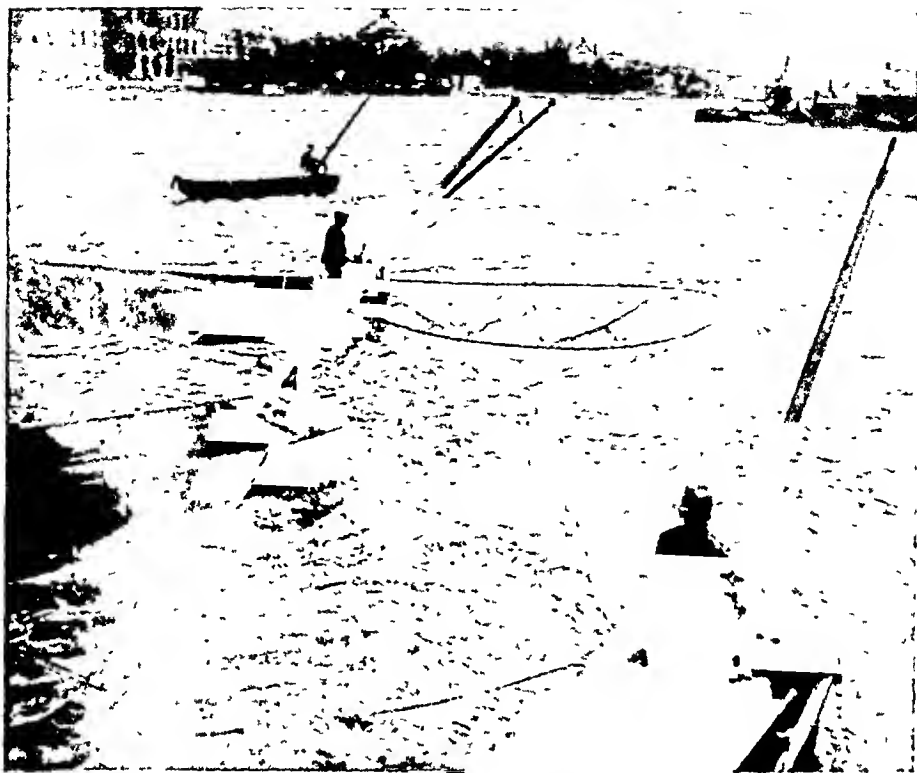
In the early days of the steam saw-

mills, that is, in the middle of last century, Englishmen and Norwegians were in many cases the pioneers. But the importance of the sawmills has gradually declined, and in the 1920's wood-pulp had risen to the same export figures as the sawmill products which, since then, have decreased still further. Where the circular saws used to whizz and whine as they cut into the wet logs, hauled directly out of the river, one now finds sulphite and sulphate works, with enormous chimneys towering over stylish red-brick factory buildings; or wood-fibre works, and brand new plants for the production of wood alcohol, artificial silk or



AT DALECARLIA, NORTH SWEDEN

From time immemorial people who live in Leksand have travelled to church by means of large rowing boats; and still do so, despite the new bus service.



FISHING IN THE CAPITAL

Fishermen lower their round nets into the sea in the harbour of Stockholm. They catch many different kinds of fish, but herrings are the most common of all.

chemicals, marking the growth of a highly complicated industry; where matches—one of the early products—have long lost their relative importance.

As the firs and pines are turned into pulp and paper and houses, cell-wool clothes, silk stockings and gin, the old, somewhat primitive mentality is undergoing a change. Modern industrialization has conquered this ancient peasant country, transforming conditions of life. A higher standard of living has been the first result.

Historically speaking, the Swedish realm is a fusion of provinces, each with its deeply rooted, special way of life. In Jämtland, a province in the centre of

Sweden, one can still visit farms which have been owned and inhabited by the same family since the 14th century.

The railways, now mainly State-owned, first began to break up the isolation of the country people, and the process has been hastened by the advent of the motor car and bus. The State Railways and the Post Office have assisted in the building up of a motor-bus network which now reaches from the south, as far north as the towns right up among the Lapland wilds on the frontier with northern Norway.

With this breaking up of the old isolation, the people of the villages and forest huts have gained a new mobility.



IN ONE OF STOCKHOLM'S LOVELY PARKS
People adjust their skis in the famous Haga Park. Ski-ing is a favourite sport of the Swedish people, in whose life physical training plays an important part.

which has disrupted the old agricultural economy. The farmers complain that all the young labour is being drawn away from the country farms to the towns and the factories. The girls—descendants of generations of farmers' wives, who for centuries went their monotonous way between kitchen and well and cow-house—are in revolt; the milking coat is left on its peg, the young women gather their belongings together and take the bus to town, to get a job in shop or factory, tempted by better money, fixed hours, evenings and Sundays off, regular summer holidays (since 1938 a worker's holiday of twelve working days is the law), and all the chances of a richer and freer life. They rent a furnished room, they buy the cheap, mass-produced gowns, they see the films and go to the dance halls, they expose their fresh, rural charms in the open-air swimming baths, and maybe they join a reading circle or a language circle. And maybe they will meet a decent young man and settle down in a one-room-and-kitchen flat, and thus fuse with the middle class

Swedish Women

In any case the net result is that there is now a woman shortage of 100,000 in the country districts and a surplus of 150,000 in the towns. And it is widely felt that more rational planning of society as a whole is required.

At the same time the rural technical standard has to be raised. As it is, very often one finds a rather crude contrast between the comforts and conveniences of the towns and the primitive conditions still surviving in the country. Electric light has reached most families—the country is rich in waterfalls and electrical power output is about thirteen million kilowatts—but laid-on water and drains are still missing on many thousands of farms, hygienic habits are

undeveloped, home equipment is primitive, and the facilities for cultural recreation very small.

On the other hand, the constant immigration to the towns has brought with it a rapid development of urban standards. "Functionalism" is the word in town and house planning. The old type of tenement, built on the four sides of a dark courtyard, where the children played among outdoor lavatories and refuse bins, is being succeeded by unit blocks, planned to receive as much sun as possible and located according to the configuration of the landscape. The groups of "point houses" and "lamella blocks" round the city quarters, are frequently separated from the big thoroughfares by park-belts with paddling pools and playgrounds, and beyond the town proper, the garden suburbs spread their greenery, their small houses very often having been erected by the owners themselves from prefabricated parts, the whole thing being financed by municipal loans and grants.

The earliest, and best known, of these garden suburbs were those outside Stockholm, at Bromma, built on municipally owned land. Here, under the admiring eyes of the sociologists of the world, bankers and civil servants, schoolmasters and doctors, plant and dig in their neat little gardens, side by side with bus drivers and factory workers, while sunburned children tumble about under birch and pine.

Flat Housing

But of course the far larger part of the town population lives in flats. Flat housing has become one of the big industries, to a large extent co-operatively organized, and relying on Government or municipal finance. Modern building methods and materials have been introduced, and the standard



SEARCHLIGHTS PLAY ON THE TOWN HALL

Stockholm Town Hall is a graceful piece of architecture, worthy of a city where slums are unknown and whose garden suburbs are the admiration of the world.

of comfort has been raised to a very high level, but often at the expense of space, with the result that nearly 40 per cent of Swedish town families are confined to one room and a kitchen, and 30 per cent. to two rooms and a kitchen. Only 8 per cent have as much as four rooms and a kitchen. It might be said that these families have to seek the space they lack indoors in the wide view they often have through the windows of their little homes, where they live their lives with the aid of such amenities as central heating, hot water, bath, electric cooker, refrigerator, refuse chute, street-door, telephone, and other conveniences, but which do not always make up for their lack of room. As if conscious of this, the large, national housing organizations have done much to provide more outdoor space in the form of well laid out public gardens, shore promenades, and children's nurseries. The island suburb Reimersholme outside Stockholm is a fine example of this kind of national planning.

Importance of Co-operation

The popular national organizations have meant much in Swedish life during the last generation. The most important is the Co-operative Union, to which every third Swedish family belongs. Co-operation has revolutionized retail trading. The old village shop was a picturesque place, but hardly hygienic, with farming implements, boots and shoes and tin pots hanging from the ceiling, the walls covered by dusty drawers, with flour, salt, sugar and spices, barrels of salt herrings, rolls of leather, and tins of paraffin on the floor. In contrast the co-operative shop is the height of practical and tasteful arrangement in harmonious colours, with well-designed equipment, and the goods kept in gleaming glass containers, or ready-packed in tidy cellophane covers

The private traders have been forced to organize in their turn, to standardize their wares, and to copy the advances of the co-operatives. The consequence is that today the miner's wife in England and the engineer's wife in southernmost Sweden, some 800 miles from each other, buy the same sort of food, in the same packing, from the same central food factory. In spite of this, standardization has meant on the whole that food habits have become more diversified, and raised to a somewhat higher level. Farinaceous food still dominates the Swedish diet and, of course, the Swedes are the world's largest consumers of coffee. But vegetables are becoming more appreciated, even in the country, where they used to be regarded as pig-food, and modern freezing methods are reducing the consumption of salted or dried food.

Restrictions on Alcohol

In Sweden you are permitted to eat what you like, but there are considerable restrictions on your liberty to drink what you like, when you like and where you like. This, of course, is a comparatively recent phenomenon. When Bulstrode Whitelock visited Sweden in 1653-54 as Cromwell's ambassador, he was shocked by the immoderate amount of strong drinks consumed not only by the rabble, but also by the gentlemen of the Court and the Church, and only by great energy was he able to escape the courtly duty of getting drunk in the company of his hosts! A century later (1775), when distilling was made a Government privilege, the Swedish nation consumed alcohol immoderately out of pure loyalty to the Crown! In 1914 the wine and spirit trade was again made a State monopoly, but this time with the conscious intention of reducing consumption. The Bratt system—so called after its initiator.

Dr. Ivan Bratt—has actually led to a reduction of the annual spirit consumption from $11\frac{1}{2}$ pints per head in 1914 to a little over 7 pints.

Control of sales is exercised by a rationing system under which the maximum allowance (for sale over the counter) is about four pints of strong liquor a month to a male tax-paying householder. In the restaurants liquor can only be served with a meal, and only to a limited amount, corresponding to four or five "nips". For women the allowances are half of those for men.

Liquor Taxation

It might be said that no measure of social legislation has aroused so much anger as the Bratt system. On foreign tourists it makes the same mystifying and awe-inspiring impression as the earlier drunkenness made on Bulstrode Whitelock. But with all its awkwardness it must have profited the health of the nation. In any case it has profited the exchequer: for the budget year 1944-45 the income from liquor taxation was estimated at 430 million kronor (£25,000,000), or about seven shillings per head of the population.

The large temperance organizations have taken their place side by side with the other national organizations in highly developed educational activities. There are practically no illiterates in Sweden. School attendance has been compulsory since 1842, and every town has its secondary school, supported by State and municipality. (There are no large private schools such as the English public schools.) Lecture societies (over 600 in the whole country), study circles (over 12,000), people's colleges (about 60), and the public libraries (over 8,000 with 16 million book loans a year), all receive fairly liberal grants from State and municipalities. The government-controlled broadcasting

company also gives over a comparatively large proportion of its programmes to educational features, lectures, language courses, etc. It has 1,650,000 licensed listeners out of a population of 6,500,000.

Physical training and sports play an important part in Swedish life. Football pools have been made to pay a contribution to public needs, and by grants from the pool funds numbers of sports grounds, swimming baths, tennis halls and ski jumps have been constructed. On a Sunday every able-bodied youth's desire is to go on a cycle or hiking trip, a walking competition, a map and compass race in the forests, or in the winter, a ski or skating trip or race.

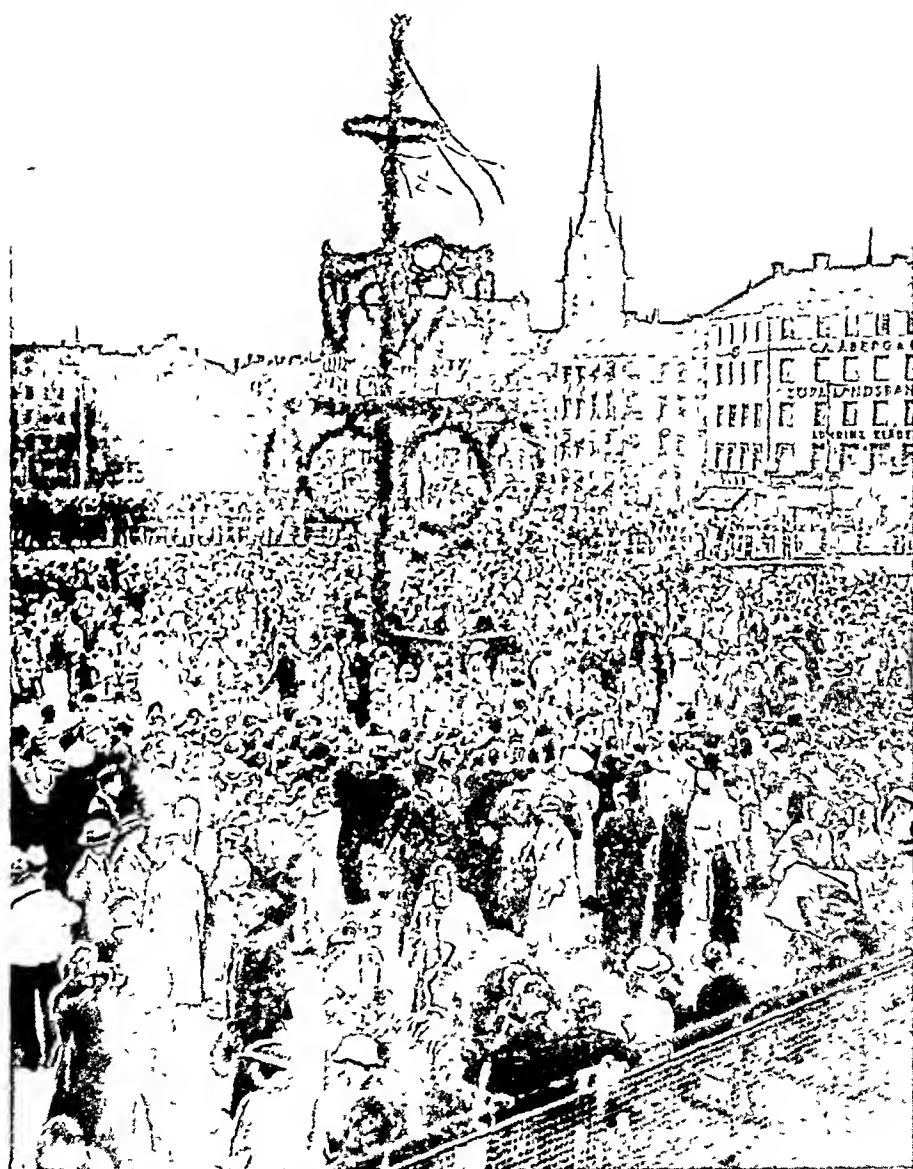
Closely related with the physical education movement is popular tourism, which has created 300 youth hostels in various parts of the country, and a number of simple, excellently run hostels in the mountains in the north. The descendants of the old Vikings, who went ravaging to distant lands, have become peaceful travellers in their own country. What they have kept of the Viking spirit seems to be their keen love of nature, and a need to get out to the open spaces; and these they mostly have on their own doorstep.

Danish People

Denmark must be one of the most intricate pieces of the European geographical jigsaw puzzle, cut up as it is into the Jutland peninsula, just north of Germany, and more than 500 islands scattered in the entrance to the Baltic Sea between Jutland and Sweden. In this country about half the size of Scotland lives the happy family of nearly 4,000,000 Danes.

About one-third of the Danish population lives in the countryside, about one-third in the capital, Copenhagen, the remaining third being distributed

SWEDISH FESTIVAL



MIDSUMMER EVE CELEBRATIONS

Crowds watch the dancing round the maypole which is one of the ways of celebrating Midsummer Eve in Sweden. This festival takes place on 23rd to 24th June.



COPENHAGEN'S FLOWER MARKET

The statue of Bishop Absalon, founder of Copenhagen and one of the most valiant soldiers that Copenhagen ever fostered, looks down on the gaily coloured scene

amongst provincial towns. According to occupation the country may be divided into three groups, those who live by agriculture, those who live by industry and the remainder gaining their living by ancillary occupations, such as administration, education, etc.

Life on the Farm

In discussing daily life in the country, it must always be borne in mind that 95 per cent of the farmers own their own land, a factor which serves as a powerful encouragement to them to devote all their energy and interest to the pursuit of their vocation, not only for their own benefit but also for that of their children. At the same time, this ownership of the land permits the children to grow up with a strong attachment to the family farm. The intensive methods of farming employed in Denmark for the past hundred years have tended to scatter the farms over the countryside, for each farmhouse is situated in the midst of its own land; but the ancient villages are still there, clustered about the church, the inn, the assembly hall and the local store. Strangers in Denmark, as they drive through the Danish countryside, are often surprised at the number of posts and pylons that have been put up. These carry the telephone, telegraph, and electric light and power to all parts of the country, for farmers rely on these services for the efficient running of their farm and homesteads.

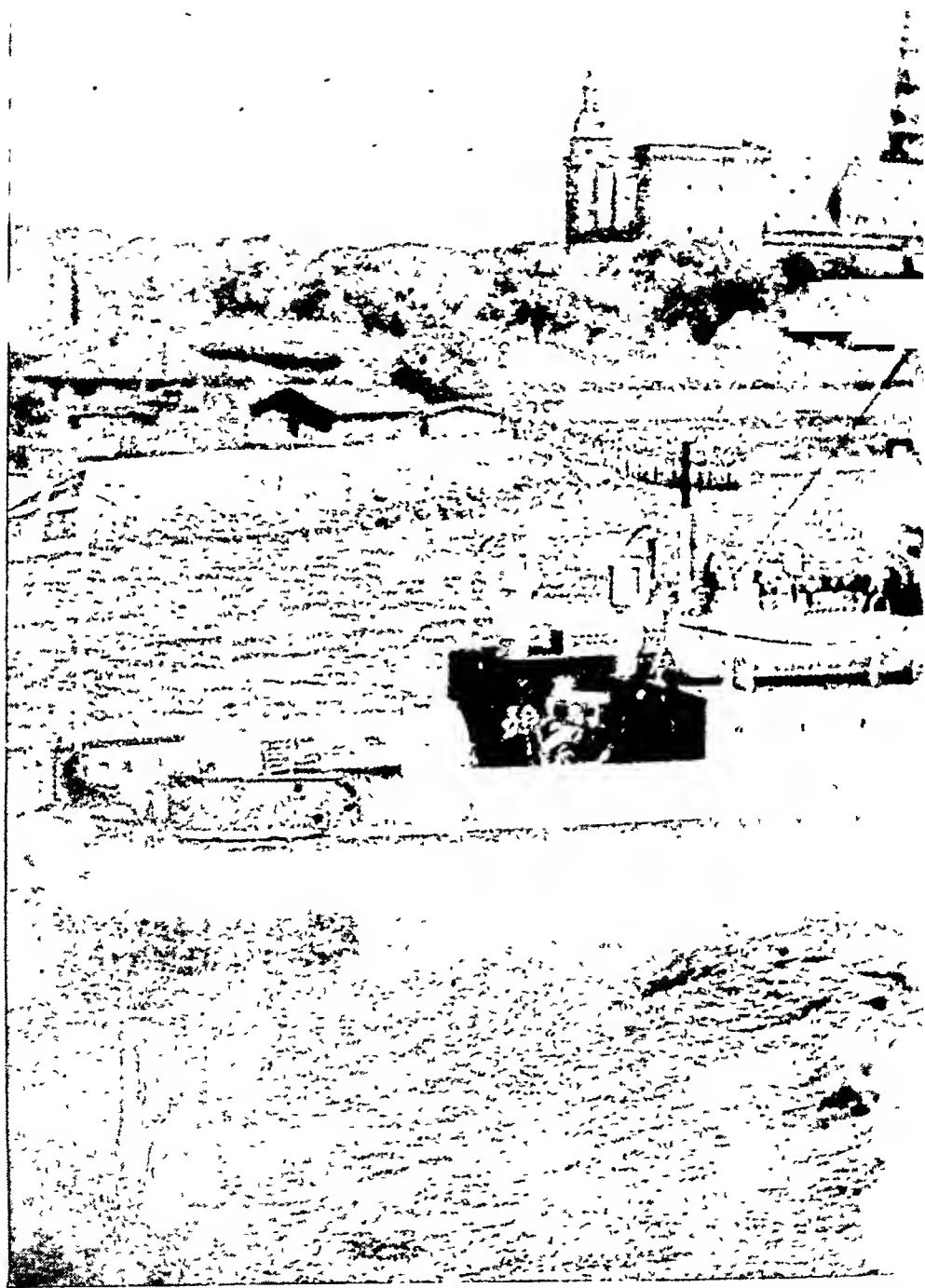
Of Denmark's 204,000 farms 178,000 are less than 75 acres in extent. Looking in on an average farm of 35 acres, the visitor would find the daily routine something like this. There would be the farmer, his wife, and perhaps two or three children, and hired help, consisting of two farm apprentices and a girl. In the ordinary way the two men would rise at 5 a.m.

and go out to groom and feed the horses, milk the cows, and feed the pigs and other small stock. At 6.30 the family, except the children, would be served with coffee and bread and butter, jam or cheese. Work starts at 7 o'clock, and the children have to be made ready for school, which starts at 8 a.m. At 8.30, breakfast for the adults is served, and everyone sits down at the same table. In the forenoon one of the apprentices would be detailed to see to the animals, while the farmer, with the assistance of the other, would do such jobs as the season demanded, which might be about the farm or in the fields. On certain mornings in the week, lorries call from the nearest town, bringing fertilizers and foodstuffs from the co-operative societies to which the farmer belongs. Other lorries call to take milk, eggs, and pigs to the market, this being another function of the co-operatives. This system, to which practically all farmers belong, means that they are able to devote the whole of their time and energy to the business of farming well, leaving the business of buying and selling to others. In the running of the co-operatives each farmer has only one vote, irrespective of whether he is a substantial man or only a smallholder.

Housewife's Routine

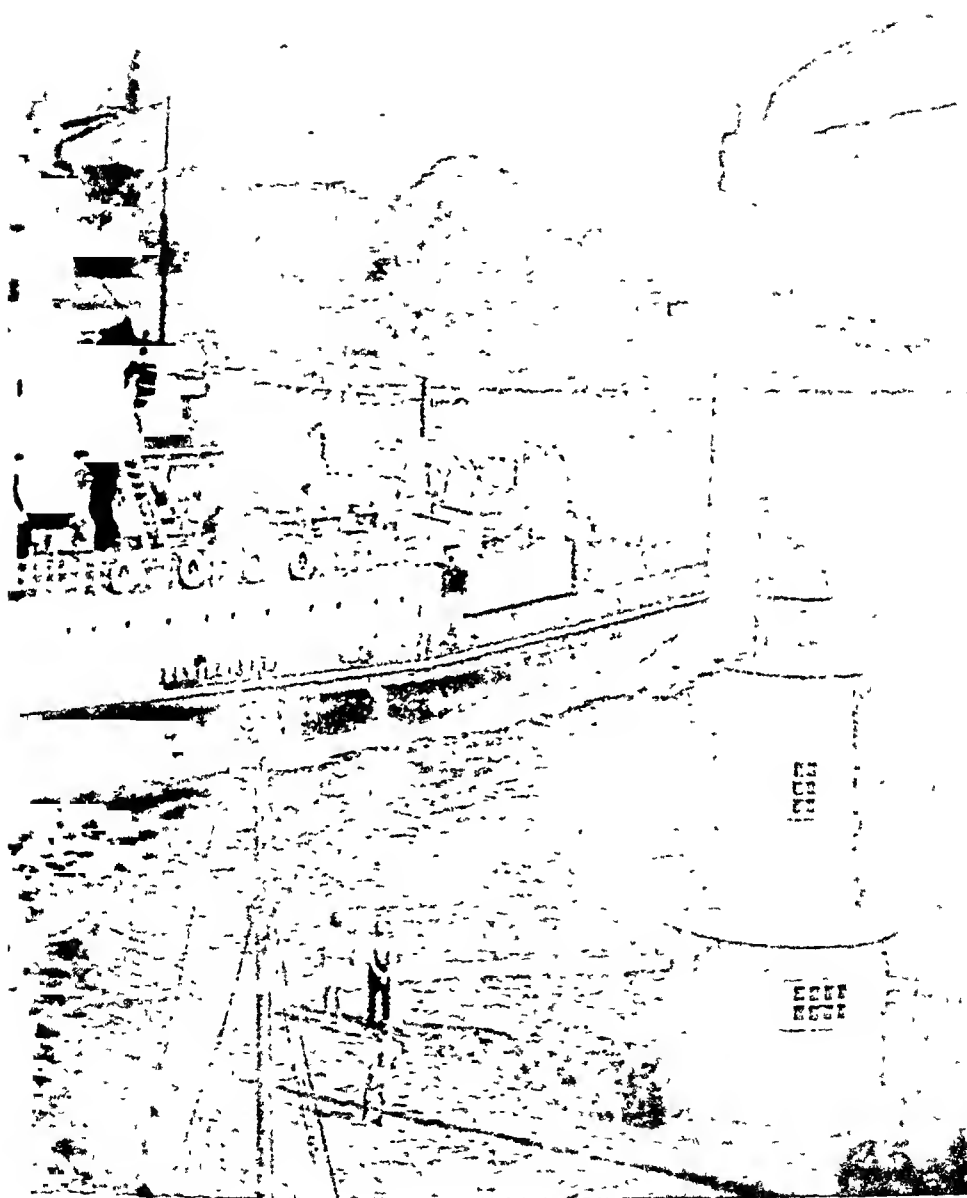
The housewife and her helper invariably spend an extremely busy morning, for usually the domain of a farmer's wife is not merely the household, but also the poultry stock and the garden.

At 12 o'clock dinner is served and consists of two courses and coffee. The midday pause lasts until 1 or 1.30 p.m., after which work is resumed on much the same lines as in the morning. In the late afternoon the cows are milked (on some farms milking is done three times a day) and then the stock is bedded down. Supper is served at 6 o'clock and



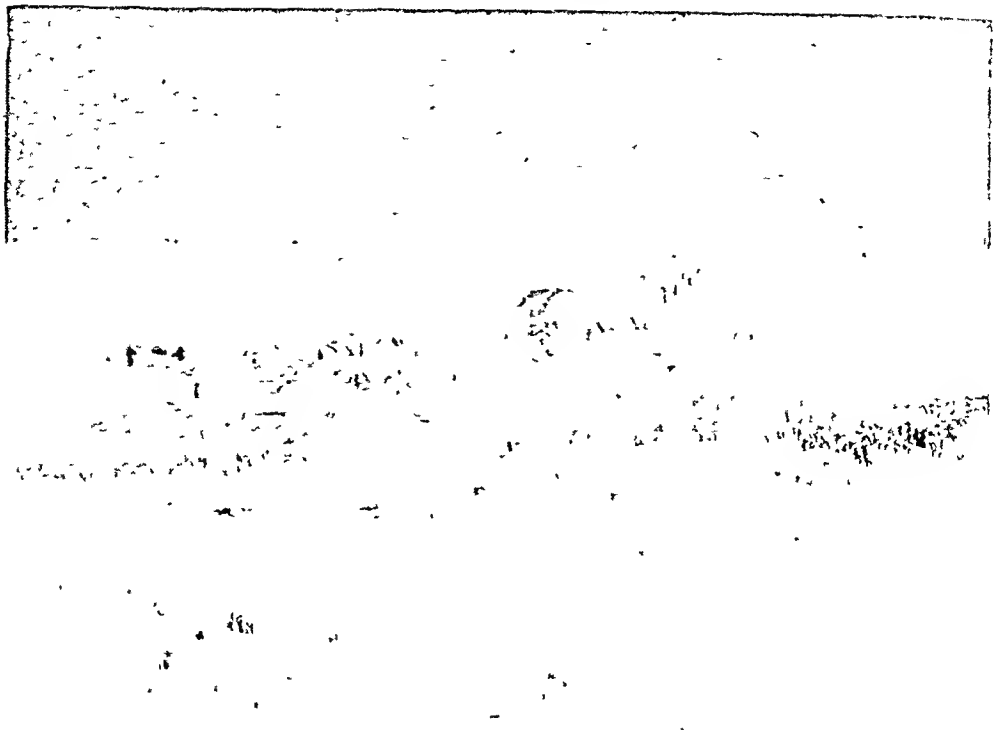
HAMLET'S CASTLE

At Elsinore, in Denmark, spectators watch the arrival of the trim ferry boat from Helsingborg in Sweden. In the background the famous fortress of Kronborg Castle,



AT ELSINORE

can be seen. The strip of water, called the Sound, which separates the countries of Denmark and Sweden, is only two and a half miles wide at its narrowest part.



ON A DANISH FARM

In the still calm of an autumn day, this farmer ploughs his field ready for the winter. He farms his own land, as do ninety-five per cent. of the farmers in Denmark.

consists of one hot dish, with bread and butter, and a variety of cold dishes to follow. The family, with the apprentices, usually spend the evening together, listening to popular radio programmes, reading, or whatever else pleases them.

The apprentices mostly belong to one or two of the local associations pursuing such activities as physical training, or rifle shooting. There are also meetings and lectures for those, and they are not a few, who are interested in politics, and most villages maintain political club rooms. Young farm workers also pay regular visits to the cinemas in nearby towns or large villages.

While his family and employees are thus taking their ease, the farmer himself may be hard at work, keeping his

records or studying agricultural papers which provide him with the latest information from experimental stations and laboratories. He has mostly acquired the habit and ability to read these journals from his attendance at an agricultural high school, folk high school, or both. There are sixty folk high schools and twenty agricultural high schools scattered throughout the country. They mostly run five months' courses in the winter for young men, and three months' courses in the summer for girls. Amongst them are a few co-educational establishments. Attendance is voluntary, but in all about one-third of Denmark's rural youth takes advantage of this extra schooling, not with the idea of collecting academic luggage labels

(for there are no examinations and no diplomas), but with the sole idea of preparing to make the best of life. It is these schools which have built up a farming community in Denmark which may truly be called the backbone of the country. Incidentally, it is not without interest to note that of Denmark's 227 Members of Parliament (in the Upper and Lower Houses) no fewer than sixty-two are practical farmers.

Passing to the towns, the most important single group in the Danish urban community is that formed by the 600,000 organized Danish workers, with their families. Denmark is often believed to be a purely agricultural country, but in actual fact more than

one-third of the population now gains a living in industry.

There is no mining in Denmark, and this is probably one of the factors that has tended to raise the general standard of living amongst industrial workers. The main industries are shipbuilding and the manufacture of marine diesel engines and highly specialized dairy and electrical equipment.

Life in Danish towns starts at about 7 o'clock in the morning, at which hour factories and workshops begin work. Shops and schools open at 8 o'clock, and offices usually about 9 a.m. Some 90 per cent of the schools are financed either by the State or by the municipalities. The luncheon hour is usually from



KING'S NEW SQUARE IN COPENHAGEN

This fashionable and popular Square looks bright and attractive in the sunshine of early spring. It is quite near the King's Palace and close to the harbour. The Smørrebrød stall sells a particular kind of sandwich peculiar to Scandinavia.

12 to 1, and almost everybody who cannot reach home brings his or her lunch to the office, shop or school, though nowadays schools are tending more and more to provide a midday meal on the premises. The school day ends at 2 or 3 p.m., offices close at 4 or 5 o'clock, factories at 5 and shops at 6 p.m. On Fridays shops are generally open until 7 and on Saturdays until 8 p.m. The week-end, as understood in England, is known in Denmark only in some of the very large concerns. Speaking generally, people work full time on Saturdays as on other week-days.

The evening meal is served as a rule at 6 or 6.30, and usually consists of two hot dishes and coffee or tea.

In towns there is a much greater variety of activities and entertainments to while away the evenings. Young people in shops and industries are usually obliged in term-time to attend theoretical night-schools on four evenings a week, each session lasting two hours. There are many political youth associations, whose club rooms are well attended, and, of course, many sports and athletic clubs. Theatres and cinemas, to say nothing of the many restaurants and cafés, are all well filled in the evenings. One of the most popular hobbies of the Danish townsman deserves special mention, namely, the allotment garden movement.

Allotment Gardens

The idea which inspired this movement was to preserve the link between town and countryside, by encouraging town workers to take a plot of land to work. Great care and pains are bestowed on these plots by their owners, who make every effort to make the most of them. The allotments are usually equipped with a wooden bungalow, where the whole family goes to live in the summer time and where,

from early spring to late autumn, they spend many week-ends. Since the vast majority of Danish town dwellers live in flats, these allotments are invaluable.

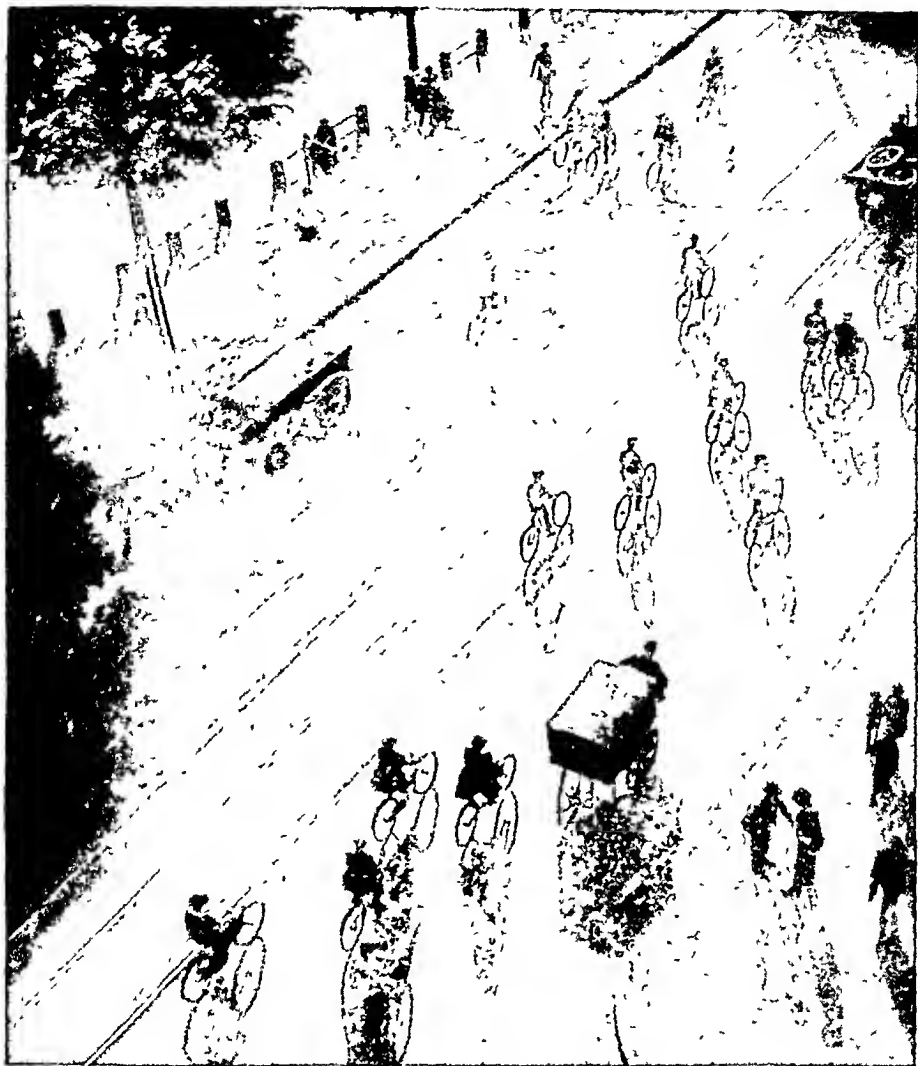
Social Benefits

Danish workers enjoy the benefits of a comprehensive social legislation, introduced in 1933, a kind of Danish Beveridge Plan. Under this legislation, the State acknowledges that it is its duty to see that no person falling into distress through no fault of his own, but by reason of such things as unemployment, sickness or disability, is left without a certain minimum provision, for the support both of himself and of his family.

On June 5th the granting of the Constitution in 1849 is annually celebrated by a public holiday. Most of the Members of Parliament, both from the Lower and Upper Houses, make political speeches to their constituents from flag-decorated platforms at open-air meetings held everywhere in the country. The meetings are followed as a rule by junketings and picnics, dancing in the open air, and finally by boating excursions under the rising moon.

The schools enjoy summer holidays from late June for about six weeks, and the long vacations at the two Universities last until September 1st. Every employee is guaranteed one day's holiday with full pay for every month's service he has given in the year, and in order to assist the man in the street to make the most of his twelve days' leave, the Trade Unions have sponsored a Danish People's Holidays Association, which provides cheap bungalows in holiday colonies at beauty spots. Young people often spend their holidays at scouts' or boys' brigades' camps, or at the Youth Hostels which have become numerous and popular since 1935.

Much spare time in December is devoted to preparations for, and the



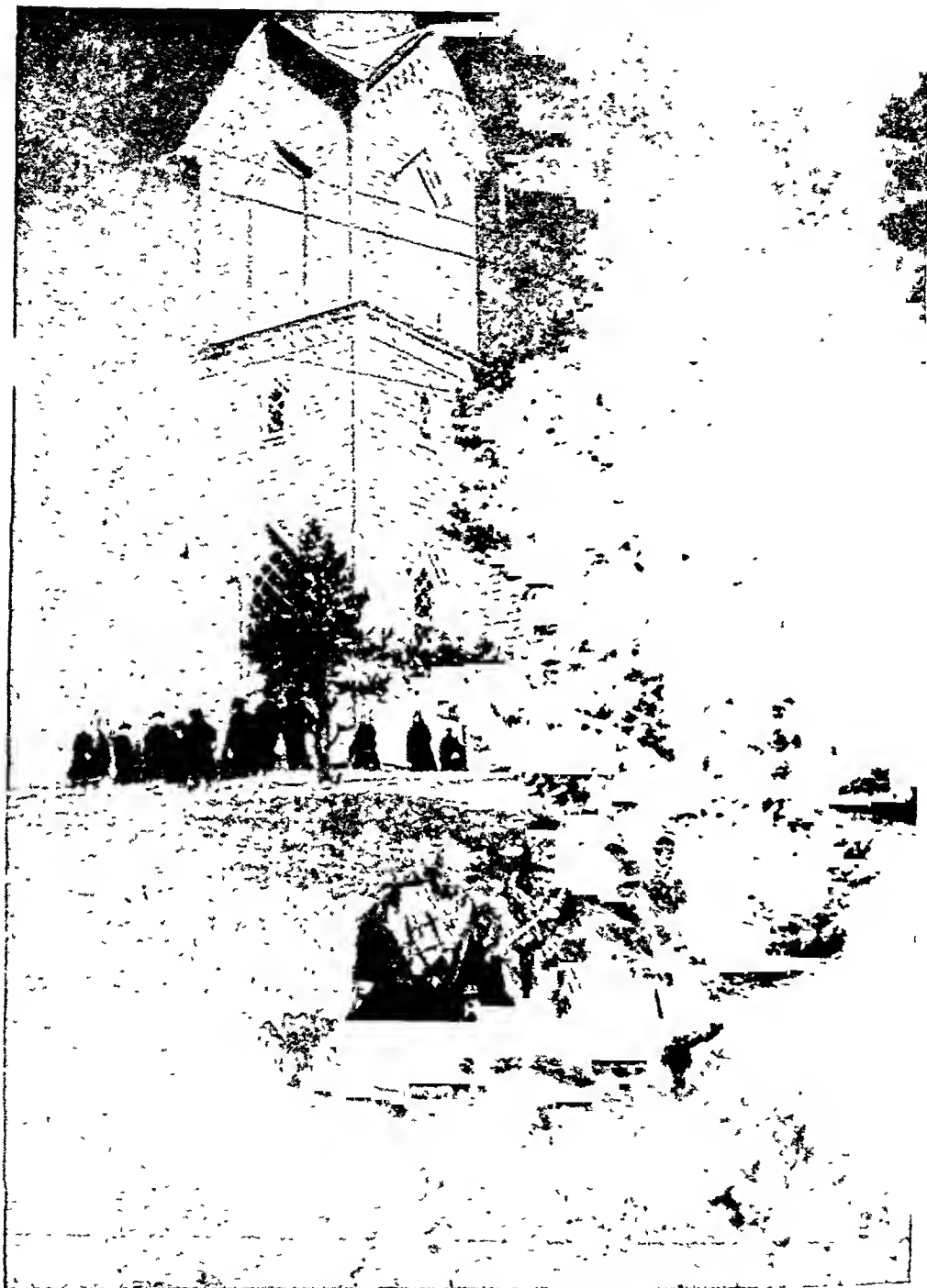
TRANSPORT IN A FLAT COUNTRY

Each of Denmark's million homes has at least one bicycle as it is the general means of transport, at the same time every sixth home has also a car or motor-cycle.

thought of, Christmas, the festival of families and children. At this time everybody makes a point of being at home

These brief glimpses of the Danish people at work and play will have served their purpose if they provide the

reader with an impression of a small and happy community, essentially democratic in its way of life, asking nothing of anyone but respect for its agricultural and industrial achievements, and wishing to share its culture with all.



WHERE WINTER REIGNS FOR MONTHS

Clad in warm native costumes, these people leave their timber church in Lapland to walk home through the heavy snow. Part of Lapland is included in Finland.

FINLAND, THE BALTIC STATES AND POLAND

The Finns: their physical fitness: a Finnish farmstead: national characteristics: the Estonians: their national dress and folklore: the Latvians and Lithuanians: timber villages: the Poles: their love of the soil: food: spinning: communal spirit: schooling: post-war Poland.

THE Finns are the cousins of the Estonians and are also distant relatives of the Magyars of Hungary. In many ways they are one of the finest races in Europe. Physically they are remarkably strong and healthy; their prowess at field sports is phenomenal, and their country has always won a high place at the Olympic Games—far above countries with ten times the population. In particular, Finland has supplied a succession of champions in long-distance running. Educational opportunities are wide and standards high. There are few if any class distinctions in her educational ranks, and it is not uncommon to meet a peasant farmer who holds a university degree.

The Finns are great readers—more books are sold in proportion to the population than in any other country in the world. Good linguists, the people are accustomed to reading part of their literature in foreign tongues—Swedish, English and German are favourites.

Finland is not a naturally rich country, save in timber and water power. These are fully exploited by the energetic population. Apart from local manufactures, the bulk of the people support themselves by farming. Finland is a country of villages, often widely separated, for the gently undulating surface of the country is broken by no fewer than 60,000 lakes. It is not uncommon for a village to be 30 or 40

miles from its neighbour. Practically the whole of the population of 3,600,000 is concentrated in the southern third of the country: the remainder is a semi-barren waste stretching well up into the Arctic Circle—the frozen north. Here live a few thousand Laplanders with their reindeer.

A Finnish farmstead is made of wood; so is everything else which could possibly be made of wood, from the bucket to the fence, for timber is the cheapest local commodity. The farmer may be a lumberman as well as a farmer. If he is a lumberman, he will certainly work a few acres of land as well. Most farms are small holdings. In the summer there is scarcely any night, and the whole family works a sixteen-hour day in the fields. Farm produce and timber are Finland's principal exports, the latter often made into newsprint. This very page may have started its life as a tree in Finland.

Maybe the fitness of the Finns can be attributed to the *saunas*, or steam bath. Every cottage has its separate wooden hut, with a stove in one corner; over the fire is a cairn of stones. Members of the family sit around and throw water on the hot stones; the hut is filled with steam. Men and women beat themselves with twigs to assist in opening the pores of the skin.

After half an hour or more in the hot steam, the naked bathers walk out of the hut and plunge into the cool

waters of the nearest lake. In winter they roll in the snow! No wonder that the Finns are a hardy race! Their climate helps, for it is hot yet bracing in the summer, but intensely cold in winter.

Like all peasant farmers, the Finns work hard, but they live very well. In agricultural methods as well as cultural ideas they have drawn freely from Sweden—with which country they were closely associated for centuries. To-day, one-tenth of the population of Finland is Swedish. A man will call himself a Swedish Finn or a Finn Finn.

One other Finnish occupation should be mentioned. The men are famous sailors, especially in the wind-jammers which still make adventurous journeys to the other side of the world.

The Finns are a kindly people; a stranger may cross their country without encountering one untoward word. They are never in a hurry, never ruffled, thorough and resolute, the essence of courtesy and very trustworthy. Their history has not always been happy, and they have deserved a better fate.

Life of the Estonians

The Scandinavian and Baltic peoples are not strong numerically, but most of them have high cultural and educational standards.

The Estonians are quite distinct from their Russian and Latvian neighbours. They are the cousins of the Finns, and more distant relatives of the Magyars of Hungary. Like most peoples in Eastern Europe, they are largely a peasant population. Until 1918 most of the land was owned by the notorious "Baltic Barons" of German stock, but now Estonia is a land of peasant farms.

The people live in timber villages. Peasants always use local products, and few metals are available. Thus most of the farm implements and household

utensils are made of wood. Where the British housewife uses bowls and buckets of enamel, galvanized ironware, or pottery, the Estonian woman uses exactly similar domestic appliances but hers are made of timber.

Love of Education

This might conjure up a picture of a primitive civilization—which would be very misleading. Cleanliness is a passion in Estonia. So is education—after the Finns, the Estonians are perhaps the best educated race in Europe. The proportion of people attending universities is higher than in England; the people have the old Scottish love of education for its own sake. Languages are a special study: members of small races have to learn languages. An Englishman can find someone who speaks his tongue in any corner of the world, but an Estonian cannot! He does not consider himself educated until he speaks at least four languages.

The daily life of the people is akin to that of the peasant races in Eastern Europe, except that the standard of living is higher. But it is on one of the frequent feast days that Estonia is seen at its brightest. The village girls don their colourful costumes of hand-woven cloth, with full skirts which swirl in the dance. A feature of the costume is its jewellery, with great silver plaques, or fanciful ornaments. An Estonian girl in full dress is worth every penny of £40.

The costume of the village men betrays Russian influences—short coats and high knee-boots. Dances are traditional, and very spectacular.

The Estonians have a rich legacy of folk songs and stories. In most villages is found a "song-mother". She memorizes the traditional songs, and passes them on to the next generation; she will also improvise on the old



ESTONIAN BROTHERHOOD

Under these blue and gold domes dwells a community of monks whose industrious life is different from that of the warrior monks who once inhabited the monastery.

themes. To-day, naturally, many of the songs and stories are printed, but the old tradition survives.

There is something almost oriental in the Estonians' devotion to the dead; for instance, they sit by the grave to take a meal with the departed relative.

Two Estonian practices are very

interesting: Members of Parliament are paid £10 a month; if they are absent, they lose their pay, and if they are half an hour late, they forfeit 10s. A criminal condemned to death may be hanged; or, if he so chooses, he may execute himself by drinking a glass of poison within a given time.

The Latvians, or Letts, are a very friendly and human people of no blood relation to their Estonian and Russian neighbours. Like the Estonians, most of them are peasants. Until 1918 four-fifths of the land was owned by no more than 500 landlords, mostly German Balts. Now there are 250,000 peasant farms averaging 25 acres each.

Nevertheless, the Latvians have a strong commercial tradition, and their capital at Riga is one of the finest cities of the Baltic. In the summer the bulk of the population transfers itself to seaside bungalows ten or twenty miles from the city: the men come into Riga each day to work, but their families enjoy long and health-giving holidays.

Latvia is not quite so rich in folklore and peasant costumes as its neighbour Estonia, but one comes across more than one interesting survival. Often one sees a girl apparently being carried off shrieking by three young men. She is going to be married and it is proper for a girl to show reluctance. Her lover's friends are abducting her, and her brothers will gallop to rescue her—taking good care not to arrive before the ceremony!

Life in Lithuania

Lithuania has had a more chequered history than the other two Baltic Republics. Once the Lithuanians had a great reputation as warriors—their empire stretched right across Byelorussia and the Ukraine, almost to the Black Sea. Then it was united with neighbouring Poland in 1386.

Until that time the Lithuanians had been pagans. Then they accepted Christianity. But even today many strange survivals of ancient beliefs persist. In nearly every village is found a wooden cross—surrounded by pagan symbols: foremost are the barbs of Perkunas, god of thunder and lightning.

Once, when the writer heard the thunder rolling in the distance, a peasant remarked: "Perkunas is angry. someone has offended him."

Midsummer Eve is one of the great festivals of the year. The girls float wreaths of flowers decorated with lighted candles down the river. The length of survival of the lights is supposed to indicate the time-lapse before the owner is married. The men essay the ancient fire dances, trampling barefoot among the flames and embers.

The Lithuanian standard of living is the lowest of all the Baltic countries. Even the prosperous peasant is not rich by western standards. His house is of timber; there is a large living room, with a great stove at its centre. In a small room adjoining sleep the peasant, his wife, and the small children. The girls of the family sleep in the low loft above, the boys in the barn. In the winter the boys come into the house—and the whole family may sleep by the stove, for the nights are cold.

These peasant peoples are often very politically minded. Their great love of their country is intense, and since in Eastern Europe security has been a major problem, peasant conversation on the subject of foreign affairs would put many a British household to shame. The outlook, background and knowledge of a Pole or Estonian of the artisan or middle class are far wider than that of his British equivalent.

Polish People

Sixty per cent. of the men of Poland are small peasant farmers.

Thus any account of Poland which features its cities is misleading, and travellers visiting their towns rather than their villages can only have a limited understanding of the Poles. Poland is proud of industrial centres such as Katowice, of the wonder port of

Gdynia and other historic cities. Warsaw suffered great devastation during the Second World War but the lovely city of Cracow escaped destruction. But the villages are far more significant. The country's name comes from *pole*, a plain. No man can know Poland if he has not lived in the villages of the plain.

They are not of any scenic interest; they are seldom, if ever, picturesque. Imagine the eternal plain of Central Europe—flat earth, hedgeless, ploughed or cultivated in long, narrow strips, nothing to relieve its monotony but a row of top-heavy trees on the horizon, a clumsy windmill, or a wooden farmhouse with its outbuildings. Yet it is uncommon to find isolated farms. In most parts of Poland, either as an instinctive grouping together for protection against marauders or because of friendly communal feelings, the Polish peasant farmer prefers to live in a village or hamlet, though this may involve a considerable journey to his day's work. More than one journey, in fact, for his farm may consist of two or three strips of land which may be a mile or two apart. This awkward arrangement is sometimes a legacy of older days when strip farming was the invariable rule—when a man was allocated a length of land for a period of years and changed over with another peasant from time to time; or because of the continual division of land between a farmer's sons.

Life in a Polish Hamlet

Picture a Polish hamlet. It consists of twenty or thirty timber cottages with their outbuildings. There will be one shop, which will probably be the local tavern as well. On the outskirts there may be a manor-house. Two hundred years ago the ancestors of these peasants were little more than serfs, bound to the lord of the manor for service. To-day the local squire has lost most of his

land, but he has not lost all of his influence, though now it is moral rather than economic. The greater part of the peasants of Poland today farm their own land.

Hard Work on the Soil

To say that the Poles work tremendously hard is only to describe the lot of peasant Europe. Their real masters are the weather and the seasons. There is much to do in summer and plenty of time to do it in; not so much to do in winter, but short hours of daylight, thus the peasant will work a sixteen-hour day in July and an eight-hour day in December. In the summer he spends every hour of daylight in the fields; in the winter he can work indoors, making new harness, mending his tools, making new bee-hives and mending old ones—the general preparations for the welcome coming of spring.

It is difficult for a townsman or, for that matter, for any citizen of Western Europe, to appreciate exactly what the soil means to the peasant of Eastern Europe. It is his ambition to own his own strip of ground—this is the prospect for which his fathers strove long ago.

In Poland opportunity is at least equal to that in England or America—there is nothing to stop a boy or girl of the lowliest rank from rising to the highest. Indeed, many of the outstanding Poles of today are sons of peasants. The Polish educational system is free to all, and a peasant's child has every opportunity to proceed to a university—certainly he has the utmost official encouragement; but although there are opportunities there is one opposing factor; there is no law of man to prevent the rise of the peasant son, yet before he can take his first steps the boy must defy a more forcible law—Nature, which makes inexorable demands that he belongs to the soil



IN A LATVIAN MARKET PLACE

This woman is putting cream cheese into cartons ready for purchasers. She made it on her peasant farm, which is one of the 250,000 scattered throughout Latvia.

MEMEL MARKET PLACE

Sitting in the bitterly cold market place, and wrapped in heavy clothes, Lithuanian women wait patiently for customers.

and therefore he must stay on the soil

From his earliest hours he belongs to the soil; maybe he was born in the fields. The Polish peasant wife knows

expensive nursing-homes. She goes on with her work until her time is at

That may be when she is at home or may be when she is in the fields. Even if he achieves the privilege of being born in the house, the boy soon becomes the creature of the open sky. Only a few days after his birth, his mother takes up her work where she left it. He is carried to the fields. A string hammock is hung under a tree while his mother resumes her place in the family gang at the reaping of the harvest

Once at a mature age—say of three years—he begins to work himself. He will guard the geese, calling for aid if they should be attacked by a dog or eyed jealously by a human intruder. At five he is given charge of the cow and squats by its side all day, giving expert direction to its grazing, moving it from time to time. He will squat by the wayside, huddled in an old jacket of his father's, for in the spring and autumn the wind across the Polish plain can be cool. By the time he is ten he takes his place in the fields with the family gang. School holidays are adjusted so that children can be released at the seasons when nature demands that men work the hardest.

He does not merely live with the soil, he is entirely surrounded by people of the soil. His mind is imbued with the conversation of the soil. His father did exactly as he does. All his neighbours round have the same standards of



behaviour and culture as he has.

Only during his years of army service does he move away from his village. Sometimes his brief acquaintance with towns draws him away; more often he returns home to stay. His pleasures are simple: an occasional fair; rustic music and dancing; the community of the village; and, above all, his family.



There are few people in Poland who have no ancestral connections with the open countryside. The townsman takes his holidays with his own people, in a village. Famous professors of Warsaw University may go home to a hamlet as much as four hours' drive from the nearest railway. Few of the Polish leaders today are more than one

generation removed from peasant stock: some are themselves peasants

The Polish village is not picturesque; its wooden houses are without frills or fancies, solid and plain except in some of the mountain districts. They are, however, washed in delicate shades of blue or red or yellow, and occasionally a peasant with some artistic ideas will

introduce pleasing designs in his decoration. The walls of the houses are usually constructed of logs flattened at the top and bottom so as to ensure a reasonable fit, any cracks being filled up with mud. The roof may be of wooden shingles or thatch. Most cottages have but two rooms, a small one acting as kitchen and storhouse, the other as a living-room. The life of the family circles about the great stove in the centre of the room—in winter, indeed, this is the most important feature of the household. Often it has no chimney, and the slightly acrid, but not unpleasant smoke from the wood fire floats lazily up to the wooden ceiling, eventually to find an egress through the caves. Peasants declare that the striking flavour of their hams and sausages, which are suspended from the ceiling for long periods, is dependent upon the curing effect of the smoke.

Furnishing of Polish Cottage

The furniture of the room is plain enough; there is a large table, and substantial but not luxurious wooden chairs; by one wall is the dower-chest in which the lady of the house brought the household lincn on the day of her marriage. About the walls will be a collection of sacred pictures, usually tawdry, brought back from the family pilgrimages to places of holy repute. According to the size of the family there will be one or two beds. The beds certainly earn their keep, perhaps sleeping four or five people. It is particularly common for Polish children, usually numerous in peasant families, to sleep in rows both at the top and at the bottom of the bed. Of the older generation the girls occupy beds, while the boys sleep on benches or the wooden floor—or, in summer, in barns or outhouses.

In food a village is generally self-

supporting, for it produces ample supplies of flour, potatoes, milk, eggs and vegetables. The Polish peasant, like his Russian cousin, is not a great meat-eater, and fifty miles or more may lie between one butcher's shop and another. The communal spirit is, however, emphasized in the distribution of foodstuffs. A peasant killing a pig will make suitable presents to all his neighbours—and will, of course, receive similar offerings from them on appropriate occasions. Sour milk and cabbage soup are favourite features of peasant diet; potatoes are the staple food—more than a ton is eaten in a year! The difficult weeks are those preceding the new harvest, when last year's supplies are exhausted.

Even clothing can be a purely local product—and in eastern Poland very often is. Flax is worked by women from the distaff until an ample supply of filled bobbins is available. Then nimble fingers and toes operate the loom, and slowly but steadily the yardage of cloth mounts. A homespun suit, brilliantly embroidered, is most becoming against a rural background, and its life is almost indefinite. In Central and Western Poland clothing fashions are those of Britain and France. About Lodz is a great woollen industry, with a big "ready-to-wear" trade.

Village Life Directed by Seasons

One book is particularly favoured by the peasant—the calendar. The seasons are all important to him. In spring, summer and autumn there is continuous labour in the fields. September in Poland is a lovely month, when the intense heat has been replaced by autumn coolness. The fields are alive with colour as the harvesters work through the long hours of daylight, the scythes of the men swaying lustily and rhythmically, the boys and girls



CATHOLIC HOME IN POLAND

The interior of this home where the mother of fishermen sons sits peacefully knitting, is similar to that of millions of working class homes all over the world.

following to tie up the sheaves; in the neighbouring fields women will be grubbing up the potatoes

The coming of winter brings a sudden change to the Polish rural scene. By mid-October the first snows usually cover the country. The Polish villages then lose their practical and solid appearance and take upon

themselves the aspect of pictures from fairy books. Dirt and blemishes are hidden beneath the fresh, crisp whiteness. The neighbouring forests are exquisite as the snow nestles on every branch and glistens on the unbending needles of the pines. The country lanes recall stories of romance. The long, clumsy, wheeled carts lie abandoned in

the sheds; sleds glide gaily over the frozen snow, bells tinkling as ponies trot along under the semicircular wooden yoke at the end of the shafts.

The church is still an important feature of Polish village life. The overwhelming majority of the people are Roman Catholics, but they are tolerant of other creeds. There is a spiritual atmosphere in their outlook: idealism is counted more highly than materialism, and family life is sacred.

In many ways the Pole is an individualist, but this does not mean that he cannot work with his neighbour. On the contrary, the communal spirit developed in Poland centuries ago. The village grew around the manor house; as the power of the squire declined, the common grazing grounds and forests were administered by local councils; in some districts communal farms replaced the small peasant holdings: this happened generations before the birth of Marx or Lenin.

Strong Communal Spirit

The communal spirit persists in local administration and the settlement of local disputes. Each village looks to its leader, elected for a period of five years, and the scene on Sunday morning when the congregation—that is to say, the entire village—emerges from church, is highly intriguing to the western visitor. With the people gathered in the churchyard, the head man makes the announcements for the week. A road has to be mended; working from a roster, he will name the men who are to carry out this work. A bridge has fallen in; more men are detailed for the task of its repair. The fire patrol must be maintained—in a country of wooden villages the local fire brigade is of immense importance; the head man arranges that peasants shall take their turn in the

nightly patrol which will guard the village against its most dreaded enemy. Perhaps most interesting of all is the collection of taxes, for the head man will read out a list of those who have failed to pay their contributions.

Peasant Education

The village centres about its church. Close by, bordering the green, will be the inn and the shop. The first two have altered little, but the whole character of Polish commerce is changing rapidly.

In olden days, there were only two social classes in Poland; the gentry and the peasants. The gentry actually formed over 5 per cent. of the population—for youngest sons of youngest sons could still claim noble birth. Further, peasants were frequently promoted to noble rank for valour in battle or good service in communal affairs. Then social custom forbade the gentry to engage in trade; regulations kept the peasant out of it—his job was to farm the land. Thus Poland had no mercantile middle class, and imported its traders from abroad. Many of them were Jews.

Close by the church, too, is the village school. Once this was dependent upon the manor-house, and during the hard years of submergence and terrorism many a daughter of local squires contributed to the permanence of Polish culture by conducting informal classes in the servants' halls of the manor-houses. To-day the situation has vastly changed.

During the two World Wars, more than half the scanty number of school buildings was destroyed. An immense programme of building was then undertaken but even so in many eastern districts, Polish children have to go to school in shifts, as there are not enough buildings to house them all at once. On



WOMEN'S COSTUMES IN THE LOWICZ AREA

Brilliant embroidery is beloved by Polish women, even though it must be covered by shawls in all weathers. In Eastern Poland, cloth is made at home from flax.

the other hand, remarkable progress has been made in the training of teachers, who are both competent and devoted to their difficult but satisfying task

Some knowledge of the history of Poland is essential to an understanding of the present condition of its people. For hundreds of years Poland was a great state, the eastern outpost of European civilization. Then, late in the eighteenth century, came tragedy. The natural tolerance of the Poles had led to an eager acceptance of the principles of the rights of man which were to culminate in the French Revolution. The three neighbouring tyrannies—Prussia, Austria, and Russia—looked

askance at these appalling views on freedom and liberty, which might stray into their own domains. Taking advantage of internal dissension, they partitioned Poland between themselves. For 140 years the country passed into captivity.

The effects of the partitions have not yet worn off. the standard of living among the people in Western Poland is considerably higher than that in the East, where communications are bad and the soil has not yet recovered from centuries of misuse. Indeed, Western Polish standards are remarkably high for Central Europe.

In the southwest corner is an important mining and manufacturing

area: save for the language, it might be an equivalent area in England, for mines and miners vary little across Europe. Nor do the people of the towns: business men are an international type, and factory workers differ only in details. The Polish village is a surer and truer key to the Polish character.

There is one feature of Poland not generally appreciated: that it is a

young country. The Second World War worked its wicked ravages, but no race can die when two thirds of its people are under thirty years of age.

The Second World War again altered the shape of Poland. The eastern half, which housed a mixed population, passed into Russian hands, while in compensation Poland was allocated



CORNER OF THE ANCIENT JEWISH GHETTO IN WARSAW

About a third of Warsaw's population were Jews, most of whom lived in the old Ghetto, a colourful part of the city with narrow streets and historical buildings



POLISH PEASANTS

The soil is a part of their lives, and they work tremendously hard. They probably started working at the age of three, when their first job was to guard the geese

German territory up to the Oder and Neisse Polish peasants were transferred from the east to replace the Germans expelled from the new provinces

The new Poland is better balanced economically than the old. The country has lost vast forests but it has gained in industry. The population is reduced from 33 millions to 25 millions but the

people are all Poles—there are no irritating minorities.

The tide of battle, sweeping backwards and forwards across Poland, left innumerable economic and political problems in its wake. They are being tackled firmly; there is no despair in Poland. The people, with resolute courage, are determined to begin again.



FAMILY LIFE

The home-life of the vine-dresser is simple and follows old traditions. The staircase to the upper room rises from the living room, which is also the kitchen.

ASPECTS OF GERMAN LIFE

Glimpses of the daily life of town dwellers: the German housewife: variety of the countryside: love of military splendour: youth movements: education of the children: responsibilities of local governments: religion: musical gatherings: organized theatre-going: agricultural Germany: the importance of the Rhine

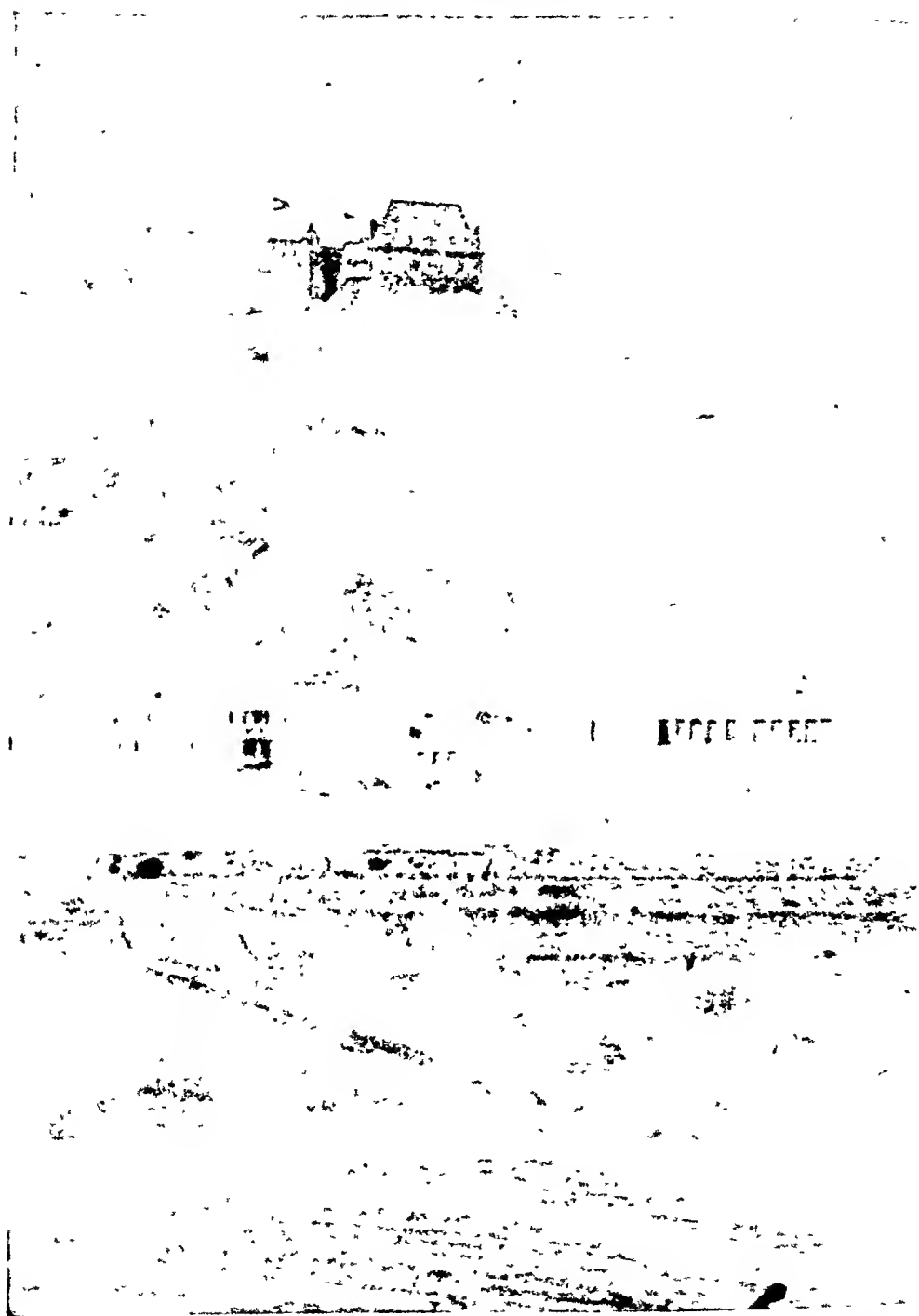
THE first rays of the sun touch the grey façade of No. 7 Schillerstrasse. The *rolladen* (iron blinds) of the baker's shop on the left of the entrance are pulled up by the little apprentice in his white apron. On the first floor, the maid is drawing up the blinds in Herr Koerner's dining-room. Herr Koerner is the owner of a small factory, and rises early to get to work. Somewhere a grandfather clock is striking seven, and the maid begins to lay the table for breakfast; she fetches the rolls, still warm from the baker's oven, from the little bag suspended outside the back door of the flat, where they have been delivered, and puts them on the table in a flat straw basket. On the second floor, where the widow of Professor Pretorius lives with her daughter and son and young Franz Huber, the paying guest, there are no signs of activity so far. Manfred Pretorius and Franz Huber are students and since the lectures at the university do not begin before nine o'clock, there is no need to rise early. On the third floor, however, where Herr Schreiber, the head clerk, lives with his wife, there are sounds of the wireless to the accompaniment of which Herr Schreiber does his early morning exercises, without fail, each morning. Frau Schreiber, meanwhile, is busy in the kitchen, making coffee and preparing sandwiches of liver sausage for her husband to take with him to the office, to eat in midmorning. In the *Hinterhaus* (the working man's flats), a building connected with

the *Vorderhaus* (the better class flat dwellings) by no more than a backyard, life started an hour or more ago. Here dwells the baker, with his wife and daughter and apprentice; the cobbler, and a seamstress, the factory worker with his wife and four children, the mason with his family, and the caretaker of the *Vorderhaus*, who has been up since five o'clock, feeding the two huge boilers in the cellar which provide the *Vorderhaus* with central heating and hot water. In the *Hinterhaus*, however, the inhabitants have to heat their own stoves of green and white tiles with briquettes made of coal dust.

Thus the day begins in a typical block of flats such as can be found in any of the provincial towns of Germany. Thousands of people live in flats like these; the larger the city, the greater the proportion of *Hinterhaus* to *Vorderhaus*, sometimes five or six blocks of working men's flats to one of better class. Where the plains of Northern Germany merge into the uplands lies a vast area of mining and manufacturing towns where workers' settlements, often slum-like, stand side by side with modern blocks of flats, and the beauty of ancient cathedrals is overshadowed by the smoke of factories.

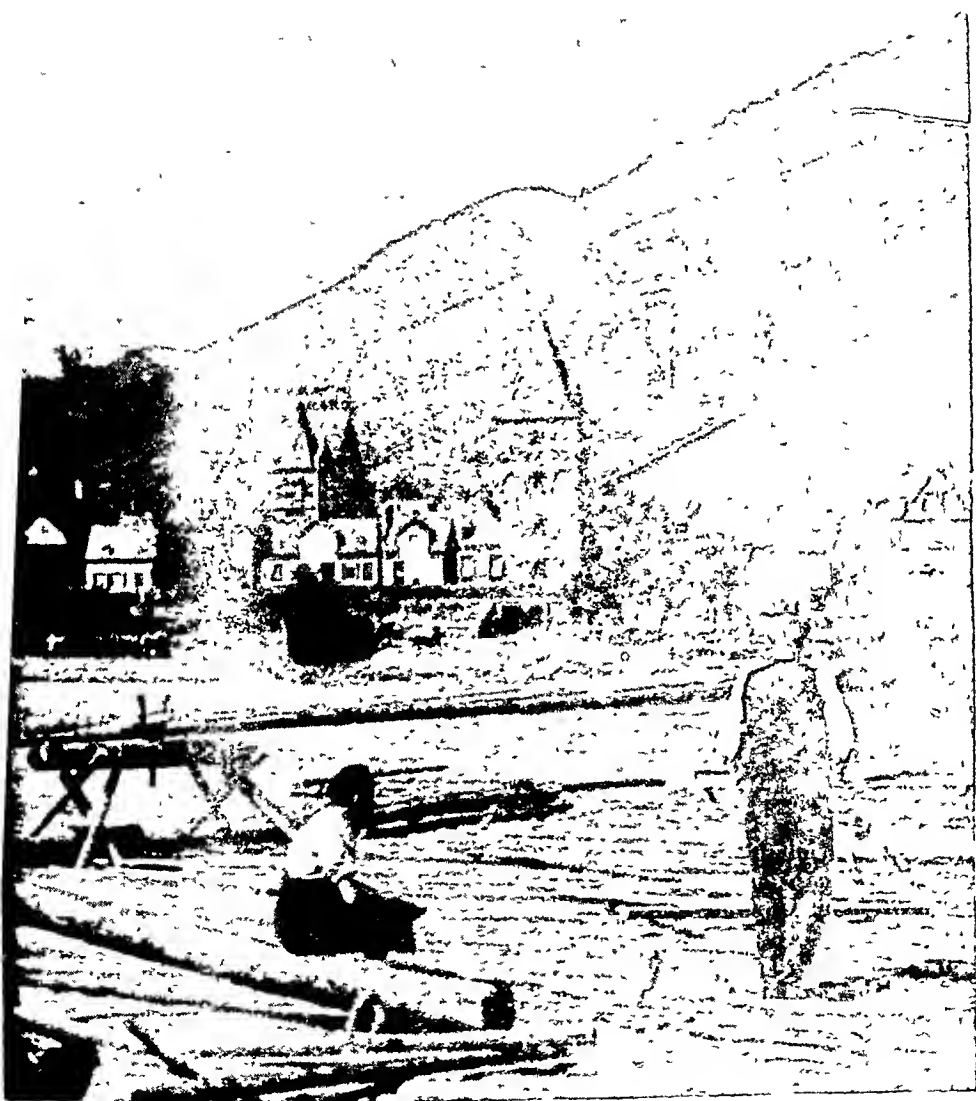
The German housewife is exceedingly house-proud, and those living in a *Vorderhaus* keep it spotless, even to the *gute stube*, or best room, which is always kept ready for use, but never used unless a specially honoured visitor arrives.

It is a different matter in the other



GERMANY'S GREAT

The Rhine and its tributaries form the principal route by which Germany transports timber from the mountain forests to the mills in the valleys; it is a hard journey for



WATERWAY

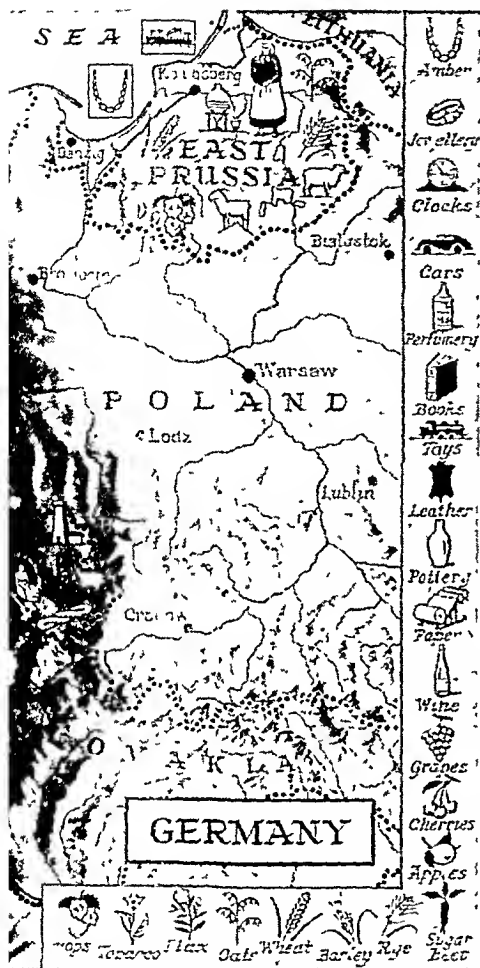
the raftsmen who guide the logs, but one difficult to surpass in beauty, with terraced vineyards on the river banks, and fairy-tale castles perched on towering crags.



flats. Here there is always too little space for the inhabitants, and two at least have to share a room, and as many as twelve families often have to share one water-tap. But the rooms are as neat and tidy as those in the *Vorderhaus*, for pride in her home is the German housewife's *raison d'être*. In the summer, the *Hinterhaus* is even more crowded, for the children are on holiday, and their cries, mingled with other noises, such as the burr of Fraulein Nebel's sewing machine, and the sporadic hammering of the cobbler, can be heard

through the open windows in the yard. The factory worker's children and their friends play blind-man's-buff or marbles on the great flag-stones, or their favourite game of soldiers. From time to time the organ grinder comes dawdling along, playing his organ under the open windows, until people lean out over their window boxes and flowerpots filled with flowers, to throw him a coin.

Lunch is the chief meal of the day for all these people, and although there is not a great deal of variety to be found in the normal dinner menu, such



is something few German town houses possess; secondly it is an economical proposition, allowing the people to grow their own vegetables, and even sell the surplus to their neighbours.

The people build small primitive huts of wooden planks on their allotments, and fit them with a small cooking stove, a table and a few chairs. In the summer, when the heat becomes unbearable in town, they move out to the *Schrebergarten*. It makes a better playground for the children than the yard at the *Hinterhaus*, and is somewhere for their parents to sit in the cool of the evening. On birthdays, a celebration is held, and all the neighbours are invited. They come, bringing their own chairs, and presents, mostly in the food line. The hut is decorated with Chinese lanterns and small fancy flags, and the hosts provide beer and coffee.

These allotments, which, almost like a green belt, ring so many German towns, are quite distinct from the small modern suburban houses built by the Town Councils of many towns, and let on the hire-purchase system. These houses are small and compact, combining convenience with the minimum of cost, and are comfortable little blue and yellow houses, with flat roofs.

In the summer, when the heat is often intense, and the sun brilliant, the evening finds the elderly people sitting on their balconies, or in front of their houses, while the younger ones crowd the open-air coffee houses and beer-gardens, or swim in the bathing pools, often owned by the local borough, which are to be found in every town.

German scenery is as diverse as the country is large, varying from the agricultural plains of the north with their acres of rye, oats, potatoes and sugar-beet to the thickly wooded slopes of the Bavarian Alps; from the glowing furnaces and the black smoke of the

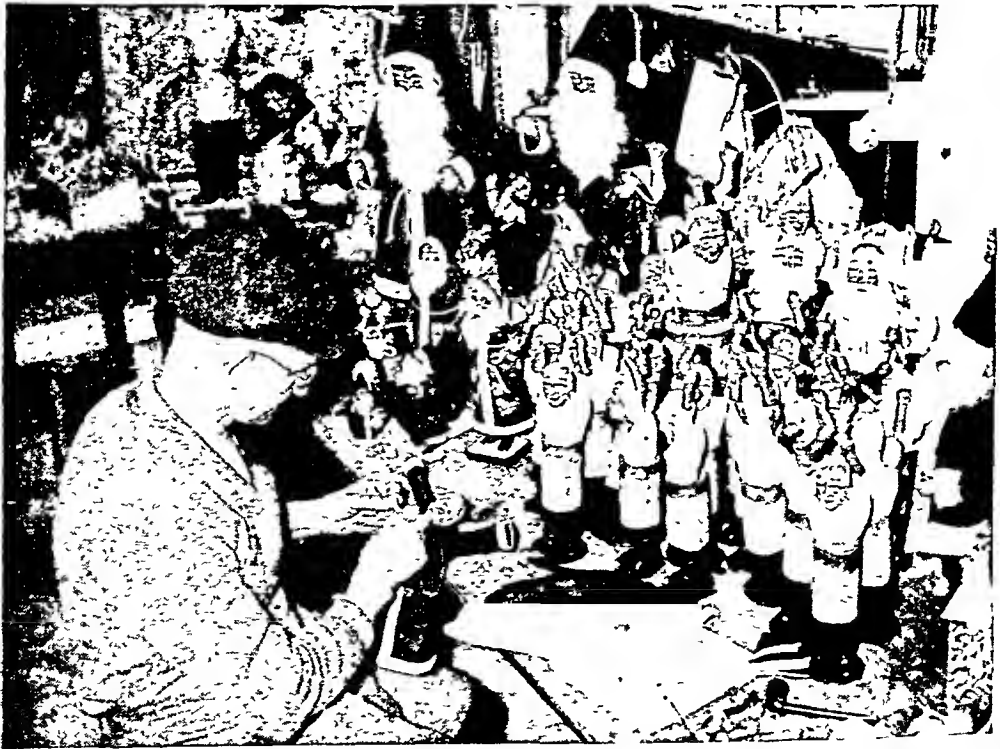
occasions as birthdays and festivals bring forth special national dishes. For the most part, the evening meal is no more than cold meat, *Wurst* and cheese. Coffee, with milk and sugar, is almost universally drunk for breakfast and at night in Germany.

Many of the people living in these working men's flats rent a plot of ground—the *Schrebergarten*—near the tramway terminus on the outskirts of the city. This plot of ground serves a double purpose; firstly it makes up for the absence of a garden at home, which

industrial heart of Germany to sparkling mountain villages where the air is like wine; from the famous wandering dunes of the Baltic Sea to the terraced vineyards of the Rhine. Germany is in fact a country sparkling in as many facets as it is composed of different provinces each clinging to its own tradition and 'Kultur'. There are as many different sorts and classes of German people as there are provinces, and they range from the heavy, slow-thinking man of the *Waterkant* (seaside), the easy-going *Rheinlander*, the thoughtful Swabian, the tough Bavarian, and the Prussian with his strict sense of duty, and love of military splendour.

This love of military splendour is inherent in a great many Germans. Their love of uniforms, of military bands and

war songs has always been an outstanding feature of the race. This is not at all surprising when it is remembered that an important aim of German school education and of military conscription was to produce strictly disciplined citizens. The spirit of discipline meant unquestioning obedience to superiors—the manager in the office, the foreman in the factory, the school teacher and every kind of civil servant. The counterpart of this obedience was a lack of a sense of personal responsibility. The normal German was embarrassed when he had nobody to tell him what to do. The ideal of the obedient citizen was taught especially during the time of the Kaiser. The Weimar Republic tried to change this traditional attitude and to develop a more independent



ANCIENT CRAFTS

In Southern Germany, toy making is a centuries-old craft still followed by peasants; the town of Nuremberg is world-famous for its hand-carved wooden toys.



MUSIC LOVERS

Germany is one of the most music-loving countries in the world, and friends regularly gather in private homes, or in local inns, to sing and play together.

wealth. Officers held a high position in social life and were admired by the German people as the brilliant representatives of a victorious army. The four German wars in the nineteenth century, i.e., the war against Napoleon in 1813-15, with the famous battles of Leipzig and Waterloo, the wars of the Bismarck period against the Danes in 1864, against the Austrians in 1866, and against France in 1870-71, formed the main subjects of school history lessons, and large monuments and national festivals kept these memories alive in the mind of every German. These festivals were abolished under the Weimar Republic, but in the Kaiser's time German youth dreamed of the day when they could go into battle and come home no less victorious than their great ancestors had done in previous years

Love of Military Reminiscence

As a rule, soldiers were very glad when they had finished their years of conscripted service. But later on, at old soldiers' reunions, their reminiscences were apt to acquire a golden glory. They would not have missed that bygone time for anything in the world!

In the Kaiser's Germany, Jews were not allowed to be officers, and there was some anti-semitism in the German army. But this anti-semitism did not originate in racial prejudice. Once a German Jew was converted, he met with no further hindrance in his career, either in the army or in the civil service

Under the Republic, however, when the reduced army was shorn of its glory, the officers lost their outstanding position in national life. But the Nazi régime offered them the most brilliant career they could have wished for—quick promotion, high

salary, modern weapons and social splendour. Thus the army became, under the Nazi government, the biggest war machine the world has ever seen, and was directly responsible for the Second World War.

Youth Movements

This love of militarism is illustrated by the fact that many university students still fight duels by sabre—they will be members of a "corps," a students' club, where more singing and beer-drinking is done during the first terms than work. Youth movements, however, are not confined to university students. At the beginning of this century there already existed many youth organizations. Some of them went in for a rather strict military training, others were religious, while some were of working class origin and pressed the claims of Labour. The only really independent youth organization was the *Wandervogel* which, though internationally minded, was to be found only in Germany. It was an outspoken revolt of youth against the tutelage of the older generation, a revolt against reaction, militarism, snobbery and narrow-mindedness. Boys and girls from all classes lived together in good comradeship and spent their spare time rambling in parties throughout the country, cooking their meals on camp-fires, sleeping in tents in the open air, or in the youth hostels which covered the country like a network.

The *Wandervogel*, as well as the organizations of working class youth, afford proof that in all classes of German youth there were those who revolted against the militaristic spirit and way of living. While other youth organizations were voluntarily joining the Hitler Youth Movement, the majority of the *Wandervogel* and many

members of the great political Labour youth organizations fought passionately against the Nazis, and took part in underground activities. Many of those boys and girls sacrificed their lives in this struggle.

Education in Germany

Schools are generally institutions of the State or the local government, though some are run by the churches, chiefly the Roman Catholic Church. The English public school has no equivalent in Germany, where for each type of school a curriculum is fixed by the State, no departure therefrom by any school being allowed. Elementary schools, run chiefly by the local governments, teach arithmetic, history, geography, the elements of science, but no foreign language, whereas the *Realschule* teaches English and French as well as mathematics, science and the elementary school subjects. There are also two kinds of schools which offer higher education and train children for matriculation—the humanistic gymnasium and the *Real* gymnasium. At the former school, Latin, Greek, German and history are the main subjects, English rarely being taught. In the *Real* gymnasium a more modern education is aimed at, with Latin, English, French, German, mathematics and science as the chief subjects.

During the Kaiser's reign, a nationalistic spirit was sedulously cultivated and the Weimar Republic which followed, endeavoured to eliminate, not very successfully, this dangerous feature of school life. With the coming of the Third Reich, however, every method of instruction was misused and biology, race theory, the glorious German history and the necessity of German expansion became the most important subjects in the curriculum.

The universities under the *Kaiserreich* and the Weimar Republic were governed by the principle: *Die Wissenschaft unter ihre Lehre ist frei.* (Science and teaching are free.) Much valuable research work was carried out and many foreign students came to Germany to study. But the Nazi régime used the universities mainly for nationalistic propaganda and preparation for war. Their freedom was swept away and their once high level was sadly debased.

Germany is a country where Catholicism and Protestantism are about equally divided; the north being mainly Protestant, the south largely Catholic; and according to their personal beliefs, so the people attend church services. Often they make their visit on Sunday mornings, in order to leave the afternoons free for visiting relatives, or taking relaxation. For the most part Sunday is a day to be planned ahead, for it is the only free day in the week, and an enjoyable Sunday makes a good start to the week. Germans love music and it is not unusual for friends to meet regularly every Sunday afternoon and form a string quartette. Usually they play Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven—or the modern composers, of whom Hindemith is a favourite. The quartettes do not rehearse for any public performance; they do not even invite guests to listen to their efforts; they play purely for their own satisfaction. These amateurs are often of such high standard that they could compete with professionals.

Organized Theatre-goers

Not only cheap concerts are organized, but cheap theatres too. There are organizations of theatre-goers (as they are called) for the working classes, which enable them to go to the theatre every week, or every fortnight. In some



ROTHENBURG

The people of Southern Germany are justly proud of their small picturesque towns, with their quaint gabled houses, and flower-filled baskets at most windows



towns these organizations are so big that they have a considerable say in the selection of plays to be performed.

Many townsfolk have relations who are smallholders not far from the outskirts of the town, and these people make every effort to travel from town to spend Sunday with their families.

Such estates, of not more than twenty or twenty-five acres, provide the best part of German agriculture. All over the country, there are some three millions of them, including vineyards and market gardens. An estate of twenty-five acres is big enough to provide the living of a family. In some parts of Germany—Wurttemberg, Baden, Saarland—there are smaller estates, owned by industrial workers; here the worker lives more independently, and his wife need not work in a factory as she is needed to

look after the estate. But there are much bigger estates up to 700 acres (mostly the farms of the peasants) in Ostfriesland, Oldenburg, Hanover and Westphalia, among them fairly rich ones.

Many farming families have one or more of their family working in the towns, and these members are expected to return home during their summer holidays—sometimes as long as a month—and help with the harvest. For the town dweller this may prove harder work than his regular city employment! But the harvest festival, the Sunday dances, and the opportunity to meet again friends of his childhood make up for the strange, hard work.

As people earn more money in factories than on the land, and as towns offer more opportunities of amusement than the countryside, the *Landflucht*



(migration from village to town) becomes a certain danger. In the first two decades of the century, the lack of labour during the summer became so serious that some farmers were forced to engage large numbers of foreign workers. The Weimar Republic made great efforts to settle workers on the land in holdings large enough to offer a livelihood. The slogan of the Nazi movement that the Germans needed *Lebensraum* owing to the overcrowding of the country was certainly not true. It was merely an excuse for their schemes of aggression and conquest.

Away from the towns, in the tiny villages of Southern Germany, the tall pines of the Black Forest, or nestling at the foot of the Bavarian Alps, the peasants live quiet, peaceful lives, following the crafts of their fathers before

A COUNTRY SCENE

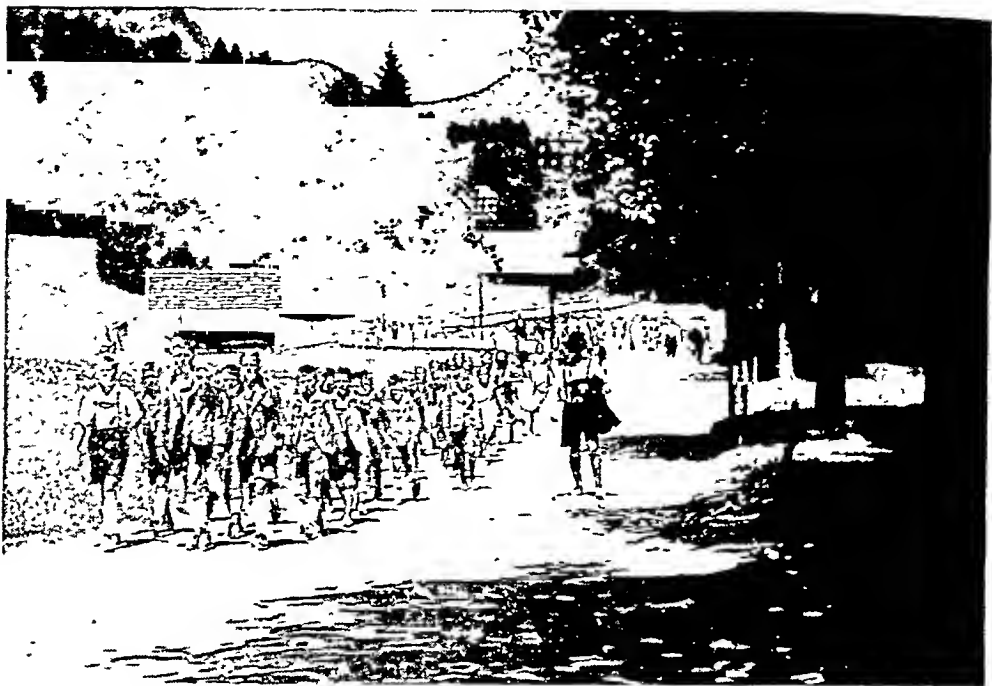
The drover, with his flock of geese, traverses the long country roads of the Black Forest on his way to market

them. On market days the cobbled squares are filled with villagers gossiping and buying and selling vegetables, fruit and other produce, and on Sundays many of the older folk still wear their national costumes. The quaint, gabled houses, with flower-filled baskets at every window, have an old-world charm, but they are frequently lighted with electricity, the rushing streams that pour down the mountain sides being harnessed to provide power.

These dreamy romantic towns and villages such as Dinkelsbühl, Rothenburg and Nuremberg, which present exactly the same appearance as they did in mediaeval times, are the pride of the German people. In the fishing villages and the mountain districts, national costumes are still worn on Sundays and for church. These churchgoers in their picturesque costumes attract artists from all over the world.

Wood-felling, spinning, weaving, glass-working and other crafts provide a livelihood for these peasants, but perhaps the most important industry in this part of Germany is toy-making, the town of Nuremberg being world-famous for its carved wooden toys.

Marrriage in Germany is a matter of personal choice, and not of arrangement as in some countries. The bride's dowry usually consists of bed and table linen, furniture and crockery for the household, the linen-press is the pride of every good German housewife, and every girl, even down to the youngest maid, will accumulate a linen drawer of household linen for her future home. The evening before the wedding, a special celebration is held at the bride's home—the *Polterabend*. All her friends



WANDERVOGEL—RAMBLING ORGANIZATION

Parties of boys and girls, starting from town, will ramble over the country, either returning home that night or staying at one of the many youth hostels.

will bring cracked china or earthenware to her house, and smash it on her doorstep for luck. And in the morning, the steps will be strewn with flowers

No picture of Germany is complete without mention of its beloved river, the Rhine, which flows from the Swiss Alps to the North Sea. It is perhaps most famous for the vineyards which terrace its banks and its medieval fairy-tale castles which perch on crags high above the winding river. The *Rheinlanders* are easy-going, their farms or vineyards providing them with sufficiently good livelihoods. The beautiful scenery, the comfortable inns and gay beer-gardens as well as the excellent river transport have combined to make this part of Southern Germany the playground of the hard-working town-dwellers of the industrial north.

It does not lie within the scope of

this chapter to explain how it was possible for Hitler to come to power, and to impose his rule of brute force—his belief that Might was Right—on a nation consisting of eighty million people.

It must be borne in mind, however, that less than half the people voted for the Nazis at the last free election, which was held in February, 1933, and that hundreds of thousands of the best of the German people sacrificed their lives in the fight against this terrible régime. After twelve years of horror in Germany, after the most frightful war that has ever been imposed on mankind, this criminal régime broke down completely. Let us hope that one day all those horrors will be found only in history books—terrible nightmares that lie far behind, acting as warnings for the generations that come after.



NUREMBERG MARKET

A housewife does her shopping at the vegetable stall in the market place, striped umbrellas shield the perishable goods, and add to the gaiety of the scene.



SLOVAKIAN PEASANT

The Slovaks are much the same people as the Czechs, although the peasants living in the Carpathian Mountains are not so developed, socially or economically.

THE PEOPLE OF THE DANUBE COUNTRIES

The Danube, longest waterway of Europe: Austrians a varied people: the freedom-loving people of Czechoslovakia: Slovak emigrants: the Magyars of Hungary: Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes of Yugoslavia: the peasants of Bulgaria: the Gypsies and their music: Rumanians, and the Danube delta.

THE Danube rises in the Black Forest in Southern Germany, but on German soil she is an unimportant stream, barely navigable by small boats between Ulm and Ratisbon. But just below Ratisbon, at Passau the Danube enters Austrian territory and crosses six small countries until she reaches the distant salt water of the mysterious Black Sea.

In spite of their small number of about six millions, Austrians are a various people. Vienna is an international city. The saying goes that every real Viennese has a Czech grandfather or a Hungarian grandmother.

About half of the whole population are hardy peasants. They are Catholics though not so devout as the Spaniards and Italians. In their villages and market-towns, they cling to their traditional costumes on Sundays and to their traditional views on weekdays. They are a hard-working race, and shrewd. Within ten years of the collapse of the Hapsburg Empire in 1918, the people created a milk and cheese industry which became a strong competitor of the world-famous Swiss dairy industry. They grew their own sugar-beet, potatoes and almost the whole of their grain requirements. In another five years they built up a network of hotels all over the country, and early in the nineteen-thirties, it became fashionable among the British and Americans to spend a few weeks on the Austrian

lakes in summer or in the Austrian Alps in winter.

Austria's mountains provide the population with more than pastures, timber and splendid ski-runs. Below ground there are iron ore and coal in great quantity and this facilitated the growth of the mining industry, especially in Styria and Carinthia, where the peasant population for whom there was no room on the land were absorbed into the mines and factories.

The centre of the world-famous Austrian industries, however, became Vienna and its environments. About a third of Austria's population lived in Vienna between 1918 and 1938, and over seventy per cent of Austria's total exports came from Vienna. But Vienna is not Austria. Vienna is a world in herself, a fine, proud and majestic city. The Viennese, for centuries the landlords, servants, innkeepers, artisans, civil servants and military commanders of many foreigners around the Imperial Court, are a clever and rather cynical people who appreciate the refinements of life. They are a metropolitan people, comparable with Parisians—not quite so businesslike in dealing with foreigners, but understanding human weakness.

By the time Vienna is reached, on the Danube, life has a slightly oriental colour. Vienna is the first great city of the East where the coffee-house with its pleasantly idling habitués is an important social institution and where,



A SOCIAL EVENING IN
Bavarians, like their Austrian neighbours, have a deep love of music, and of social evenings playing cards and drinking beer in the local inn. The Danube rises in the



A BAVARIAN INN

Black Forest and flows through the Bavarian uplands as a small stream, but during its passage through Austria the stream becomes a broad and important river

when you go into a shop, bargaining is a duty, as well as a pleasure. In no other city, except perhaps Leipzig or Dresden, are people so devoted to music.

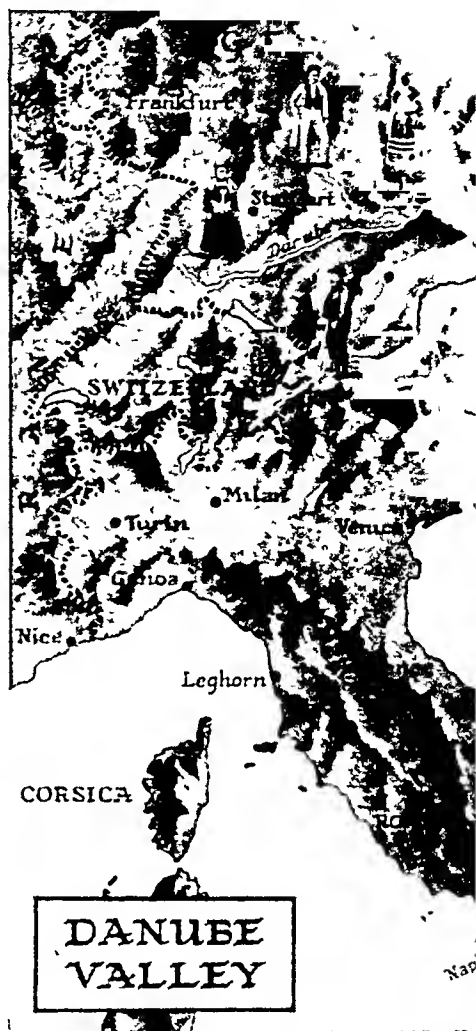
Czechoslovakia is a freedom-loving community, whose people are industrious and eager to develop their natural gifts and the richness of their country.

The Czechs are, geographically and in their outlook, the most western among the northern Slavs. Their national consciousness in modern times has set an example to many small and even great nations. Nationalism is not a mere emotional disposition with them, but a deeply rooted philosophy. Rather calm and dispassionate as individuals, they are passionate as a nation.

The Czechs always were a highly civilized nation. Respect for scientists and writers is inherent in their make-up, and not generals, but professors, poets, writers and journalists are the men to whom they look as the leaders of their nation in modern times.

During the nineteenth century coal and iron transformed the Czechs into a nation of industrial workers. They are practical, and it was a Czech shoemaker, Thomas A. Bata, descendant of a family engaged in bootmaking for three hundred years, who transformed the habits of footwear of the common man, not only in his own country, but as far away as India and South Africa. In many districts of Czechoslovakia until 1920, people had only one pair of footwear to last their lifetime and even that pair was, perhaps, inherited from their parents. Fifteen years later there was no peasant girl or boy who was not able to buy two pairs of shoes every year.

Czechs are the brewers of the famous Pilsen beer, and beer is their national drink. In the inns old and young sit round the table, chatting about business and politics drinking innumerable mugs



of golden beer. Czech cooking is rather too solid for British taste. The national dish is roast pork with *Sauerkraut* and a special kind of dumpling called *knedlik*, which is served with every meal and even as a dish by itself. In Prague and other big towns every second shop is a buffet or a pork-butcher's shop, where at any time of the day and the larger part of the night "hot dogs" (called *parky*) are sold and consumed in unbelievable quantities and at amazingly low prices. The Czechs are hard workers, and they like to live well.



Life in the big towns is on the same lines as in Vienna: the coffee-house on the eastern pattern which characterizes the cities of South-Eastern Europe, is the meeting-place of the middle class,

In small Czech towns and villages, people are devoted to their societies. It is a saying in Bohemia that if three Czechs meet and agree upon something, they create an association and devote themselves to it. Every village has its amateur theatrical company, but there is a sports-field too, mostly owned by the Sokol gymnastic organization which

has had an almost unbelievable influence on the formation of the Czech national character for three generations past.

Every six years, there is a Sokol Congress in Prague, performing complicated and very artistic mass-exercises to music specially composed for each Congress. Czechs scattered all over the world—and you could find Czech brewers, engineers, tailors, shoemakers, etc., in the remotest corner of the globe—train for three to four years in the special gymnastic exercises laid down

for the next Sokol Congress, and are able to perform them without further rehearsal in Prague on the great day.

The Slovaks, who are much the same people as the Czechs, are not so well developed socially and economically. As a peasant folk living in the Carpathian Mountains, they are neither well-to-do nor progressive in their ideas. Native costumes, so highly appreciated by Western tourists, are more frequently seen there than in the Czech lands. Slovak songs are much more melancholy, but Slovak dances much more vivid than the Czech ones. Slovaks prefer their home-made gin or wines to beer, and the rather autocratic way of life of their former masters, the Magyars, impresses them more than the matter-of-fact methods of the Czech people.

In their own way Slovaks, too, are an adventurous people. Up to the out-

break of the First World War many thousands of them emigrated to the United States and Canada and took any odd job available, saved cents and dimes and, sometimes after twenty years of separation from their wives, returned to their mountain villages. With the money they saved abroad, they [built homes for themselves, their children, and perhaps their grandchildren, added a few more acres to the parental heritage, and spent the rest of their lives in smoking short pipes and telling stories about mysterious America.

After touching Bratislava, the Danube flows south through Hungary where dwell the Magyars, who are the latest surviving arrivals from the East of the great migratory movement of the Christian era. The Magyars were originally an Asiatic people and they intermingled with nomad Turk tribes.



MARKET SCENE IN VIENNA

Their shopping completed, these housewives chat together before returning home. Vienna, capital of Austria, is a world in itself—a fine, majestic and proud city.



NATIVE COSTUMES

A charming picture of a Slovak mother and child, wearing national costume; this is more often seen than Czech native dress, although it is not so colourful.

They have no racial relationship to the other nations of Europe except remotely with the Finns

This isolation, and the fact that for a thousand years they have held one of

the most fertile plains of Europe and simultaneously the middle reaches of the Danube River, made the Hungarians preserve their inborn adventurous nature and their great racial pride.



MARKET SCENE

Marketing of produce is left to the women, who travel in from the outlying villages to the market square, with their farm produce and livestock. Often their husbands

There is something extravagant and romantic about the Magyars—a shade perhaps of the colourful steppes of Asia. Here begins the Orient, the area where people like to talk in superlatives, and—in the villages—to settle their private quarrels with the knife. The Hungarian

lowlands, stretching between the Danube and her main tributary, the Tisza, with their endless meadows alternating with fertile patches of wheat-fields and other deep green crops, remind one of the Ukraine.

In those lowlands lies the wealth of



IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

have emigrated to America, where they toil in factories and mines for as much as twenty years, before returning triumphantly with their savings to their families

Hungary. There live the genuine Magvars, devoting themselves to agriculture and stock-raising. The different types of ranchers, such as the cow-boy (*galjas*), the shepherd (*jukas*), the swineherd (*varasz*), and, chiefly, the proud horse-tamer (*csikos*) who is the

aristocrat of the lowlands (*fuszta*) are the types representing not only the genuine lower strata of the Magyar race, but also their original professions. But you must travel long on muddy country roads, through widely scattered villages and forgotten sleepy market-

towns until you reach them somewhere in the *puszta*, away from other human beings, where they spend nine months in the year, grazing their herds.

Until recently, Hungarian gentlemen devoted themselves to a few genteel professions only—land-ownership, the civil service, the Army or simply being a rich man. There was a golden rule which was kept by everyone in the Hungary of yesterday who wanted to be regarded as a gentleman: do not be surprised at anything, never be in a hurry and do not be silly enough to pay your debts. Owing to such a feudal philosophy, it is small wonder that less fashionable professions such as the stock exchange, commerce, industry, science, literature were left to the lower classes. To belong to the ruling class, to be regarded as belonging to it, to look as if one belonged to it, were until yesterday the ruling motives of Hungarian life. Now everything has changed and the little man of Hungary has a real chance of becoming the master of his own country.

Hungary's capital city Budapest, beautifully situated on both banks of the Danube, is a gay city. Every venturesome traveller spends a few hours in one of the numerous coffee-houses, fashionable hotel restaurants, bars, music-halls, theatres or other places of entertainment where Gypsies—from Hungary onwards Gypsies are an indispensable part of the population—are playing their wild or soft oriental tunes.

Jugoslavia

On the edge of the Hungarian plain, the Danube turns from an easterly to a southerly direction, and when she resumes her way eastward, she does so in Yugoslav territory. Then she becomes the main stream of the Balkans. Geographically, the Balkans are the south-eastern tip of Europe east of the Alps and south of the Danube, which

makes Hungary really a Balkan country too. Yugoslav means South Slav, and there are many South Slav peoples. Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes live in the Yugoslav State created after the First World War; Bulgars have their own State.

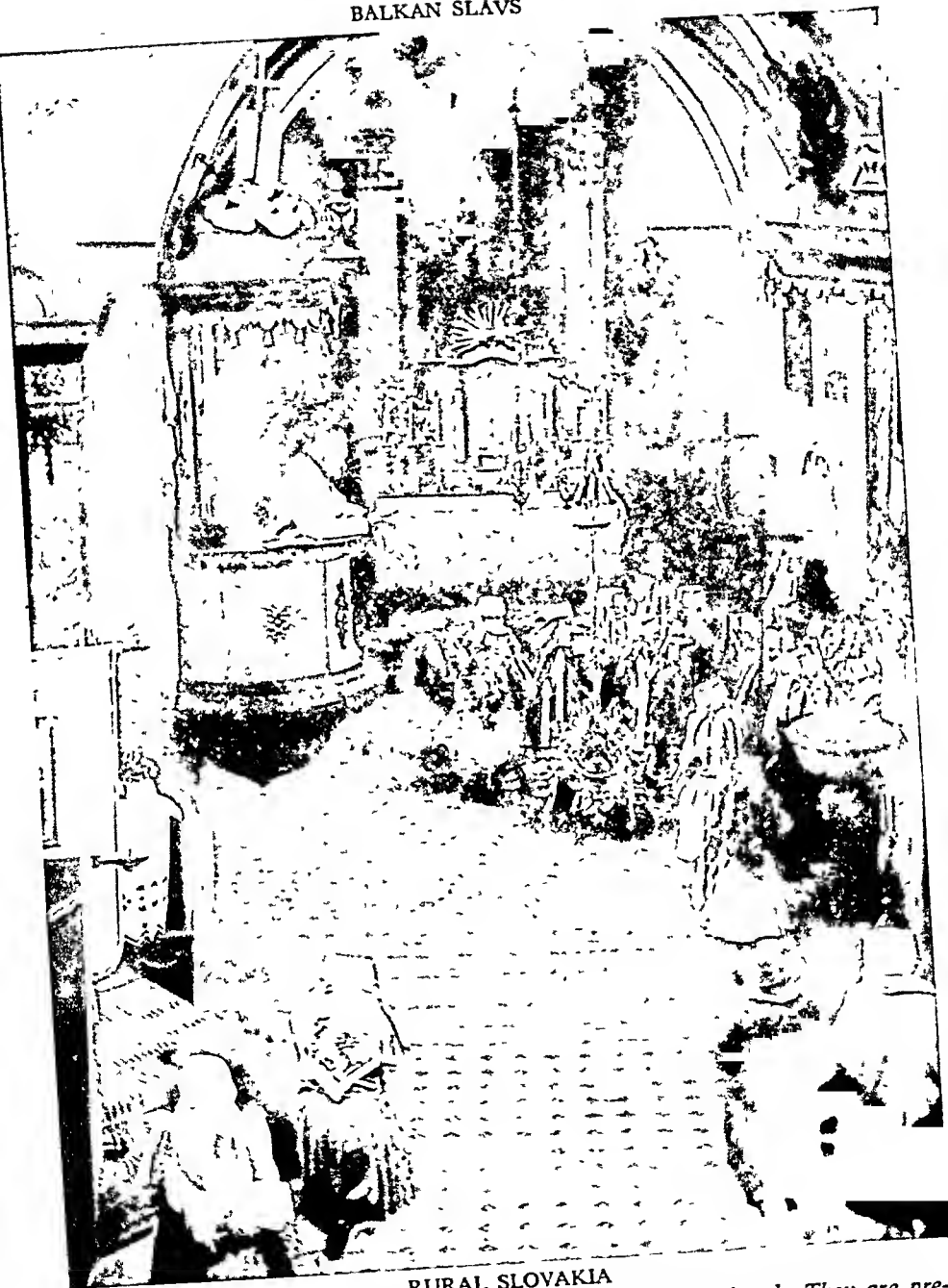
All these South Slav peoples came to Europe about two hundred years before the Magyars. Religion split them culturally, but there is no fundamental difference in the Southern Slav spoken language; no one can draw a line at which Slovenian ends and Croat begins or Croat ends and Serb begins, but Serbs and Bulgars use the Cyrillic script while the Croats use the Latin

A Gallant People

Jugoslavia, containing seventy per cent. of the Balkan Slavs, is a land, three-quarters of which is mountain. Four-fifths of the population are peasants. These two facts determine the life of the people there.

The Serbs are the most democratic people in the Balkans. There is no one among them whose grandparents were not ordinary, sturdy, simple peasants. Most of the townspeople are sons and daughters of peasants who have inherited some of the bright gaiety and simplicity of peasant life. Serbs are almost patriarchally sociable and hospitable. There is no end to talking, eating, drinking, dancing, singing with them, once their hearts are won. Colourful national costumes, entirely home-made, have not disappeared yet in Serbia, and are still worn by most of the villagers. If you are lucky enough to be invited to their village feasts, you may discover many pre-Christian heathen customs still alive among them. You may get a glimpse of the Dodole ceremony in time of great drought, when the women of the village, clad in special costumes, go through the fields singing heathen songs to induce the rain

BALKAN SLAVS



RURAL SLOVAKIA

Picturesquely clad Slovak peasants at prayer in the village church. They are predominantly Catholics, and find solace in religion from a life of ceaseless toil.



RIDE OF THE KINGS

In this old Czech festival, the "kings" suite-visits every cottage throughout the village, collecting food and drink for the picnic and dance to be held later.

to fall. Quite impressive too, on the other hand, are the festivities connected with the celebration of the day of the national Saint, Bishop Sava, who converted them to Christianity. In every household a special kind of cake is made for this day, and the Greek Orthodox priest with a magnificent long beard and adorned with the glittering robes of his office, goes from house to house, breaking the cake and blessing the house and every member of the family. A gigantic wax candle burns throughout the day in the best room. The housewives cook a pot of wheat, all the families march to the church where the priest sprinkles the wheat (*Žito*) with wine and blesses it. Every visitor on Sava Day gets a spoonful of this hallowed corn to eat.

Hospitality reigns in the towns too. You cannot pay a visit to your business friend, or even to a State official, without being offered a cup of freshly made Turkish coffee (*turska kava*) and the conversation covers everything except the business which brought you to your host. It may then happen that the attendant appears with the second cup of coffee before the subject of your visit has even been touched, but then you must leave it till next time, because the second cup of *turska kava* is an unmistakable hint that it is time to go.

The Serbs

The Serbs, like all true Balkan peoples, are fond of talk but fond, too, of politics. In every coffee-house, bar and restaurant you may find at any time groups of excited patriots putting their heads together and discussing passionately some vital topic.

Being so completely Balkan Slavs, the Serbs are rather different from their fellow-dwellers in the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, the Slovenes. This Slav tribe, the westernmost among the South

Slavs, has penetrated as far as Trieste, the great industrial port in the north-western corner of the Adriatic. They are thoroughly Catholic, and their way of life differs but little from that of the Austrian Germans with whom they lived in the Hapsburg Empire until 1918. Their country, situated entirely in the Southern Alps, is beautiful and rather wild. With its many romantic lakes it reminds one of Scotland. Slovenia is the most industrialized part of Yugoslavia too; dress is western, and the gay colours of Yugoslav national costumes are rare there.

The Croats

Their neighbours on the east, the Croats, on the other hand, are a race of tough warriors. The villages even nowadays have not lost their lay-out as military camps with a spacious square, the assembly point for the company, as their centre. As a peasant people, the Croats remain faithful to their traditional national costumes, and Sunday morning in front of the church in the big square of a Croat village—Croats are ardent Roman Catholics—is a remarkable scene.

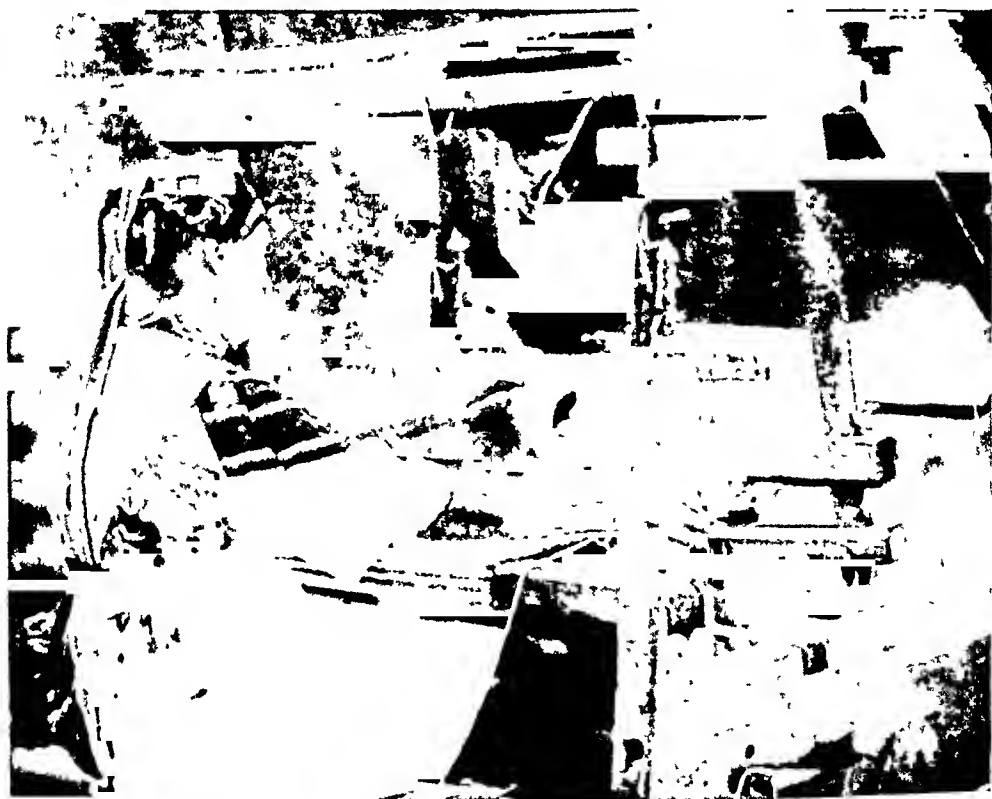
Family ties are very strong with them. A peasant boy marries at the age of eighteen or nineteen; his bride is seldom older than fifteen or sixteen. The wedding lasts for three days and unbelievable quantities of meat, pastries, wine and plum brandy are consumed by the guests. Songs and dances seem never to end. The children of the young couple are brought up by the grandparents, while their parents attend to the fields and the raising of cattle. The income from fowls and eggs, and in some districts, from milk, belongs to the wife.

Croatia has a good many fertile plains and its people are comparatively well-to-do judged by Balkan standards. The middle-class is mostly Viennese in its

outlook and there is even a Croat aristocracy to be reckoned with. Croatia having been in close touch with Venice for centuries, Italian is, after German, the second foreign language, a knowledge of which every Croat of higher standing seeks to acquire.

In the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina are desolate mountains, with derelict forts on their summits, and scattered villages, a few old towns in the fertile valleys. But they form a unique country in Europe, because among their population, especially in the towns of Sarajevo and Mostar, over one million followers of the Muslim faith, of Serb, Croat and Turkish race, are living their social and religious life

unaffected by the great reforms carried out by Kemal Ataturk in Turkey proper. The wooden Turkish houses with overhanging upper storeys and latticed windows, from which the inhabitants may see the street, but not be seen by the passerby, the numerous villages, the large bazaars (*tsharshija*), the veiled women and the men in turban or *sez*, are a reminder of an age that in the last two centuries has passed away from one part of the Balkans after another. In the cool *moshees* (mosques), the floors and walls of which are covered by old carpets, you can see *ulemas* teaching the mysteries of the *Koran*. From the tops of the slim, needle-like towers of the mosque, there comes the shrill call of



AT A WEAVING LOOM

The national costume of the Slovakian women has changed little through the centuries, and even at their daily work they wear beautiful hand-embroidered dresses.



RICHEST OF THE BALKAN COUNTRIES

This onion seller trades in the fields near Ploesti, from whence gushes the oil which yields Rumania an income unparalleled among the oil industries of Europe.

the *muczzin* at sunset. In the *tsharshya* you may watch the craftsmen making jewels, brazen pots, and leather goods.

The rules of Mohammed are still observed in family life and the harem is still a separate part of the Turkish home, inaccessible to any foreign male, even to the grown-up son of the family. There is no greater offence than to ask your Muslim acquaintance how his wife is. You must seem not to know of her existence at all, unless your friend mentions her (or them) himself. If he belongs to the fashionable middle-class, he does mention his wives and you may even spend a pleasant evening in the hotel restaurant with *effendi* and his legitimate wife. But you cannot visit her in their home, and if you happen to meet her shopping in the street you would seldom recognize her, because her face is covered with a—sometimes very thin—veil, and though she may wear a costly dress from Paris, she wraps over it an unwieldy dark *feredje* which makes her unrecognizable. Woe to the infidel who dares to accost a woman in this traditional costume! Nevertheless, she may be employed in a shop or office, and when she starts work she divests herself of veil and outer wrapping and may be a well-educated, charming girl who sells the goods or types the letters and answers questions like any saleswoman or secretary.

The Montenegrins

But let us take our leave of this truly oriental corner of Yugoslavia, and pass over to the small country of the Black Mountain, the home of the magnificent Serb tribe of the Montenegrins. Fine tall folk they are, every man and woman a gallant warrior and cunning merchant or shepherd. There are few countries so bleak as the dark grey rocks of Montenegro. Until the First World War the people lived a medieval life under their Prince (later

Tsar) Nicholas. After the First World War, their country was incorporated into Yugoslavia. Hospitable and amiable as they are to friends and foreign guests, these eagles of the Black Mountain are formidable opponents.

The Bulgars

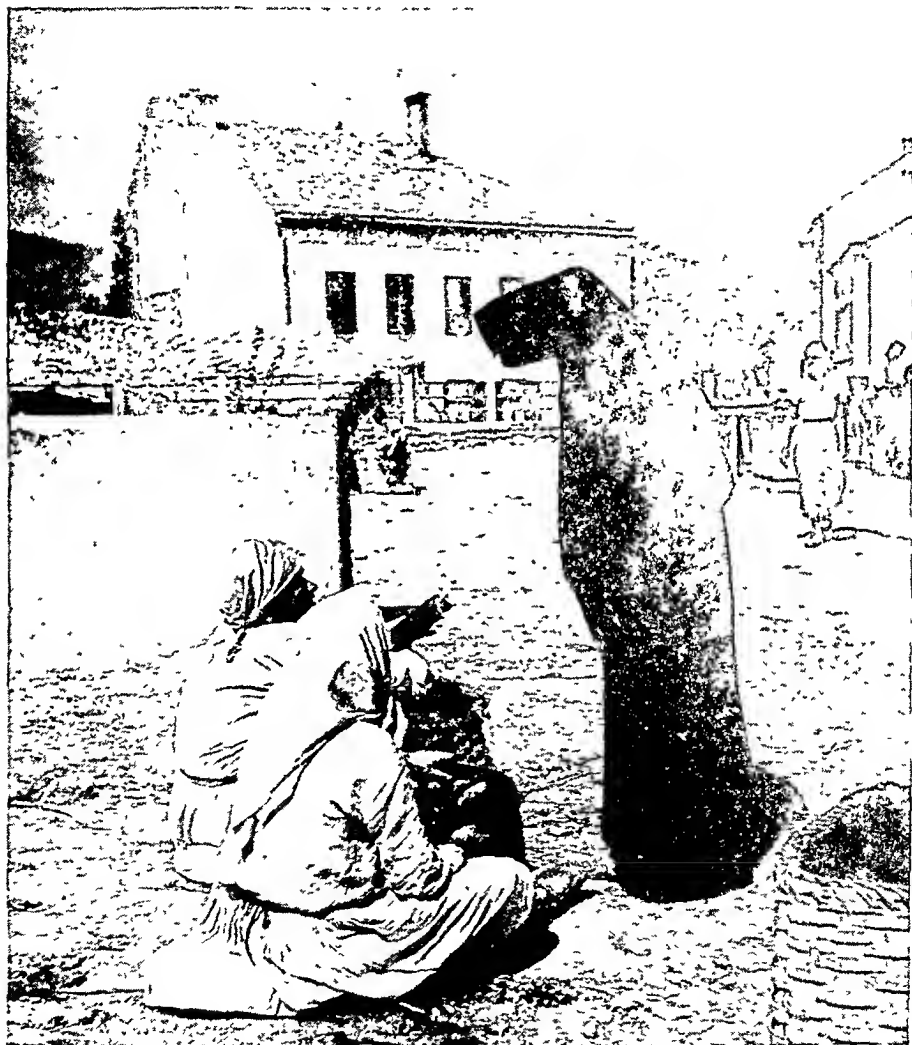
Bulgaria is a very poor country in the heart of the Balkans. The mountain chain from which that odd and, in many respects, mysterious south-eastern peninsula of Europe derives its name, runs across the country. The Bulgars number only six millions. They live on mutton, sunflowers, tobacco and roses! Sheep provide them with meat, which they eat mostly in minced form; *yoghourt*, fermented sheep's milk, and cheese, also form part of their diet. Sunflower seeds give them oil, a poor substitute for the olive oil of their Greek neighbours. Bulgarian tobacco is known as one of the best of the Turkish types of tobacco and is, with attar of roses which is used for making perfumes, their most valuable export article.

There are many landless peasants. Customary law in Bulgaria lays it down that the father's land is to be divided equally among his sons. Thus most of the holdings have by now become so indivisibly small that they cannot support the smallest family. As there is no industry or mining worth mentioning in Bulgaria, tens of thousands of Bulgarian peasants leave their country every year in the early spring for Central Europe. In the suburbs and around the towns of Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Germany you can meet them from February to November, toiling on small allotments, producing vegetables for the local markets. They are the kitchen gardeners of Central Europe, working fourteen and eighteen hours a day through eight or nine months in the year. Their requirements

in the way of accommodation and food are very slight indeed. They live in primitive sheds in the gardens they rent; they spend almost nothing on food; they do not drink. In late autumn they return to Bulgaria with their savings, in order to support family

life, repair their wretched huts, and to look at some smallholding they might be able to purchase after many more years spent in the vegetable gardens of distant foreign towns

There is one nation for whom the Bulgars feel real sympathy, admiration,



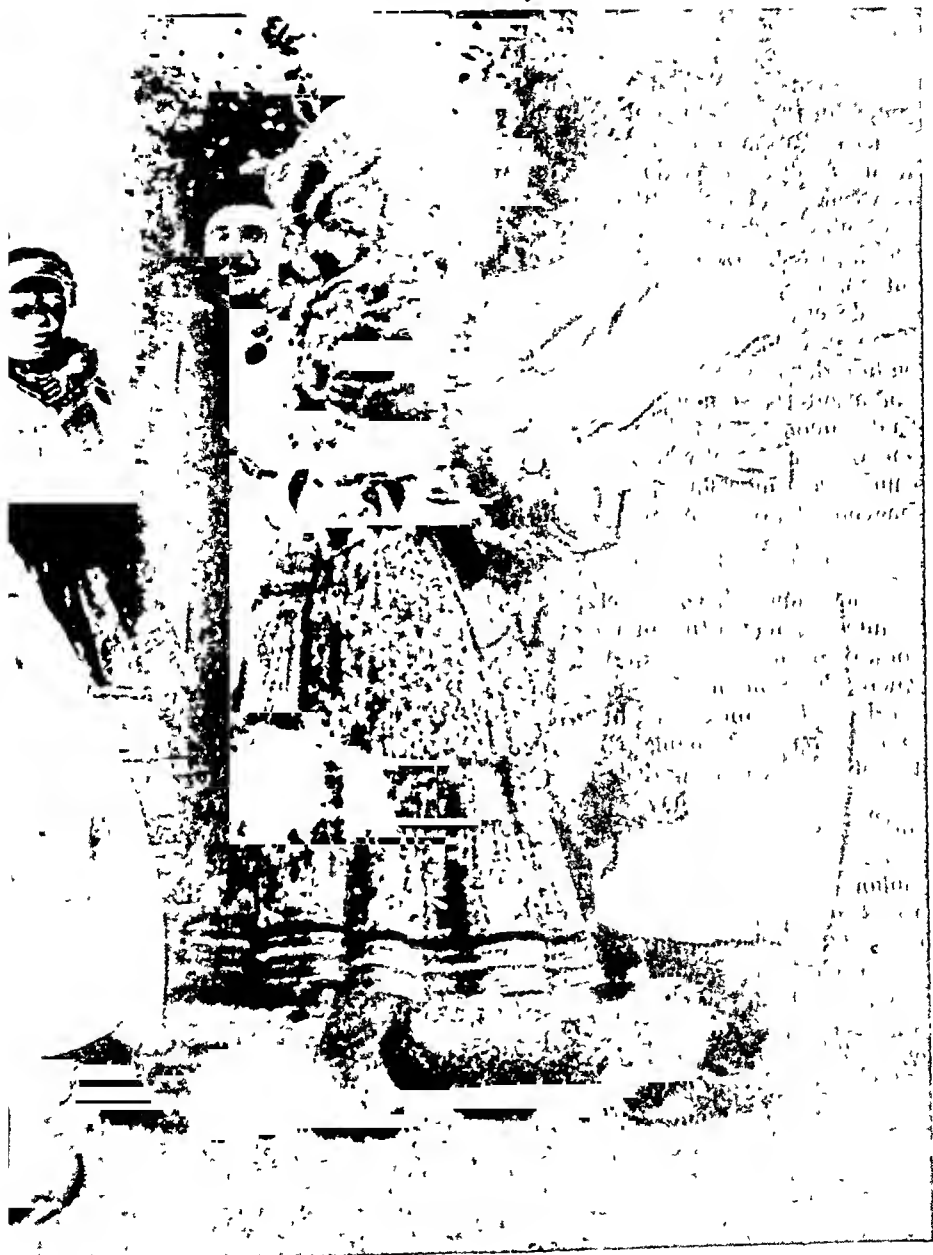
MOHAMMEDAN FAITH

In the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina in Yugoslavia, Moslem women of high rank still wear this curious heavy black cloak to veil them when they go out.



HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY

In Hungary the Czardas is the most popular folk-dance, and is danced throughout the country by all classes of people, at elegant balls as well as in village inns. He



MAGYAR DANCE

too, as in Rumania, the Gypsies are quite an indispensable part of the population, playing their melancholy and oriental music, which is inseparable from their life.

even love: the Russians. Russia liberated them from the Turkish yoke by a war which the Tsar declared on the Sultan in 1877. To the Bulgarian intelligentsia, Russia became their second home. A common religion is another tie between Bulgars and Russians.

Sombre and unhappy as the Bulgarian peasant is, he owes much of his unhappiness to his small but powerful middle class. This consists to a great extent of Macedonians who are a State within the State. Their underground organizations, although entangled in feuds among themselves, the origins and the purpose of which no foreigner could ever understand, exert unchallenged power over Bulgarian public life.

The Rumanians

A few miles beyond Belgrade the Danube enters Rumania, the last country on her way to the Black Sea. There she remains for more than a third of her total length: over six hundred miles. Rumanians regard the Danube as their own river and their poets and writers have praised its romantic beauty.

Sixteen millions of the twenty million inhabitants of Greater Rumania are Rumanians by language and customs. Bucharest began its career as the capital city, and grew to be an extraordinary mixture of an oriental small town and an American metropolis, where in the fashionable Calea Victoriei, Bucharest's Piccadilly, you could meet ragged and bare-footed peasants in hundreds mingling with a few super-elegant beaux and smart officers.

But Rumania is the richest of the Balkan countries. She has a sea at her front door, and mountains covered with inexhaustible forests and full of iron-ore, copper, chrome, silver and gold. In her rich plains plenty of corn and oil seeds grow; in the hills of the

west vines grow and from the fields of Ploesti gushes oil which yields an income unparalleled among the oil industries of Europe.

In the fashionable hotels, restaurants and clubs of Bucharest and other great towns, there are caviare, French champagne and delicately-cooked chicken to be had by the affluent, but in the mountains, the poor peasantry live on maize-meal (*mamaliga*) and sheep cheese from one year's end to another.

The total income of a well-to-do Rumanian farmer and his family of five amounts to approximately £70 a year. They wear mostly home-made clothing, including primitive leather slippers, the shape of which probably has not changed since ancient times. Superstition, often dating to heathen origins, characterizes their folklore.

Although the Greek Orthodox Church has a firm grip on the peasant people, pagan traditions have survived to an extraordinary degree. The various festivals, although bearing Christian names, are purely pagan, such as the *Brezana* on Christmas Eve, or the *Calusharii*, a superstitious Whit-Sunday relic of the cult of the dancing priests.

In Transylvania, on the lofty plateau of the Gaina Mountain, a Maiden's Fair of ancient origin is held on July 20th every year: girls of marriageable age are led there by their parents and young men select their brides on the spot. After mutual agreement has been reached, the young couple proceed to the registrar's office and from there to the church to be married.

Rumanian Gypsies

Gypsies are an important and fairly numerous component of the Rumanian population. They are darker than the Rumanians and usually very poor. Some Indian rites are still alive among them, as the *Vasilca* on New Year's



THE DELTA OF THE DANUBE

It is a common sight at the mouth of the Danube, to see dozens of fishermen, standing waist deep in water, catching fish with such primitive nets as these.

Day (a lavishly decorated pig's head being carried from door to door), or the *Paparuda*-dance, which young Gypsy girls, dressed only in a kirtle of leaves and branches, dance in time of drought in the belief that the song they sing whilst dancing from door to door will induce Heaven to release the much-needed rain. Gypsy songs and music are inseparable from Rumanian life even more than from the Hungarian land-

scape. They are melancholy, rather oriental songs.

Once the delta of the Danube is reached, Rumanian tunes and colours merge with the romance of the endless steppes of the neighbouring Ukraine—a fitting accompaniment to the merging of the longest and greatest of the international waterways of the continent of Europe with the fascinatingly mysterious Black Sea.



EVENING PRAYER

In the quiet and solitude of the desert, the Arab dismounts and bows to the ground, facing in the direction of Mecca, which is renowned as the birthplace of Mohammed.

THE DESERTS AND THEIR DWELLERS

The Bedouin of Arabia: domination of Nature in the deserts: the sheikh and his people: their main occupations: hospitality to travellers: the status of women: impact of modern conditions: tribes of the Sahara: the Shaamba Arab: the Mozabite and the Tuareg: French administration

THE Arabian of the desert is like the desert itself, unchanged and unfathomable, like the sand from which he sprang, and in which he lives and dies. Obediently and helplessly he suffers the dominion of nature, and bows his head to its relentless will. For hours on end he wanders, in the bitter cold of winter and the burning heat of summer, in sandstorms and almost continual drought, seeing nothing but sand and waste.

For centuries he has lived in tents of camels' or goats' hair, his "houses of hair" as he calls them, moving from one grazing ground to another. These tents, rectangular in shape, always have one side open to the desert. They are pitched facing the east and the walls are raised according to the sun, in the morning the eastern ones are pulled down to withstand the heat of the rising sun, and in the afternoon and evening the western ones are lowered. At night, all the sides are raised. The Arab sleeps with only the canopy overhead.

His possessions are few, for house and home have to be moved wherever he goes—tent, rugs, the two cauldrons for cooking rice and meat whenever they are obtainable, and a few other utensils are all he has. His clothes, also reduced to a minimum, have to protect him from heat and cold, so they consist of a long robe tied at the waist with a leather belt, and a long and loose cloak of camels' hair. A square piece of

silk or cloth, called a *kaffiyeh*, covers his head and is kept in place by a circle of cord.

The woman's clothes are of an equal simplicity. She wears a voluminous black robe, with head-dress of the same material wound turbanwise. She has (if she is rich) an additional dress, for official occasions, of red silk with heavy, handwrought jewellery made at Baghdad, Medina, or Damascus. All woollen cloth is woven by the women on spindles, but the silk is either bought in market towns or exchanged for wool, leather, or cheese.

Physically, the Bedouin is lean and sinewy. Nor can he be otherwise, for his normal diet consists of a few dates with a mixture of flour or roasted corn and milk or water. He spares the water for his beasts as much as possible, for their need is more important than his, and he himself can always drink their milk. Were he dying of thirst, he could slit open the belly of his camel and drink the water it has stored for itself. Usually tall, sunburnt, with a thin face, a thin nose, and erect bearing, a desert Arab is truly a fine physical being. His whole life is clean and uncontaminated by the infectious diseases to be found in towns.

The Bedouin is governed by self-interest and self-preservation, two instincts he must follow if he wishes to continue his existence in such pitiless surroundings. The desert, the cause of



KORAN SCHOOL

These children are being instructed in the Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans. The sand and a stick will serve instead of slate and pencil. Many



IN THE DESERT

Arabs are illiterate but they are not uncultured, and in the Nejd, the fountain head of the Arab race, they speak the purest form of Arabic that is known—Koranic Arabic.

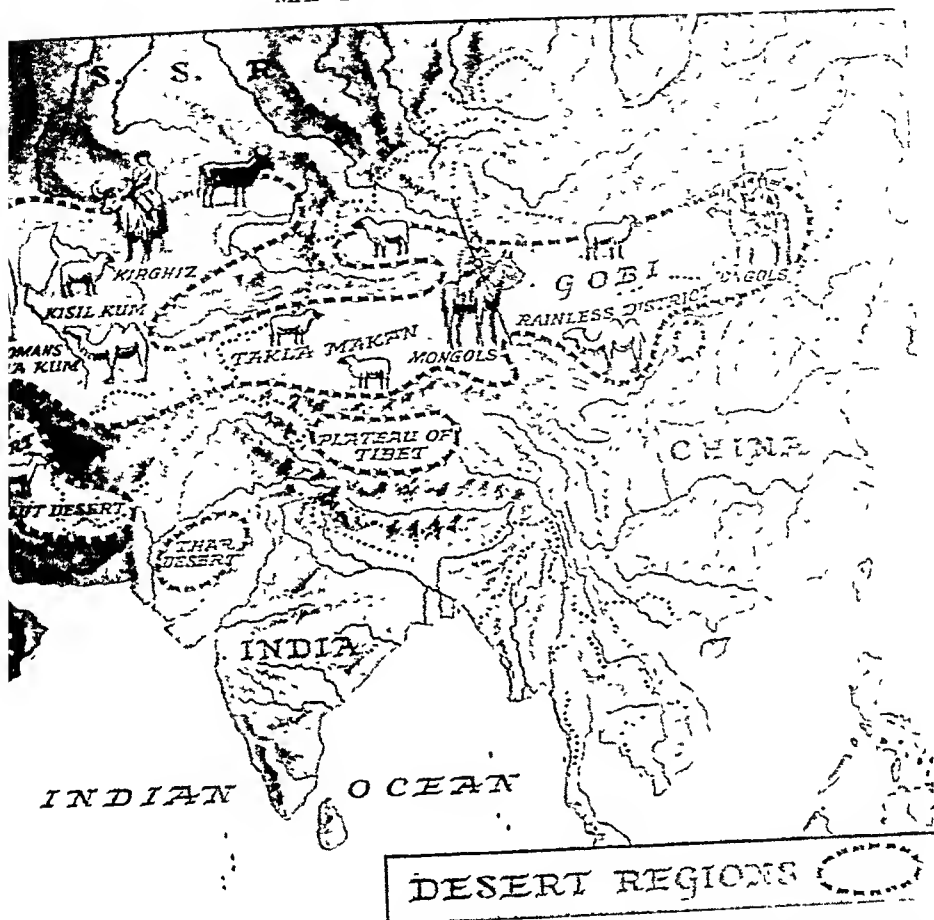


his virtues, is also the reason for his failings. Quick-tempered he may be, but his endurance under adversity, his tenacity in hardship, and his extreme individualism are his most outstanding qualities. He has no time for discipline and order, such as the regimentation we find in the West; his one authority is the law of the desert, and he obeys only his tribal chief.

The individual can accomplish little against the forces of nature, and so he finds that he has to unite with others. These are the people nearest to him: his family and his tribe. With them he concludes a life-long alliance, without

rite or ritual, and to them he gives a loyalty stronger than that of any European to his family, state, or party. His tribe is sacred to him, and an injury done to any of his people is an injury to himself. He can never forget it, and it is for this reason that blood feuds between tribes can last a number of generations.

His main occupations are raiding and sheep- and camel-breeding. His beasts are his most treasured possessions, for they provide him with milk to drink, meat for food, skin and hair for clothes and tents, and finally, they are the best means of transport. The soft,



flat pads of the camel, and its capacity for making long journeys without drinking make it invaluable. In winter, the camel can do without water for as long as twentyfive days.

The breeding of the Arab horse, world-famous for its beauty and speed, is only the occupation of the wealthier tribes, for the horse is incapable of sustaining long desert marches and is more of a luxury than a necessity. Consequently, an Arab's wealth is measured not by money but camels, goats, and sheep

The other main occupation of the Arab is raiding or *ghazzu*. Considered

outside the east as a form of brigandage, it has been raised by the economic and social conditions of the desert into a national institution. It is also one of the few manly occupations possible for the Arab. One of the rules of the game, for it is a form of sport, is that blood should not be shed except in cases of extreme necessity.

The aim of one tribe is to obtain possession of the camels of another, and the best way to do it is without causing any physical harm. The mitigating factor of this evil is the deep spirit of hospitality in every tribe. One may try to enrich himself at the expense of



CARAVAN IN THE

A long caravan winds its way over the rocky desert in Algeria: goods and merchandise are piled upon the camels' backs as the merchants traverse the great waterless tract.

another, but there is a common consciousness of helplessness in the face of a malignant and stubborn Nature, which raises hospitality to a sacred sense of duty. To refuse hospitality or to harm a guest, once this hospitality is given, is an unforgivable sin. Nor does it behove a host to ask what his guest's business may be. The

guest himself, robber though he may be, cannot harm his host while partaking of this hospitality. But he can depart and return again to rob!

A traveller, arriving at an encampment, will normally find the main tent distinguished by its size; touching the tentpole, he says: "*Dakheelak*". Then he is welcomed and made to join the



ALGERIAN DESERT

Arabs are expert at trekking in the desert, using the sun and stars as their compass. It is said that they can tell the age of a camel from seeing its footprint in the sand.

circle sitting cross-legged round the tent. The talk flows on till it is time for food, when every one eats the dates and bread from one communal dish. If the occasion happens to be more important, a large dish is brought in of rice piled up high with the meat placed on top of it; this the women have been cooking some yards away from

the tent, so that the smell of food should not carry to the main tent. When the dish of food is finished, the coffee beans are roasted and ground and the coffee made. Coffee, water and milk are the only drinks possible in the desert, for wine, like pork, is forbidden by Islam.

The leader of the tribe is the sheikh.

HOSPITALITY A SACRED DUTY

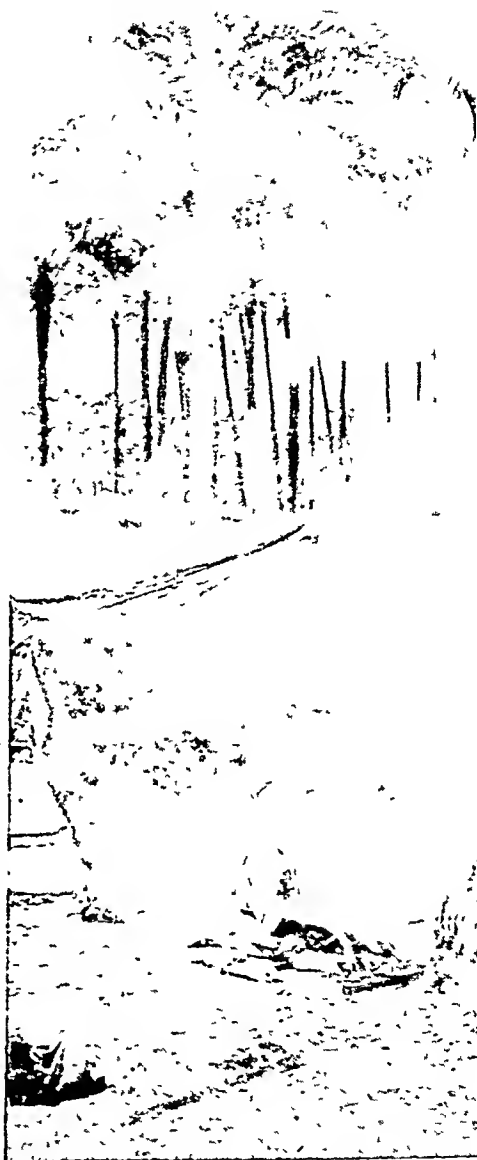
A Bedouin chief welcomes visitors to coffee at his encampment in the Forest of Marg. To refuse hospitality or harm a guest is an unforgivable sin.

Usually chosen for his good counsel, his powers of endurance, his generosity and courage, he is replaced if found unworthy of so high an office. He leads, advises, and settles disputes, but in matters of common concern, he calls together the heads of families and discusses the problems with them.

The Arab is a democrat, for he meets his sheikh on an equal footing; he lives under the same conditions, eats the same food, is reliant on the same tribal ties, and is probably as wealthy as his chief. Yet, paradoxically enough, he is a true aristocrat. He is so proud of his noble race that he often traces it back to Adam; and, in his opinion, he himself is the embodiment of perfection.

For one tribe to be mightier than another does not necessarily mean that it must possess more camels. It is the numbers of the tribe that count, and the best way of achieving this is by increasing the family. The greater the number of his children, the more is a man esteemed. He is favoured by God if he can procreate and it is indeed a judgment of that same Divinity if a man or woman is barren. Naturally this tradition is not compatible with having one wife, and necessity compels him to have more.

The woman, it is true, is under the jurisdiction of her husband and often has to share his affections with another; but she is far from being a slave to his wishes. She is not veiled, but is as free in her life and actions as any man. She has perfect freedom in choosing her husband and, if it ever comes to divorce, she can divorce with the same ease as a man, if her reason for doing



so is valid. After all, a man is only allowed (according to the Prophet Mohammed) to have four wives if he can provide for them all, treat them with equal justice, and not neglect one for the other.

Nowadays, the desert is feeling the impact of modern conditions of life. That does not mean that large cities have sprung up in the middle of the desert, nor that one travels by air-



plane, car, or train. The Bedoun, nevertheless, possesses guns and pistols and owns a pair of binoculars.

Communications are still mainly by camel, but a railway has been built from Medina to Damascus, and another from Medina to Maan, and a third from Aden to Lahaj. There is a telephone system from Jidda to Medina, and a telegraph system from Jidda to Port Sudan. Airplanes exist, but they

are few and far between, while travel by motor-car has been introduced and is growing in popularity, especially in the towns and in the Nejd where Ibn Sa'ud constantly uses cars.

Furthermore, systematic export of articles produced in the settled areas round the coast, such as coffee, hides, wool, sheep and dates is being undertaken, but these are far outvalued by the import of commodities, and would have



IN COLOURFUL PALESTINE

Any traveller arriving at an encampment is welcomed and invited to share a meal; all are seated cross-legged in a circle on the floor and help themselves from the communal dish of bread and dates or rice and meat placed in the centre

led to national bankruptcy had not a mine of gold been found a hundred miles south of Medina, and oil springs in other parts of the country.

Arabia today is divided into six important sections: the kingdom of Sa'udi Arabia, the Imamate of Yemen, the Sultanates of Oman and Kuwait, the British Crown Colony and Protectorate of Aden, and the British Protectorate of the Bahrein Islands. The most important of all is the first which, under its able ruler, Ibn Sa'ud, unites the Nejd with the Hejaz. He is the present leader of the Wahhabi movement, a puritanical movement that set out to return to the words of the Prophet in their full simplicity. Its members called themselves the Ikhwan (brothers), and today they are as rigid in carrying out the words

of the Prophet as at the start of the movement.

Ibn Sa'ud, apart from being an able ruler, also has vision. He is trying to draw out the best in his country. Raids, for example, have been abolished in his kingdom. His people are still illiterate and schools are to be found attached only to mosques, but that does not mean that his people, or for that matter, any Arabs of the Peninsula, are uncultured simply because they cannot read or write or indulge in any other forms of learning. We find in the Nejd the fountain-head of the Arab race, and the Arabic spoken there is the purest Arabic, for it is Koranic Arabic.

Modern medicines have been introduced, but in such vast spaces the Bedouin has still to rely mainly on herbs

or medicine. The two main drugs used are opium and quinine, while the rest of the Arabs' medicine chest consists of their own remedies.

Had it not been for the River Nile and the Red Sea, Arabia and the Sahara would have been one long stretch of desert. As it is, the peoples in desert have much in common.

Geographically, the Sahara is bounded on the north by the Atlas Mountains and, east of these, by the Mediterranean, on the west by the Atlantic, on the south by Lake Chad

and the Niger, and it extends eastwards as far as the Nile. The centre of the Sahara consists of the Hoggar Plateau, a dry, arid region where the mountains are of considerable altitude. To the north-east and north-west of this are two immense sandy dunes. It is, however, the vast sea of stones, of pitiless rock, of barrenness that is dominant.

There is little plant life and the little there is has to defend itself against a nature cruel in its climate and form. The cactus, with its capacity for retaining moisture, grows most in the



WOMEN WORK WHILE FATHER SLEEPS

The women sort dates while the man of the family has a siesta. In the settled coastal areas, the export of coffee, hides, wool and dates is now increasing



TUAREGS, THE VEILED

For years the Tuaregs terrified their neighbours by their ferocious raids and their sinister veiled appearance: today raids are forbidden but they still wear their



FIGHTERS OF THE HOGGAR

impressive dress—a black tunic over white cotton trousers, a loose cloak of camel's hair and a litham or veil, without which no man is ever seen, not even by his wife.



regions near the Sudan, while alfalfa grows most in the rocky deserts of Algeria and Morocco. One plant worth mentioning since it serves as pasture for camels is the asheb, which is to be found in the Hoggar. When rain falls, shoots appear, flower, form new seeds and die within twentyfour hours

The seeds, however, live on till the next rainfall—which may not occur for a number of years.

The main peoples of the Sahara Desert consist of the Shaamba Arabs, both settled and nomad, the Mozabites who inhabit the oases of the Shebka, Negro cultivators in the Mozabite and

WHERE MONEY IS NOT WEALTH

No purchase is satisfactory without bargaining on both sides! An Arab has few possessions; his wealth is measured by the livestock he possesses



Tuareg districts, and the Tuaregs themselves who, like the Mozabites, are a Berber race

The Shaamba Arabs, once the enemies and oppressors of the Mozabites, live very primitively, but in spite of that they are a friendly, happy-go-lucky people whose centre is at

Ouargla. They are brave and warlike and are a more intelligent people than their traditional enemies, and have made far greater strides both materially and militarily under the French. Now they form a large percentage of the Saharan troops and their loyalty and courage deserve great praise. Furthermore, they are experts at trekking in the desert, using the sun and the stars as their compass. They are excellent at handling camels, and it is said, can tell the age of a camel and the date of its passage merely from seeing its footprint in the sand.

Their life in the desert is one of great simplicity. They rise at dawn and take their camels and herds to graze. They will then rest during the hottest part of the day in the most convenient shade, talking to each other, telling stories based on the legends of long ago, or playing a game in the sand with pebbles which looks very much like draughts. They will eat what little food they may have with them, sleep in the afternoon, and rise by evening, before the setting of the sun, to bring back their herds to the encampment. After the evening meal, they all sit by the fire of dried camel dung talking or listening to a tale. It is a simple life; but one of continual alertness, and a struggle against nature and poverty.

The Mozabites, like all the inhabitants of the Sahara, are Muslims, but of a different sect. They were converted after the Arab invasion in the seventh century. They often warred against the Arabs and at every defeat they retreated further into the desert till they finally settled in the Shebka, that



RELAXATION IN A TUNIS CAFÉ

An Arab drinks coffee with his friend in Tunis, a city consisting of the old native town and the modern European one. Muslims form the majority of the inhabitants



TYPICAL ARAB

*ally tall, with a thin sunburnt face and an erect bearing, the desert Arab is a
rb physical being. The square piece of cloth kept in place by a circle of cord which
he wears on his head, is protection against both heat and cold.*

wilderness of rocks and stones. In spite of the centuries which have elapsed since their defeat and persecution, they still bear a grudge against humanity for which they seek an outlet in the power which money can bring; they have become the richest people of the Sahara and Algeria owing to their shrewd sense of money and profit. They are the leading bankers and storekeepers of the north.

As a young man, the Mozabite leaves his city for the north where he spends the best years of his life making money as banker or merchant; then he returns to his town and lives the rest of his years in luxury. Where once this town was a picture of dire poverty and desolate misery, it has now become for him the city of his rest.

In spite of his adaptation to modern business methods, the Mozabite is the most conservative person at home. His life is governed by the most rigid inter-

pretations of the Koran and, unlike the Ikhwan, it has perverted his character. The breadth of mind, the adaptation to modern methods in his own private life, and the poetry of the Ikhwan are missing in his life; he is morose, repressed and repressive, and treats the women of his household tyrannically.

Sin among his people is punished mercilessly, while there is little pleasure in his existence, even to the extent that smoking and music are forbidden.

Unlike other desert women, the Mozabite is heavily veiled and lives in her home as in a comfortable prison. She is seldom allowed to leave her home, and even if she is old and ugly, she can only do so if she is heavily veiled. Her days are spent working within her house, or sitting on the housetop in the evening, waiting for her husband's infrequent visits.

Even in their mosques the Mozabites



IRRIGATING THE LAND

For centuries the Egyptians used some means of artificial application of water to their land: modern means are in use there to-day but this ancient method of the water-wheel turned by oxen travelling in a circular path can still be seen.



CAIRO—CAPITAL OF EGYPT

Many races inhabit this city on the Nile, mingling in the broad modern thoroughfares, the busy bazaars and the narrow tortuous mediaeval streets such as this: for this great city is of international character, where East and West meet.

are an austere people. Their places of worship are plainly white-washed and lack beauty of architecture.

In the earlier days, the Mozabites had an Imam as ruler who was helped by a body of learned and pious men, known as the halga. Every candidate for the halga had to pass two stages in theological instruction, and had to live more austere than others; even then he was on probation for a year. Under the French, however, the powers of the halga are restricted, for their severity of judgment and their rigidity did not make them popular among the people.

The third race are the Negroes who were once sold in markets as slaves. The Negroes today play their part in the social structure of every town and village in the Sahara. They are water-carriers, musicians, singers, or criers at auction sales. Among the Tuareg, they are the agriculturists. The Negroes are still a primitive people, retaining the rites of their ancestors. At their marriage festivals the beat of the drum lasts all night, a steady, maddening throb that once lashed their forefathers into a combative spirit. The trumpet they use, and the music they make with it, is reminiscent of Negro American swing.

The Veiled Tuareg

The Tuareg, the veiled fighters of the Hoggar, were once famed for their ferocity and skill, and for many years resisted the attempts of the French at a conquest of the Sahara. By their veiled appearance, their raids, and their reputation as invincible warriors, they were able to hold sway over the whole of the Sahara. Their mountains, hard, barren, and unfriendly, are similar to the character of the people, and both are difficult of access.

Socially, the Tuaregs are divided into many classes, ranging from the

nobles, priests, and serfs, down to slaves, and are ruled by a king whose title is hereditary and based on the matriarchal system, the title being passed on to the next heir from the mother's side. The nobles, being the most pure-bred, do not work. Their only aims in life are war and raiding, and as these are punishable by law, their life is now empty and aimless except for camel-breeding.

Dress and Weapons

The dress of the Tuareg is impressive. He usually wears a black tunic over white cotton trousers with a loose cloak of camels' hair over both. The famous veil, or *litham* as it is called, can be blue or black, and is so wrapped round the head that only the eyes and the tip of the nose can be seen. A man starts wearing it from the age of puberty, and is never seen without it till his death: not even his wife is allowed to see his face.

His weapons are the lance, long and slender with three barbs on either side; a sword, double-edged with the hilt in the form of a cross; and a dagger which is attached to the wrist by a leather band. He carries a shield of camel hide.

The Tuareg woman is as lazy as her husband and does nothing, except look after her children. In appearance, she is of medium height, dressed in a short skirt covered by a number of very baggy tunics and a sari. She is heavily made-up and spends her day putting henna on her finger and toe nails, grease on her hair, ointments on her face. She has complete freedom, so complete that she believes in free love and never gets to her marriage couch a virgin. The only mortal sin that a woman can commit is to marry a man in a socially inferior position.

Hospitality, as in Arabia, is here carried out with the same sacred sense



PEASANTRY WITH ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BLOOD

This fellahin family enjoy their meal of nillet bread, vegetables and dates in their mud hut roofed with straw. Fellah is Arabic for "ploughman" or "tiller".

of duty, although a host may sometimes find himself in an awkward position. Never very wealthy, the tribes go through many lean years, and it is at times like these when a man may already be badly off, that he may have to give hospitality to hungrier and thirstier families than his own.

The French administration has shown

fruitful results. France has never sought to inflict a western government on the people. Economic instability was first abolished by forbidding raids. Then wells were dug to ensure a water supply for cultivators, with the result that palm trees are now extensively grown in the oases, and the cultivators can find good markets for their dates.

From the French the nomads have learned a little veterinary skill, and also how to tend the wool of their sheep so that it will fetch better price in the markets. The nomads have been encouraged in the breeding of camels by yearly festivals.

Medically, the French have tried to combat all the diseases that are prevalent amongst the desert-dwellers, primarily eye trouble and venereal diseases, and they have built schools in the most important centres, to give the children a primary education, with some training for a craft.

Ten thousand kilometres of car tracks have been made in the desert, but like all desert tracks they are rough owing to the difficulty of keeping them in good condition. But the main

points between Algeria and Lake Chad are in direct connection. Compared with the past, the journey across the Sahara is now safe, but even today it is advisable not to leave the desert tracks lest evil befall in that vast and cruel country.

Hence the people who live in these arid deserts toil against heavy odds. But the stars are theirs, and the moon at night. There are the cool breezes of evening, there the poet by the fireside reciting ancient tales of the desert while the light flickers and throws its shadows on the faces of the listeners. There, too, is the hard bed on the earth—as hard as nature. And there is the incessant toil and the eternal wandering with no hope of relief until at last the earth covers their heads.



MOST PRIZED POSSESSION

The Arab looks to his camel for life's essentials—for hair to make clothes and tents, for staying power in the arid desert, and as transport for bringing in the harvest.



SUNSPLASHED VILLAGE IN IRAQ

This peaceful village, situated in the independent Arab Kingdom of Iraq, has an air of prosperity, for the well-irrigated soil is fertile and cotton, dates and cereals flourish. They are exported through Baghdad, capital of the country.



INTREPID HORSEMAN

The horsemen of the Emir of Kano's household are famed for their fine horsemanship. They are reputed to be able to pull up on the spot from the fastest gallop.

TRIBES OF AFRICA

Various tribes of the Belgian Congo: the Bantu and Watussi: "holy" cattle. people of West Africa: the Gold Coast: the advanced Hausa tribe. the people of East Africa: the Turkana and the Masai: Toro of Uganda: traditional ceremony: the Swahilis and Zulus: other Bantu people

THE Belgian Congo is inhabited by a great number of different races which may be classified into three main groups—the Nilotic tribes, the Sudanese and the Bantu. Of the Sudanese, the Bambuba of Irumu and Beni are, after the Pygmies, held to be the oldest inhabitants of Central Africa.

The Bantu are hunters and agriculturists and differ little from those of the same race found right through East Africa. An interesting people belonging to this group are the Babira, whose women have their lips disfigured by the insertion of wooden disks which make them protrude like a duck's bill. Some of the Babira are crossed with Pygmy stock. The Bantu are split into many tribes, in some of which at least are found strains of Hamitic blood. Of these, the Bahima and the Watussi (or Batutsi) are the aristocrats of the native world, and their finely cut figures and noble bearing are an outstanding feature of Ruanda, on the eastern border of the Belgian Congo, and British Tanganyika.

In Ruanda, the first Europeans found a ruling class which had absolute power in their hands. This was the Watussi, an Hamitic race, whose origin is not clear. The Watussi are related to the Masai of Kenya, and the Abyssinians, and are supposed to have come from Egypt. This people gradually conquered the fertile hills of Ruanda, where they found a Bantu race, the Wahutu: the Wahutu, as well as the Batwa, are a pygmy race, living in the forest, who

are subjected to the Watussi tribe.

Although by far in the minority, the Watussi ruled the country, mainly owing to their cruelty and their physical properties; they are very tall, some attain a height of six feet. Their whole interest centres round their cattle, which they possess in large herds and which are very well tended. This part of Africa is one of the most densely populated.

A Watussi will never do any manual work; the Wahutu, a really more intelligent tribe, are the workers and tend the fields, whereas the Batwa are hunters, and make pottery and ironware. The head of the country is their much revered King, to whom all troubles are referred in the last instance. He is surrounded by a large court and receives, beside a generous salary from the Belgian Government (which controls the chiefs who govern the provinces under strict supervision), tribute from his subjects. He, as well as 99 per cent. of the chiefs, are Catholics, a religion which found in this country as fertile a ground as in Madagascar.

The "holy" cattle of which the King and some big chiefs have large herds, are constantly looked after, cleaned and well fed. These cattle, when shown on rare occasions, are received with hand-clapping, while the herdsmen dance around them. These animals are never sold or killed for meat.

Almost every chief has his troop of dancers. They may be professional Batwa or Intore, and are the King's pages, sons of Watussi chiefs, who



KANO CITY, CAPITAL

This ancient mud-walled city teems with life. Endless cavalcades of camels, donkeys and horses carrying sacks of peanuts—the country's staple product—block the



OF KANO PROVINCE

winding alleys. The women stay in their mud huts to look after the children and house but the men work away from home most of the day. They are a very high Negro type



IN BRITISH WEST AFRICA

A European pocket magazine is eagerly studied, under the hot African sun, by a palace official. The messenger seated cross-legged by the gateway awaits orders

serve the King or the chief. They are educated by him and form the rising generation of chiefs. The troops dance, accompanied by bands of drums and horns, in wonderful rhythm. Round their ankles they have strips of hide with little bells, and it is rarely that anyone falls out of the dance, the rhythm of which changes at a sign from the leader. Each dancer has his turn, and will dance in front of the others and make his reverences to the highest person present, while the rest swing forwards and backwards in rhythm, singing and yelling their songs. The

preparation for the dances is kept a secret and each troop tries to excel the other in discipline and originality.

One of the Watussi pastimes is the high-jump in which this otherwise not very athletic people excel. Using a stone as stepping-stone they jump six feet and more, with a pole in one hand. They jump straight up and do not touch the rope.

Only on rare occasions do the Queen-Mother and the Queen appear in public, as it is the custom with all Watussi women to stay at home and to be jealously guarded. When travelling, these women never walk, but are

carried by four men in long baskets between two poles. Their maids and men are always in attendance.

The traditional huts are disappearing rapidly and are being replaced by houses built of brick. The huts are round, having a decorated platform in the middle and are separated by nicely woven mats into small compartments.

The coiffure of the Watussi is a complicated matter and takes some time to arrange every morning. The two half-moons, which stand up on a clean-shaven head, are combed upright and then interlocked by means of a little stick.

White and Black Races

The native peoples of West Africa fall into two ethnic groups: the White races, to which the Berbers and the Fulani belong, and the Black races which are a mixture of Pygmies, Negroes, Berbers and people of Hamitic stock, such as the Ashanti, Hausa, Senegalese, Yoruba and many others.

Some of the lower grade tribes live together in independent clans, others are ruled by Kings with limited powers.

In some parts of the Gold Coast and elsewhere the Queen-Mother exercises much authority. Many of the inhabitants of the Guineas, the Niger Valley, Bornu and Hausaland are Muslims, but even in them there is a strain of paganism which is general among the majority of the West African tribes. Magic is closely connected with religion, and the sorcerer is an important personage. There are many secret societies, and human sacrifices were formerly of frequent occurrence.

The origin of the Fulani, or Fulbe, has remained a mystery. Whether they came from Persia or India is not known. In any case they arrived with large herds of cattle, peacefully, and were welcomed by the inhabitants. They

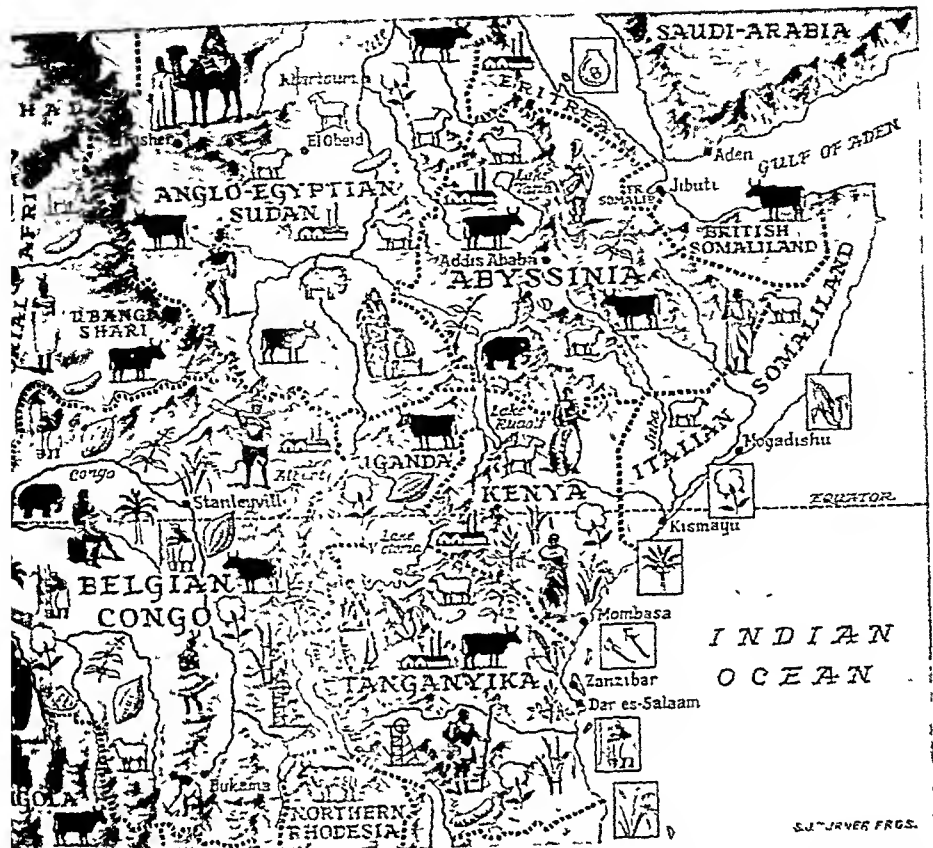
intermarried with the original people and eventually became a powerful factor in the land. Today Fulani are found in an area extending from the Upper Nile to the Senegal coast. They are entirely different in appearance and in intelligence from all the other tribes in West Africa. Their heads are long and their features clean cut; they have narrow noses, wavy hair and their complexion is light. As of old, they are either herdsmen wandering over the country, living in grass huts and shifting with the seasons, or agriculturists. The majority are strict Muslims.

The most advanced of the West African peoples are the Hausa who inhabit the district that lies between the River Niger and Lake Chad, and which includes Northern Nigeria, Sokoto, Kano, Zaria, Katsina and parts of the Bauchi plateau. The Hausa are believed to have taken part in the tribal movements which originated in Arabia soon after the death of Mohammed and which spread to the west, bringing with them a high degree of Islamic culture. The word "Hausa" refers to the country, the people and to their language which belongs to the Hamitic group. There is no doubt that the Hausa people, as we know them, represent a very high Negro type.

Appearance of the Hausa

The Hausa have a strong mixture of Arab and Fulani blood. Their skin is very black, their noses are less broad than most Negroes' and the lips less thick. Their ancient mud-walled cities such as Kano and Zaria teem with life, and endless cavalcades of camels, donkeys and horses carrying sacks of pea-nuts which form the country's staple product, block the narrow winding alleys.

Incidentally it was the Hausa who brought the first horses to this part



to the great Nilo-Hamitic group which embraces the peoples who, coming from the Red Sea Provinces, invaded the Nile Valley from where they moved south into Bantu areas, many of which came eventually under their influence. As with the Watussi the cattle cult is a feature of their life, and their chief wealth is gained from breeding cattle of which they possess huge herds, each branded with the sign of its owner's clan.

They are a warlike tribe and possess an effective military organization. The male members are divided into three classes, the uninitiated which comprises boys and young men, the warriors who pass through various stages of training after initiation, and the elders

who form the legislative authority of the tribe. Each class has its specified duties and privileges. During the time of their military education the boys and young men live in community kraals. When they have reached the grade of warriors, they may not marry, but they are allowed to be visited by unmarried girls from neighbouring camps. During this period of active service the warriors wear their hair in long plaited tails. Their weapons are spears and clubs.

The Masai have no chiefs, but the clan magician, who holds hereditary office, wields considerable power. The Masai are intrepid lion hunters. To safeguard their large herds of cattle against the depredations of the killers, they maintain a body of special



DOMESTICITY IN CENTRAL AFRICA

*A pygmy mother, with her child, stands outside her home in the Ituri Forest. Below:
Pottery and carving by hand are skilled pastimes in the British Cameroons*



BREAD-MAKING IN THE TROPICS

*The natives are busy near Morogoro, Tanganyika, pounding and winnowing maize.
Below: The Gold Coast woman bakes her bread in a stone oven built on the ground*

police who stalk the lions across open country. The sole weapons used are long spears, and shields made of buffalo hide are their only protection. They wear leopard-skin girdles and head-dresses of ostrich feathers.

The Masai man is tall, sinewy and slender. His features are attractive and his nose well-shaped. There is something distinctly oriental about the faces of both men and women. All the women shave their heads; they wear full clothing from childhood to old age, and are bedecked with jewels, metal bands around their necks and arms, long and heavy earrings, beads and all sorts of other decorations which form part of their everyday costume. Their dwellings are built round the inside of a thorn-bush hedge. These dwellings are made of mud, are flat-roofed, and not higher than six feet. Several families share one hut, which is divided into separate compartments. The thorn-bushes are known as "Wait-a-Bit", as it is practically impossible to force one's way through, so strong and penetrating are the thorns.

Social life is based on the group marriage system, and their religious belief is a mixture of ancestor and sky worship. Their great god is Rain, but they also reverence snakes, and the first introduction of the newly married wife is therefore to her husband's snake.

Food and Habits of the Masai

Milk, blood and meat are the staple diet of the Masai, although women and old men also eat flour and vegetables. They smoke, use snuff, and consume an intoxicating beverage made from fermented honey.

Another interesting tribe of cattle-keepers are the Toro of Uganda. They consist of a superior tribe of tall, fine-featured cow-keepers, and another race, short and negroid, of agriculturists. The

ruling house is from the purest stock of the superior race and, as with other tribes, ceremonies connected with the cattle form a large part of their customs.

The Omukama, or reigning chief, is venerated as the direct representative of the ancestors of the race, the conquerors who came from the north.

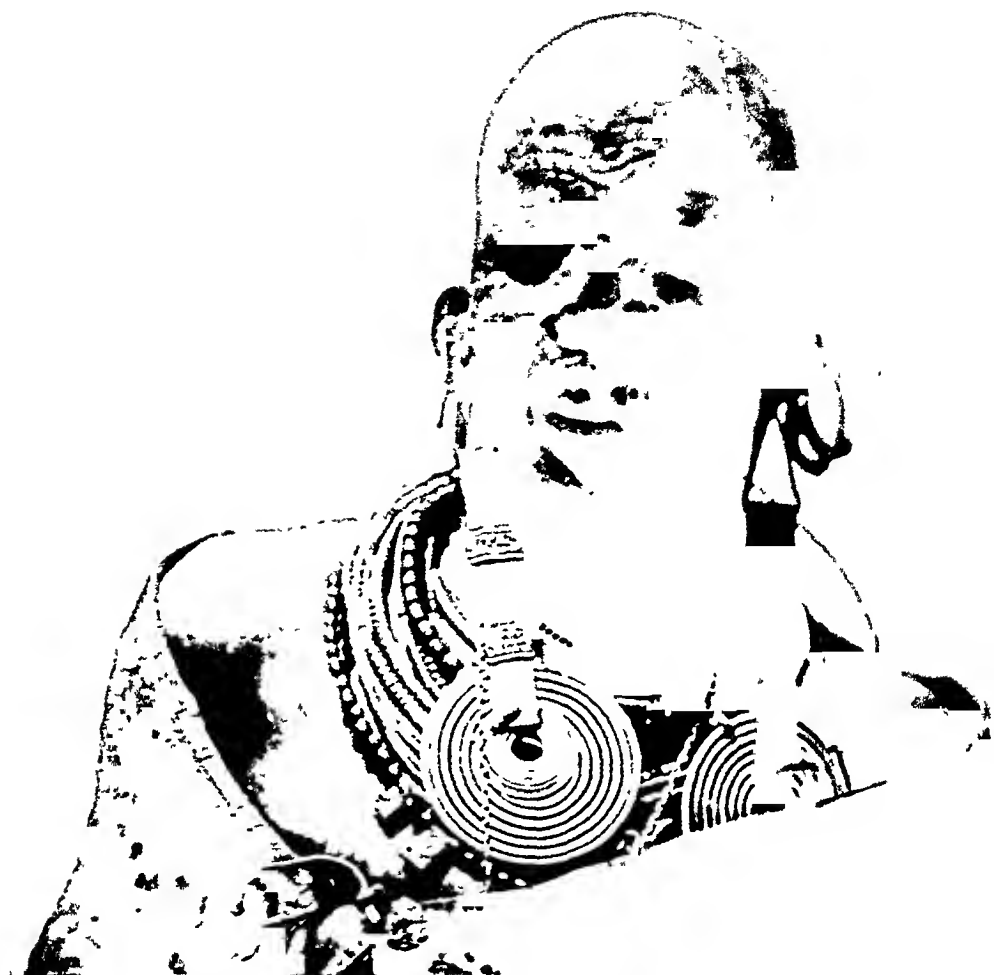
Milking Ceremony

A strict ceremony is observed every evening. At sundown, the symbolical herd is led into the royal enclosure. No one must cast even a glance on these cows, and as the herdsmen call out everyone hurries from the road to hide. This symbolical herd consists of a young bull of pure colour and perfect health, a young heifer, similarly carefully chosen, and two cows with their first calves. These are led into the royal courtyard, and a fire of damp twigs is lit to drive away all flies. On the smoky side of this the cows and their calves are carefully brushed all over, all ticks and other insects being removed. One cow is then led on to a newly-made grass carpet while the milkman and his assistant wash their hands and arms and the udders of the cow. The calf is allowed a short suckle and the udders are again washed. A milk girl then comes forward, bearing the royal milk-pot with its beautifully-worked stand and cover. She, like the milkman and his assistant, wears clean white clothes, while her face and chest are whitened with a sort of limewash. While the milking takes place she squats near by, holding the cover and stand, for the actual milking has to be performed by the man. The pot is half filled from the first cow, covered, and then the ceremony is repeated with the second cow. The girl then proceeds to the royal house bearing the milk-pot, which she hands at the door to a second girl, similarly whitened and dressed. The



MAKING FISH TRAPS, LAKE BUNYONYI

His nimble fingers weave the long strips of bark backwards and forwards, and in a short time a fish trap is completed. These traps are in great local demand.



WOMAN OF THE MASAI TRIBE

Like all the Masai women, she shaves her head. She wears full clothing from childhood to old age and is heavily bedecked with jewels, metal bands and beads

house is hushed and the Omukama in solitude receives and drinks the ceremonial milk. Any milk left over is then distributed, as a very great privilege, to favourites in the court. It is easy to think of much of this ceremony as mumbo-jumbo, but a great deal of it is evidently in the nature of a sanitary precaution. The cleanliness of every part is strictly observed while the way in which the milk-pots are thoroughly

cleansed and hung over a fire before being covered and put away compares favourably with European deities.

Although classed as Bantu, the Swahili, who inhabit the coastal belt of Zanzibar and other islands, show few traces of Bantu characteristics. They are the descendants of Persians and other colonizing peoples from Asia Minor, who came as traders and gold prospectors, intermixed with the Bantu.



WATUSSI DANCES

These are the embodiment of all Negro grace and rhythm. The dexterity with which this dancer wields the two long spears adds to the excitement of the dance.

and established a powerful Mohammedan empire with its own culture. Gradually the Swahili language, a mixture of Arabic and Bantu, was formed.

The black races found in the south and the south-east of the continent, the Zulus, who inhabit Natal and the Cape Province, are the most widely known.

They are a branch of the Kaffir family, and their physical characteristics differ from those of other Bantu races. They

are tall and muscular, have a dark complexion, and the shape of their head is more oval than that of the Kaffirs.

The men raise cattle and hunt, while the women attend to the household duties. They are frugal and live in a peaceful disposition.

Other Bantu people are the Hereros of South-West Africa, the Mashonas of Southern Rhodesia and the Basutos of Basutoland. The Basutos are chiefly farmers.



NATIVES OF BASUTOLAND ROUND THEIR CAMP FIRE

In South Africa live two million white people, with interests much the same as in Great Britain; and also, eight million black people, some living semi-civilized lives, but many living in kraals, still under the influence of old tribal laws

THE SOUTH AFRICANS

The various peoples of the Union of South Africa: its physical aspects origin of the Union. the Afrikaners: the British South Africans the Cape Coloured People. the Asiatics and the Bantu: the relationship between black and white the future of this large Dominion

THE trouble about describing the people of South Africa is that they are not one people but several.

First, in numbers, are the blacks. They belong to the Bantu section of the negroid race, but are sub-divided into separate tribes talking different languages and practising different customs.

Secondly, there are the whites. They are of European extraction, but their countries of origin and their mother tongues are different.

Thirdly, there are the Cape Coloured People—a mixture of the blacks, the browns (Malays imported as slaves in the eighteenth century), and the whites.

Fourthly, there are the Indians who in the nineteenth century, were imported from India as labourers for the sugar-cane plantations of Natal.

Roughly, there are seven million blacks; two million whites, three-quarters of a million coloureds; and a quarter of a million Indians: making a total population of ten million.

South Africa is frequently described as a new country with a great future. It is not new and its future is hidden in a black and white fog. The physical country itself is as old as the hills, and even the South African nation, though regrouped under the political Union of 1910, has three centuries of history behind it.

Brilliant sunshine. Miles and miles of veld, which is pronounced "felt" and simply means the countryside. Beehive-shaped Zulu huts. Long-horned antelopes grazing in the wilds. Hippos

floating in the rivers. Crocodiles basking on the sandbars. Elephants trampling through the bushveld. Lions roaring from the dark beyond the camp-fire. Bearded Boers riding their ponies across the landscape. British planters smoking their pipes on the verandahs or stoeps of their bungalows. Black-skinned workers on the farm-lands—workers whose dark skins glisten and whose teeth flash white in the sunshine.

Such is the romantic form which South Africa assumes in the minds of many. It cannot be said to be a false picture, for all those people and places, all those animals and scenes go to make up South Africa. But there is a lot more to it than that. There are large towns in South Africa—such as Johannesburg, where the goldmines are, or Cape Town, built round the slopes of Table Mountain, or Durban, with its palm-fringed harbour—where the citizens see little of that romantic side of South Africa. They are much too busy working in offices and factories, and dodging the traffic, as they do in London or Paris.

Yet, not far from Cape Town, there are great fruit-farms and vineyards which provide as lovely and romantic a setting for their owners and labourers as one could wish; and near Durban there are vast sugar-cane fields where Indians labour for the European proprietors; while from the outskirts of Johannesburg, thunderous with the stamp-batteries crushing gold-shot rock, the veld rolls on and on to the Drakensberg (the Dragon Mountains) and then



GRAPE HARVESTING

The Cape is a fine fruit area, and quantities of peaches, apricots, pears and plums are grown; vines are cultivated for the making of wines and brandy.

drops towards the sea to become the bushveld or lowveld, where big game abounds in Noah's Ark variety.

From the Cape we go north to the Orange Free State and the Transvaal,

and eastwards to Natal; and these four Provinces form the Union of South Africa, which is the youngest Dominion in the British Commonwealth of Nations. It is a self-governing Dominion.

an independent country linked by the Imperial Crown to Great Britain and to the other Dominions

To understand how the Union of South Africa came into being, we must go back to the middle of the seventeenth century when the Dutch East India Company founded a victualling station at the Cape in order to supply fresh

meat and vegetables to the convoys of sailing ships that traded between Holland and the Spice Islands of the East Indies. The officials and gardeners who settled in the Cape to establish this victualling station were Dutchmen.

Most people are familiar with the extraordinary contours and rugged majesty of Table Mountain. A huge,



BELOW SEA LEVEL

A surveyor and his assistant are taking readings down one of the Witwatersrand goldmines. While Johannesburg, above them, is about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles above sea level, the shafts and tunnels of the gold mines delve to a depth of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

flat-topped mass of solid rock; it dominates the sea approaches, casting its shadow like a protecting mantle over busy Cape Town—a vital link in the long chain of British communications.

Three centuries ago the ancestors of the white races who live in what is today called the Union of South Africa must have wondered, rather fearfully, what their reception would be once they had landed on that jagged coast-line which offered none of the amenities of today's elaborate Table Bay harbour. But in a fine spirit of adventure they began the initial chapter of South African history. Not all the white visitors stayed. Founded by the Dutch East India Company and its representative, Jan van Riebeck, the settlement which grew up beneath Table Mountain was at first regarded merely as a half-way halt between western commercial interests and the fabulous wealth of the East. But as local labour and military needs expanded, more workers followed, and the people began to regard themselves as colonists.

Strategical Value of the Cape

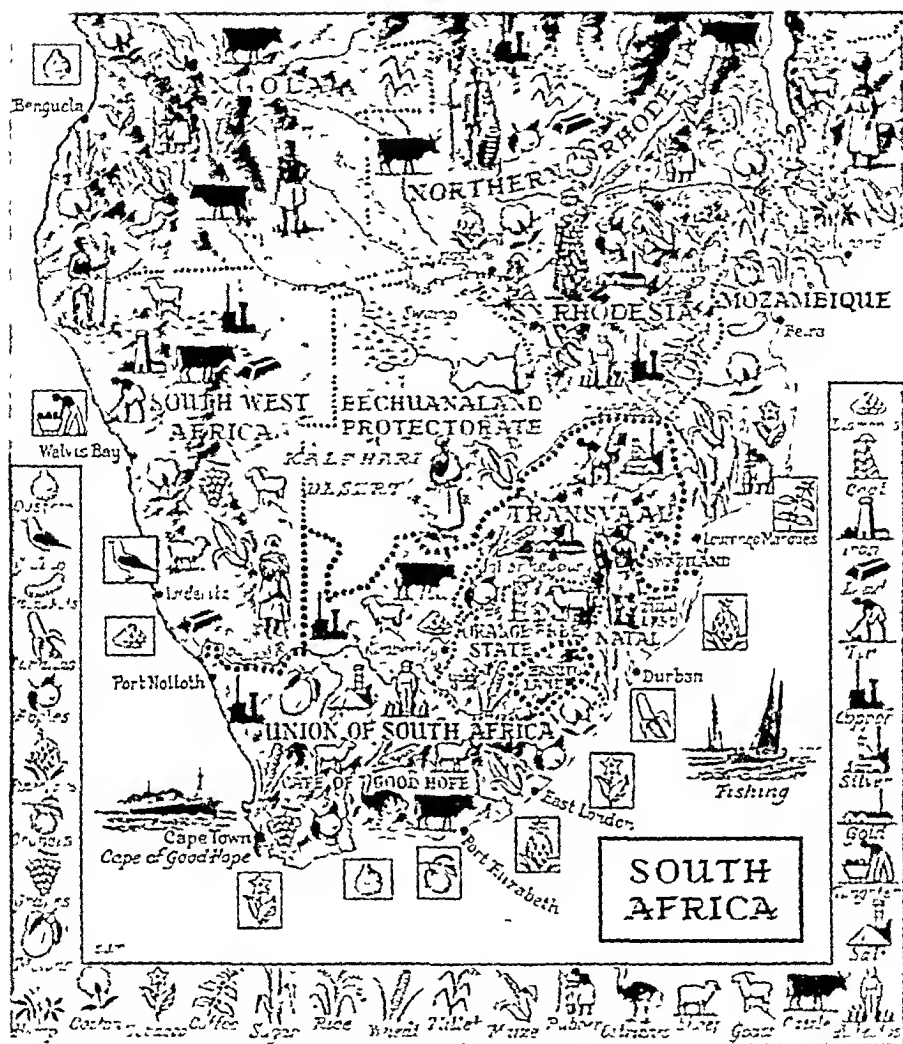
These early white settlers of South Africa actually represented many different nationalities. There were Dutch, French, English, Scandinavians, Germans, and many others. Then, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, England took the Cape from the Dutch because they knew that Napoleon—like Adolf Hitler later on—realized its value in any system of communications, especially during wartime, and would have seized it for himself had he been allowed. This move by Britain brought in thousands of new English settlers. The old settlers, predominantly Dutch, Germans and Huguenots who had fled from the religious persecution in France a century previously, did not so much resent the newcomers as they did

British officialdom. During the 18th century, the colony's families had merged racially, developing a culture of their own and a language based on Dutch which they later called Afrikaans. A community spirit had evolved. They began styling themselves "Afrikaners".

Desire for Independence

Neither did these Afrikaners wish to remain anything other than completely independent. With the extension of British influence and with the continuance of Bantu wars along the eastern frontier, the trek-Boers, the roaming farmers, began to turn northwards into the comparatively unpopulated interior and, bidding farewell to the Cape, went hunting and camping and journeying in their tented wagons. Through the Drakensberg Mountains they trekked, and across the Orange River and the Vaal River. This migration into the interior is known as the Great Trek. After many hardships and privations they eventually settled once again, founding the Boer republics of the Orange Free State and Transvaal.

Although there now seemed to be a satisfactory line of demarcation between the two spheres of interest, British and Boer, it was not destined to endure. The discovery of diamonds and gold in the 1870's and 1880's renewed past antagonisms, which at last came to a head in 1899 in a bitter, hard-fought, three years' struggle—the Anglo-Boer War. Yet this war, like the Civil War in America, wrought a vital element of good out of tragedy. It was the crucible of a nation. Only a few years afterwards, in 1910, Union was proclaimed, and the two former Boer republics, together with the two British colonies, the Cape and Natal, became the four Provinces of the Union of South Africa. United under a common flag, with English and Afrikaans as their two official languages,



South Africans now begin to forget their differences and to learn to understand one another

What are they like, these South Africans who once fought one another and are now friends? The average Afrikaner is a hefty fellow, generous and hospitable, proud of his historical links with the old Boer trekkers; proud of his language and of the culture his forefathers developed in a land that could

only be tamed by men who were strong in mind, body and soul. He has inherited these traits, sticks firmly to his religious convictions, likes the wide open spaces and values his independence. On the Rugby field, the exploits of the Springboks are famous.

The Afrikaner takes life seriously and has a legal turn of mind, but this does not prevent him from having plenty of good, sound humour as well. Politics are



LAND OF ROLLING PASTURES

Like Australia and New Zealand, South Africa is a big producer of wool. Sheep thrive in the arid plains of the Karroo in the Cape, on the plateaux of the Free State and Transvaal and even in Natal, generally known for its sugar-cane and fruit.

a popular pastime—every Afrikaner has a political bent and enjoys nothing better than a fiercely-fought election or debating point. He outnumbers the English-speaking South Afrikan in the approximate proportion of sixty to forty, but bilingualism is one of the political pillars upon which the Union of South Africa has been built. Today, about sixty-five per cent. of all South Africans speak both English and Afrikaans, though the South African of British ancestry is less bilingual than his Afrikaans compatriot.

And this English-speaking South African, what of him? His background is very different and his domicile in South Africa comparatively recent. Early in the nineteenth century, the British House of Commons granted a

sum of £50,000 for the purpose of assisting those who wished to go out to the Cape as settlers. Several thousand such settlers landed at the Cape in 1820. They were not necessarily poor, as is sometimes believed, but came from all sections of the English community. Perhaps their greatest gift to South Africa was their belief in democracy, in the freedom of the press and in parliamentary government, which the English-speaking South African cherishes to this day.

The English-speaking South African usually predominates in commerce and industry, whereas more Afrikaners are to be found in agricultural and public service pursuits, though there is a tendency for greater numbers of Afrikaners to enter business. Proud as

they are of their English origin, South Africa, their own country counts first with these descendants of the 1820 settlers, and they greatly dislike being wrongly called "colonials". They are citizens of the Union of South Africa and are similar in physique and appearance to the Afrikaners, and share their love of sport and independence of mind. Intermarriage is steadily giving the two sections a happy, single identity.

The early Cape colonists imported slaves from West Africa and later imported Malay and Indian labourers from the East. These quickly interbred and assimilated, too, with the local Hottentots. Gradually a mixed race evolved, known as Cape Coloured. More than half the population of Cape Town consists of Cape Coloureds, who have Afrikaans as their home language, speaking it with an accent entirely their own, and who model their habits and dress on the white community. They provide most of the domestic labour of Cape Town and the surrounding districts and are a courageous people.

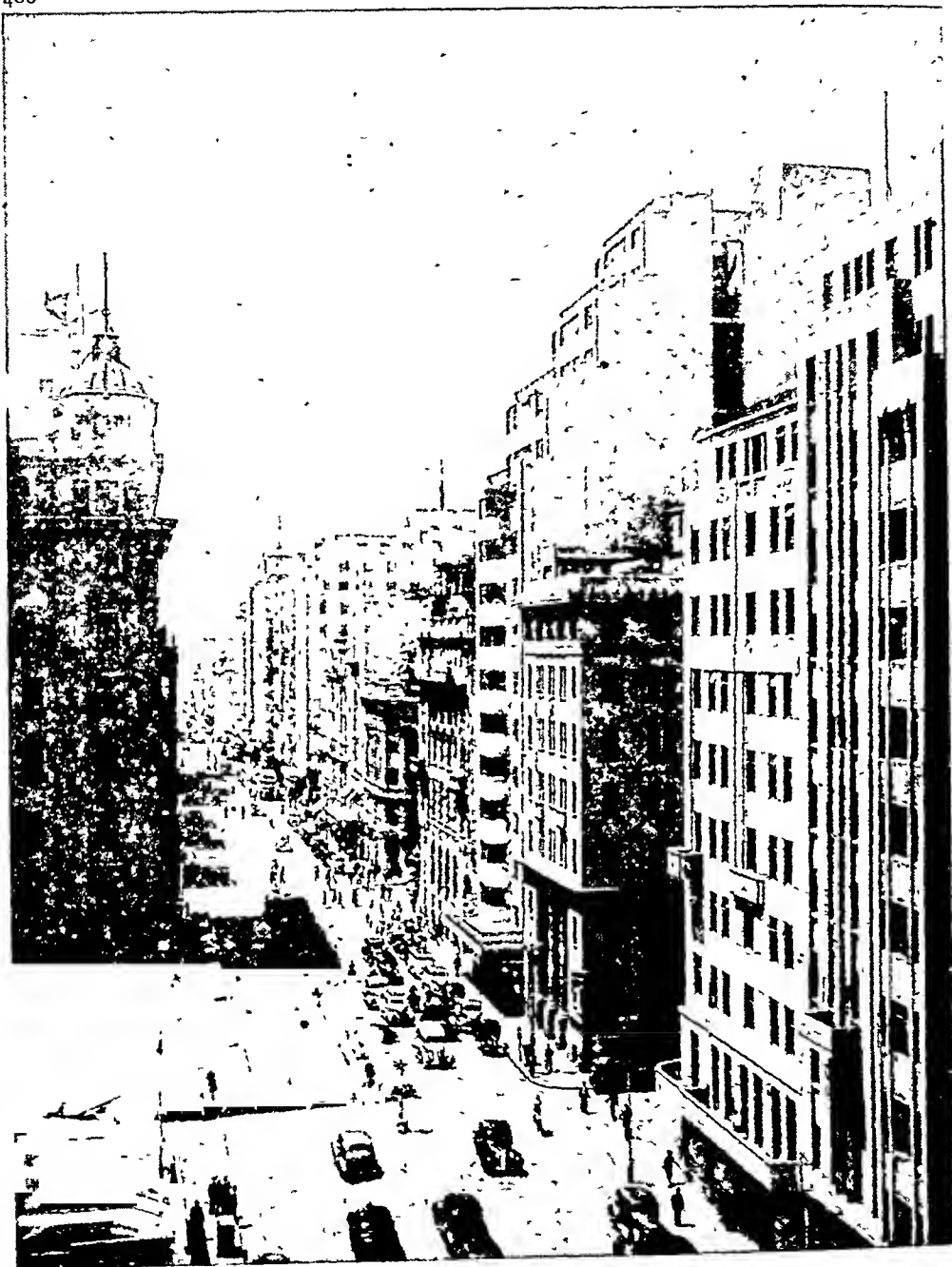
The Asiatics in South Africa consist mainly of Malays and Indians. They came long ago, as indentured labourers. The Malays now are found mostly in Cape Town and the Indians in Durban. The Malays confine themselves principally to fishing and tailoring and have a great love of sport, especially football. The Indians are found as waiters in several parts of the country but, concentrated in and around Durban, they provide much of the labour for the Natal sugar plantations. In Durban itself the Indians (about as numerous as the Europeans there) form a wealthy community of merchants.

The last racial division of South Africa's non-white peoples is that of the Bantu or "native". Various different tribes—Zulus, Xosas, Swazis, Pondos, Basutos, Bechuanas, and many others—make up the Bantu race. Chocolate-brown in colour, and rather different from the Negro in facial characteristics, the Bantu's origin is still something of a mystery. Some ship-wrecked sailors at Delagoa Bay in Portuguese East Africa



ON THE PLAINS OF THE TRANSVAAL

Oxen are still used for ploughing in South Africa although tractors are coming more and more into operation, as in England and the United States. This field is being prepared for the sowing of maize, an important South African crop



COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL CITY

There is an American touch about Johannesburg, as this scene of Commissioner Street reveals. It favours the skyscraper and is passionately addicted to cars. Built up in two generations on the foundation of the greatest gold-mines in the world, the Witwatersrand, it is South Africa's largest city.

are believed to have been among the first white men to encounter the Bantu, who appear to have filtered down from the north. That was near the end of the seventeenth century. By the beginning of the nineteenth century the Bantu were present in South Africa in large tribes, and were an unceasing challenge and menace to the white settlers

Internecine warfare among the different tribes, and conflict with the Boer trekkers, the English settlers and the soldiers sent out from England, broke the power of such mighty chiefs as Dingaan, the successor and assassin of Chaka, the "Black Napoleon" Today the Bantu are part of the peaceful community of South Africa, and they no

longer make war among themselves

They are a vigorous and happy people, constituting 70 per cent. of the total population, whereas the white account for only 20 per cent. Most of the Bantu folk are found in the native reserves and on farms, but they are steadily leaving their kraals (villages) and coming to the towns where they work in mines, factories and European homes, adopt the white man's habits, manners and dress. In mining today, for every white South African employed there are nine blacks In manufacturing industries, blacks outnumber white employees by nearly three to one In agriculture, for every white labourer approximately three blacks are



KERBSIDE FRUIT AND FLOWER MARKET

European housewives from the suburbs of Cape Town come up to Adderley Street on Saturday mornings to buy fruit and flowers—luscious produce of the Cape Peninsula. The vendors are usually women of the Cape Coloured and Malay communities



OUT OF HARM'S WAY

Bantu mothers of South Africa keep their children out of mischief while they get on with their work, by tying them on to their back by means of a shawl.

employed. The Bantu are developing rapidly as a market for innumerable goods and have a purchasing power of roughly £50,000,000 yearly, which will continue to increase as they become more urbanized and as their standards of living and wages improve.

The relationship between white and black is one of the biggest problems confronting present-day South Africa. Much has already been done towards overcoming various difficulties. Much still remains to be accomplished before the ideal is reached. Increased educational facilities for the Bantu peoples, greater privileges of free movement throughout the country, the sweeping away of many restrictions now limiting their entry into industry and com-

merce—not to mention an improved social adjustment of the "in-between" Cape Coloureds and Asiatics—these are all matters to which South Africa's leaders are earnestly devoting their attention.

Such is South Africa's problem. But the rich large Dominion is there to be developed wisely; and life there can be a very pleasant and even thrilling thing. As Field-Marshal Smuts said: "There isn't a human problem under the sun we haven't in this Union of ours, black, brown, yellow, white—we have them all. . . . It cannot be said we are not an interesting nation. How there is a passion here that creates a sort of genius! I would not be anything but a South African for the world."



GRACEFUL ZULU CARRIERS

*It is not unusual for these women to walk miles to a wedding, carrying pots
beer on their heads, and arriving without having spilt any*



ON A TRAWLER IN THE NORTH SEA

Trawl nets are here being hauled in over the side. Fishing, a dangerous and precarious form of livelihood, is one of Britain's oldest industries.

FISHERMEN OF THE WORLD

Fishing an uncertain livelihood: Breton fishermen: sardine, tunny, salmon, cod and shrimp fishing: deep-sea trawlers: drifters: lobsters and crabs: Scottish and continental fishing centres: superstitions. religion. the present-day fisherman: the future of the fishing industry

DURING the past half-century there have been many changes in the methods of sea-fishing, the types of vessels used, and the social conditions of fisher-folk. But, no matter where you go in Europe and, in a lesser degree, in other parts of the world, fishermen have much in common. Their whole attitude towards life is similar.

This is largely due to the fact that fishing is always an uncertain means of livelihood. It is best described as a perpetual gamble; man staking his life and his money against the wayward moods of the elements and the mysteries of nature. Laws may be passed by nations in the hope of improving or controlling the fishing industry; councils, boards and committees may draw up rules and regulations; but the sea—and fish—are fickle creatures, and refuse to be tied up with red tape.

Take the Breton fishermen, for example. No matter where you go in Brittany, it is almost impossible to forget the sea or escape from fisher-folk. Visit the remote Île-de-Sein off the coast of Finisterre, little more than a barren rock rising out of the Atlantic, on to which a hundred or more fisher-families cling like barnacles. Here, as on many another island off the north-west of France, will be found a community whose lives are entirely bound up with fishing. Pierre Loti in his famous novel *Pêcheur d'Islande* has given us a vivid picture of life in the old-time sailing vessels that used to engage in

the cod fisheries off Iceland. It is a record of an age that is past and of brutal conditions that have changed for the better in recent years. But even now, there are hundreds of Breton fishermen who spend more than half the year away from home, fishing for cod off the Newfoundland Banks and in the Arctic Circle. When you visit their homes during the summer months you will wonder what has happened to the men and lads. There is a feeling of emptiness in the streets. Only women, children and old men are visible.

Along the south coast of Brittany are numerous towns and villages that depend on the sardine fisheries. It is the sardine boats with the gauze-like blue nets which lure artists to ports such as Douarnenez or Concarneau. As a contrast to the blue nets, there are the multi-coloured trousers and jumpers of the men ranging from bright orange-vermilion to pale rose-pink. Very early in the morning, long before sunrise, the clomp-clomp of wooden sabots on the stone pavements awakens you from sleep. Each man carries a small bundle, containing his food for the day. This usually consists of a hunk of dry bread which is eaten with fish soup. The latter is boiled on a small stove or, in the older boats, on a fire lighted on a flat stone. It is curious that no matter how much alcoholic liquor a Breton fisherman may consume on shore—drunkenness is a prevalent vice—it is rare that anything stronger than water is consumed at sea. The same is

ON A GRIMSBY TRAWLER

All is feverish activity as the trawler reaches port, for the fish must be hurried to market without delay.

more or less true of all other fishermen, including the crews of deep-sea trawlers.

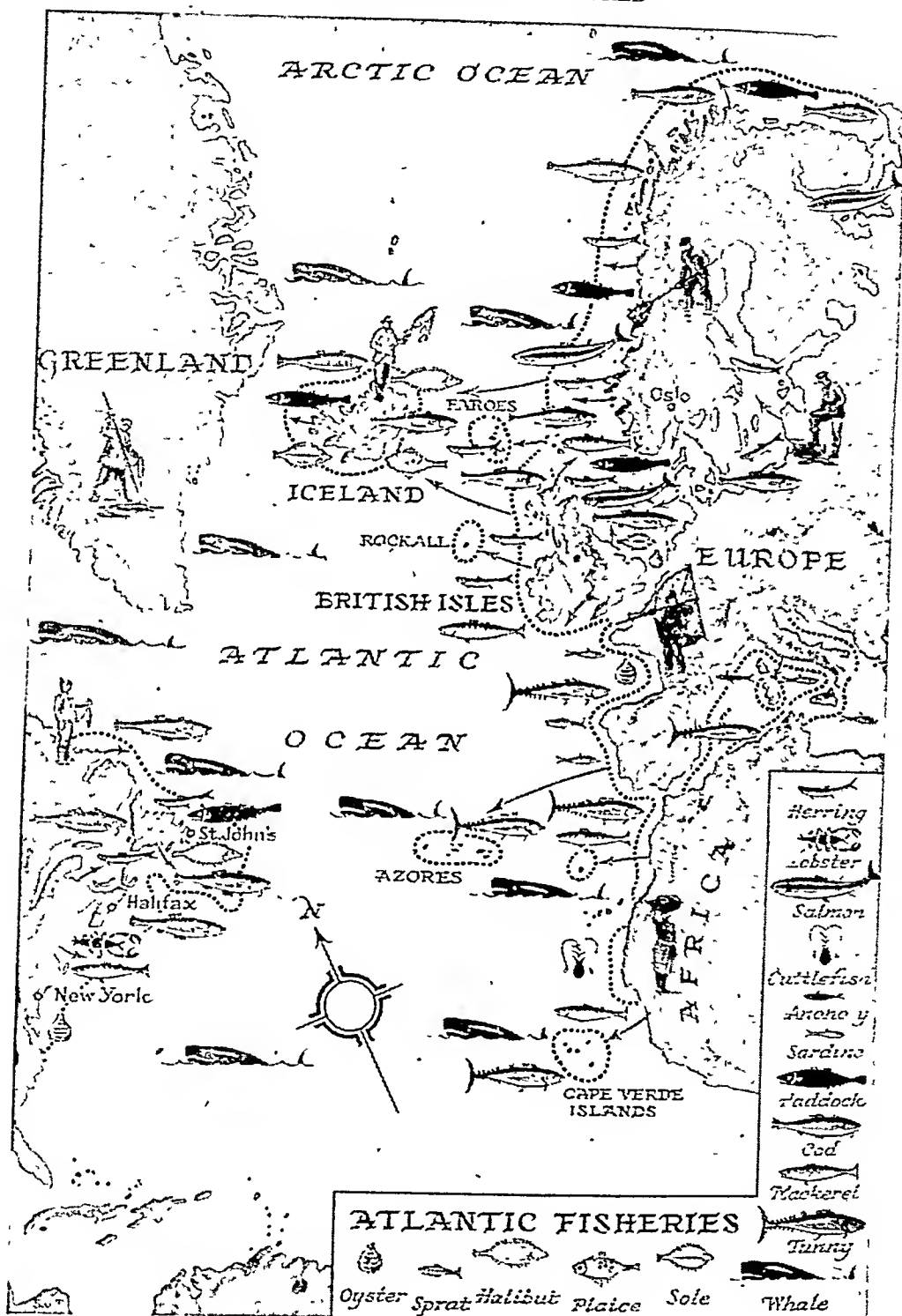
When you open a tin of sardines have you ever wondered how they were caught and preserved in oil? Sardines, like herring and mackerel, are caught by their gills in the fine mesh of the nets. When the boats return to port in the afternoon, laden with silvery sardines, the catch is removed to the factories. Here the fish are cleaned and sorted by women and girls. When dried, the sardines are put into wire trays and dipped into hot oil. Then they are slowly dried before being packed in tins. The price of a tin of sardines does not depend on the quality of the fish, but on the oil which is used. For the more expensive brands, pure olive oil is essential: for the cheaper sort, cotton-seed oil suffices.

In many parts of Europe tinned tunny fish (canned in much the same way as sardines) is very popular. The Breton tunny boats are almost as popular with artists as the *sardiniers*. They are painted with a riotous display of colour, their great sails varying from bright yellow to dark brown. A curious feature of these large yawls or ketch-rigged vessels is the two long booms or fishing rods, carried on either side of the mainmast. Each rod has six long lines attached to it; on the end of each line is a double-ended hook, to which is fastened a bunch of maize. The tunny makes a leap for the maize and swallows the hook. Then, with a violent struggle, the great silvery-blue fish is hauled on board.

It is probable that more salmon is eaten in Great Britain than any other species of fish. But it comes out of tins, and is one of the exports of Canada







and also Japan. During the height of the season more than two thousand boats can be seen at the mouth of the Fraser River in British Colombia at one time. A good night's fishing may land from 100 to 500 fish per boat. Salmon is definitely an inshore fish, unlike cod, which is caught in deep water. Gloucester, Mass., is one of the most famous fishing communities in the United States, and its menfolk have been catching cod off the Newfoundland Banks for three hundred years. Their vessels are bigger and faster than in olden times, for they do not have to rely on sail. But with a few minor differences the methods of catching cod are the same. Each Gloucester schooner carries eight small boats (dories) amidships. The actual fishing is done from the dories, not from the schooner herself. Long lines are used, each line with ninety hooks on it. A schooner with eight dories may set as much as sixteen miles of lines. After many hours spent in fishing the dories return to the parent ship, and the crews unload the catch and begin the long and tedious job of splitting, cleaning and salting the cod.

Cod Fishing in the Lofoten Islands

The Lofoten Islands, lying within the Arctic Circle, off the coast of Norway, are another great centre of the cod fisheries. Seen from the mainland, these islands have the appearance of a jagged wall of mountain rising out of the sea. In winter their summits are covered with snow, and gales of terrific fury beat against their steep cliffs. It is mid-winter when the cod fishing season starts. The thousands of fishermen who make their temporary homes on the Lofoten Islands during the four months of the season live in log huts, each hut housing from twenty to thirty men. Their bunks are arranged like those in a

ship's fo'c'sle, two or three men sleeping in the same bunk. Surrounding the huts, fish offal and cod's heads lie rotting amid barrels of decomposing livers, roes and tongues!

Thirty or forty years ago, before auxiliary motors had been introduced, it was a wonderful sight to watch the departure of the fishing fleet from Menningsvægr, or any of the other ports in the islands. About five o'clock a flag would be hoisted on shore, and suddenly the intense quiet, disturbed only by the cry of the gulls, would be broken by the heavy booming sound of several thousand oars dipped into the water simultaneously. In these days it is the chug chug of hundreds of engines that greets the ear. The method of fishing is different from that of the Gloucester schooners with their dories and long lines.

Cleaning the Fish

The Norwegian cod fishermen use nets—twenty or more to each vessel—to make their catch. When the catch has been brought ashore, the dirty job of cleaning and gutting the fish follows. One man cuts off the heads, another takes out the intestines and casts them aside; others put the heads, livers and roes by themselves, the latter being carefully packed in barrels with salt, the livers being used for cod-liver oil. The tongues are salted and retained by the fishermen for their own use. The heads are scattered on the rocks to dry, serving later on as cattle-food. The bones become fish manure.

Most of us, when young, have been dosed with cod-liver oil in one form or another. This is how it is prepared. The good livers are separated from the bad; the fresh and healthy have a whitish colour, the lean are red, and the diseased green. The good livers are put into a tank, washed with warm

water, and then placed over wire-netting, so that the water can run away. Then the livers are moved into large vessels, fitted with steam-heated jackets, and allowed to boil slowly for about eight hours. The oil is then filtered through cotton and put in soldered tins to be sent to factories for further refinement.

To jump from cod to shrimps by way of a contrast in fish! At one time there were hundreds of small sailing vessels, known as bawleys engaged in catching shrimps on the Lower Thames; most of these tasty little shell fish being sold in London. But shrimps have gone out of fashion. However, shrimps are taken in the same manner as of yore, though the bawleys are fitted with motors. The fisherman uses a net with a very small mesh kept open by a beam

across its mouth. When the net has been hauled on board it contains all kinds of small fish besides shrimps, and the latter have to be sorted out. Then a fire is lit, upon which is a large copper filled with salt water. The shrimps are thrown into the water, and when it is boiling they are ready to be sold and eaten.

Utterly different are the conditions of life and the methods of fishing on the modern deep-sea trawlers, especially those working on distant grounds within the Arctic Circle. It is a life of never-ending toil and unbroken tension for the fishing crews. It goes on all the year round, the average trip being from three to four weeks, with thirty-six hours in port between trips and a fortnight's annual refit of the vessel.

These big steam trawlers are fine



WHERE LIFE IS TOIL AND TENSION

The crew on a modern deep-sea trawler snatch a quick meal: their day is one of never-ending toil, so arduous that a man may fall asleep while gutting fish.



FISHER GIRLS AT WORK

Young girls clean the fish in the little town of Nazare, twenty-five miles north of Lisbon. In most fishing communities, this work is undertaken by the women.

ships, fitted with every possible gadget, such as depth-finders, radio, etc. It is a case of full steam to the fishing grounds, then shoot and haul, haul and shoot, gut, clean, stow and ice, pack the fish, and back to port at full speed to catch the market. For two or three days the crews have little or no sleep; they are hard at work continuously, with brief intervals for meals.

So utterly exhausted do they become that it is no uncommon thing for a man to fall asleep when gutting, or stowing the fish in ice, or even when snatching a hurried bite of food.

Men's lives are bartered for fish—mostly cod for the fish-and-chip shops—in the far northern waters. The trawler skippers do not bother much about fog, rough seas or collisions, it is the trawler



owners who take the risks. All that matters is to be back for the market, if possible, a rising one. Such is the life of most of the trawler fishermen of Britain as well as those of Germany, France, Belgium, Russia and Japan.

The herring fishermen, no matter to what country they belong, have a much less gruelling life, although it can be hard enough, when there are big shoals of fish. The net used by trawlers is best compared to a big bag; herring and mackerel are caught in long walls of netting, sometimes as much as two

miles in length, which are allowed to drift with the tide. Hence the word "drifter" as applied to vessels catching herring. The upper edge of the net is held up by floats, to which are attached balloon-shaped canvas buoys, which serve to mark the position of the nets to any passing vessel. The shoals of herring try to swim through this long wall of netting, and get caught in its mesh.

Normally a drifter sets out from port about sunset, or maybe earlier, and the nets are shot—a highly intricate

ON THE ATLANTIC COAST

Leaving their boat, fishermen on the coast of Portugal carry their sardines into town by tying the top of the net to a pole slung across their shoulders



Drift-net fishing on these lines is carried on by English and Scottish fishermen. In England the chief herring ports are Yarmouth and Lowestoft, where the fishing reaches its height during the autumn. Around the coasts of Scotland it goes on most of the year at stated times, the main centres of the herring trade being Lerwick in the Shetlands, Stornoway in the Hebrides, Buckie, Fraserburgh and Peterhead. But there are innumerable smaller ports on the east coast of Scotland where the life of the people is centred round the herring fisheries. So too in many ports on the north coast of France, also in Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Germany and Norway.

There are so many different methods of catching fish that it would be quite impossible to describe them all. But a few words must be said about lobsters and crabs, which are captured in various types of traps, the most familiar of which is the lobster-pot. These vary in shape according to the locality. Those used on the east coasts of England and Scotland are rather like large wicker rat-traps. On the south and west shores of England the typical lobster-pot resembles a safety ink-pot, with one hole in the top. In certain parts of France they remind one of round, upright baskets. In all these types of traps the lobsters and crab are attracted by the bait inside, and once they are in, cannot escape.

On the north-east coast of Scotland, there are many shore communities which live almost entirely by fishing. Each small town and village has its

process—before midnight. Then the vessel is left to drift, and the crew go below for a few hours' sleep. The process of hauling in the nets takes much longer than the shooting, for they have to be dragged in over the side; the herring are then shaken into the deep hold (where the nets and buoys are also stowed away), and the drifter steams back to port at full speed, so as to reach the market as soon as possible. Herring is a very perishable fish and cannot be stowed away on ice, as the white fish caught by trawlers.

own atmosphere but there is a strong family likeness among all of them. These Scottish fishing centres have little in common with those of Cornwall. They lack the romantic charm characteristic of the Cornish fishing ports. Their character is more suggestive of frugality and thrift. The grey stone houses with their roofs of grey slate or red tile are built semi-square, long and low. What strikes most visitors is the cleanliness and neatness of the houses. There is a hard look, too, about the people, though this is merely skin-deep. In former times when the fisher folk were poor, their homes were primitive to the last degree. It was quite common even as late as the middle of the last century to smoke haddocks over the peat fire in the living room. Nearly everything that was needed for the fishing was made at home; nets, lines, ropes, sails, creels and baskets.

Scottish Fisherfolk

Very different are the homes of the present generation of fisher families on the east coast of Scotland. The houses of some of the more prosperous fishermen give one the impression that they are not meant for living in but only to be admired, at least in the case of the one or more sitting rooms, for the family generally lives and works in the kitchen. There are few of these Scottish fishermen who do not repaint and redecorate their houses every year. There is fierce rivalry among the women folk, who never seem to tire of scrubbing, cleaning and polishing.

You will find very similar fishing communities in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland, with the same passion for thrift, order and at least outward signs of prosperity. In most French fishing ports there is less to show on the surface, but in some of the smaller villages on the coasts of Nor-

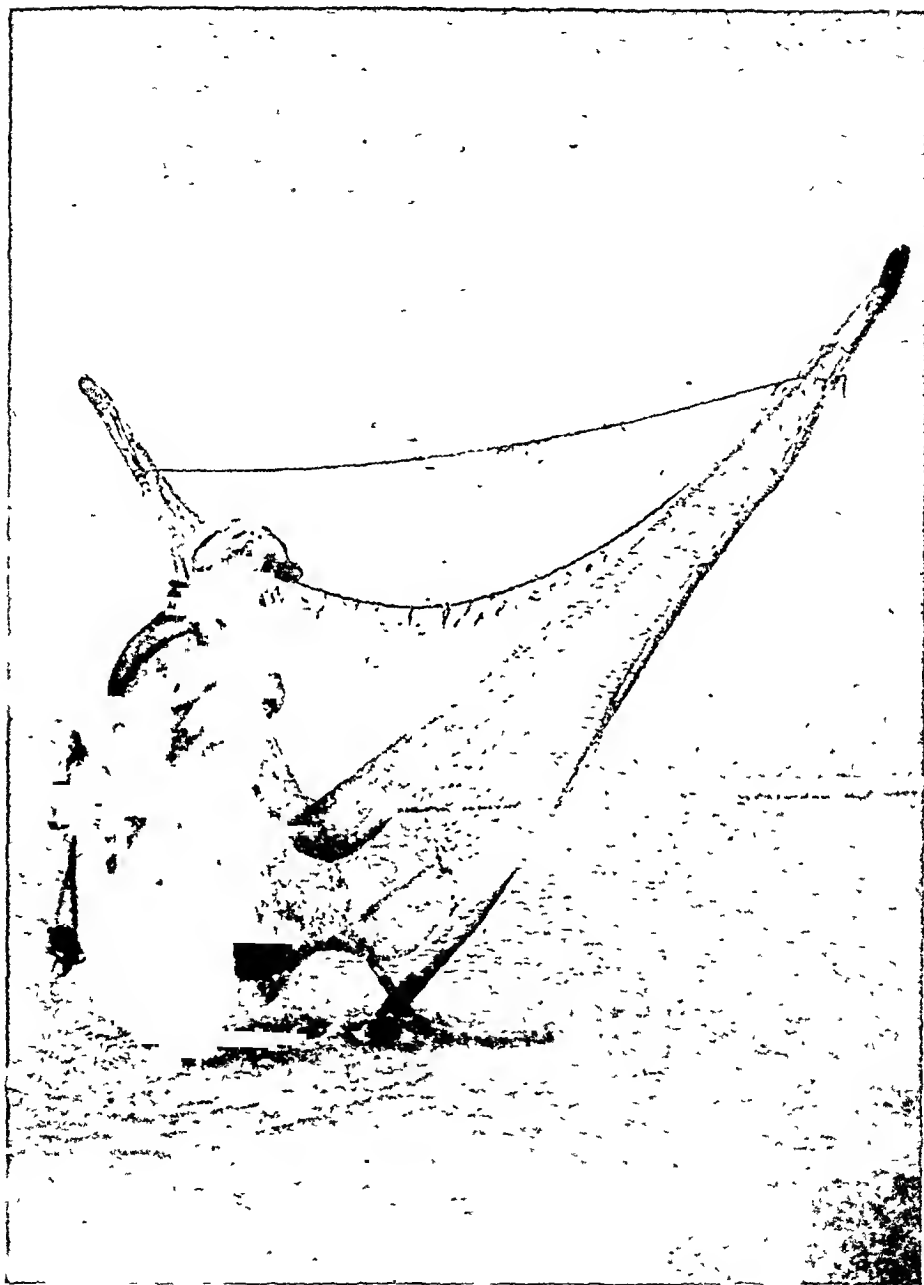
mandy and Brittany the average fisherman's home is characterized by the same "spit and polish". You would come across just the same atmosphere if you were to visit any typical fisher-family in one of the many fishing communities round the coast of Italy, Spain or Portugal; even across the Atlantic in such famous fishing communities as Gloucester, Mass., or on the Gaspé Peninsula in Canada, the old world traditions have survived. The same kind of job, in no matter what part of the world, seems to result in the same way of living, varied of course, by climate and national customs. It is only in the big industrialized fishing ports, such as Hull, Grimsby, Aberdeen, and Fleetwood in Great Britain; in L'Orient-Kérouran in France, or in Geestmunde in Germany, that old customs and ways of living have disappeared. Almost everywhere else they have persisted.

Fishermen, no matter to what country they belong, seem more prone to believe in superstitions than other classes. In all parts of the world fishermen's superstitions are based on two main ideas:

- (1) The necessity of calming the fury of the sea, which is regarded as being either a divinity in itself or else inhabited by good or evil spirits.
- (2) The need of taking the greatest number of fish with the minimum of effort, this being best achieved by securing the co-operation of the supernatural beings which live in the sea and control its movements.

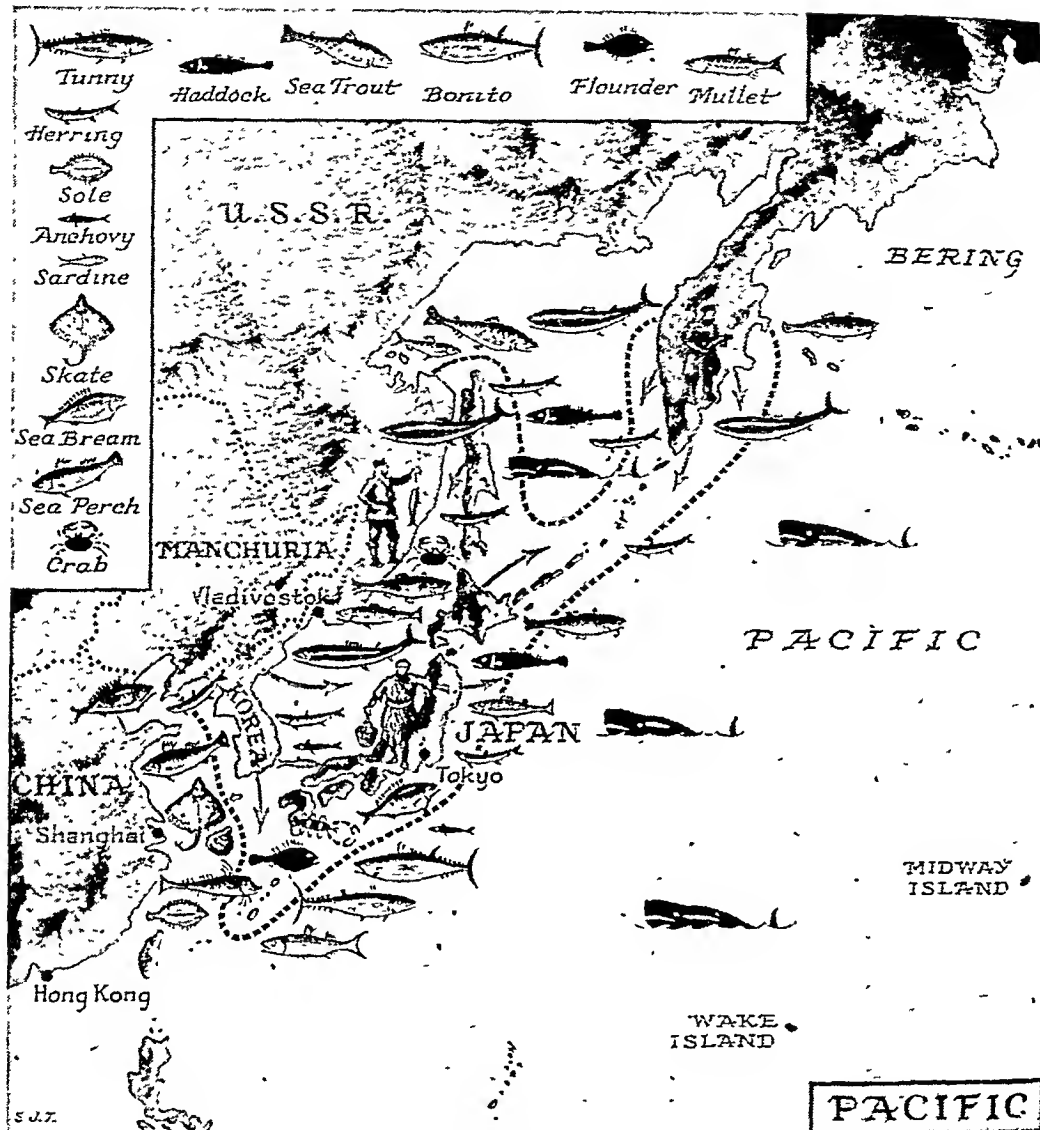
Superstitions of the Sea

Nearly all primitive races have an innate fear of the sea, despite the fact that many of them turn out fine sailors. There are some savage races that regard



IN SHALLOW SEAS

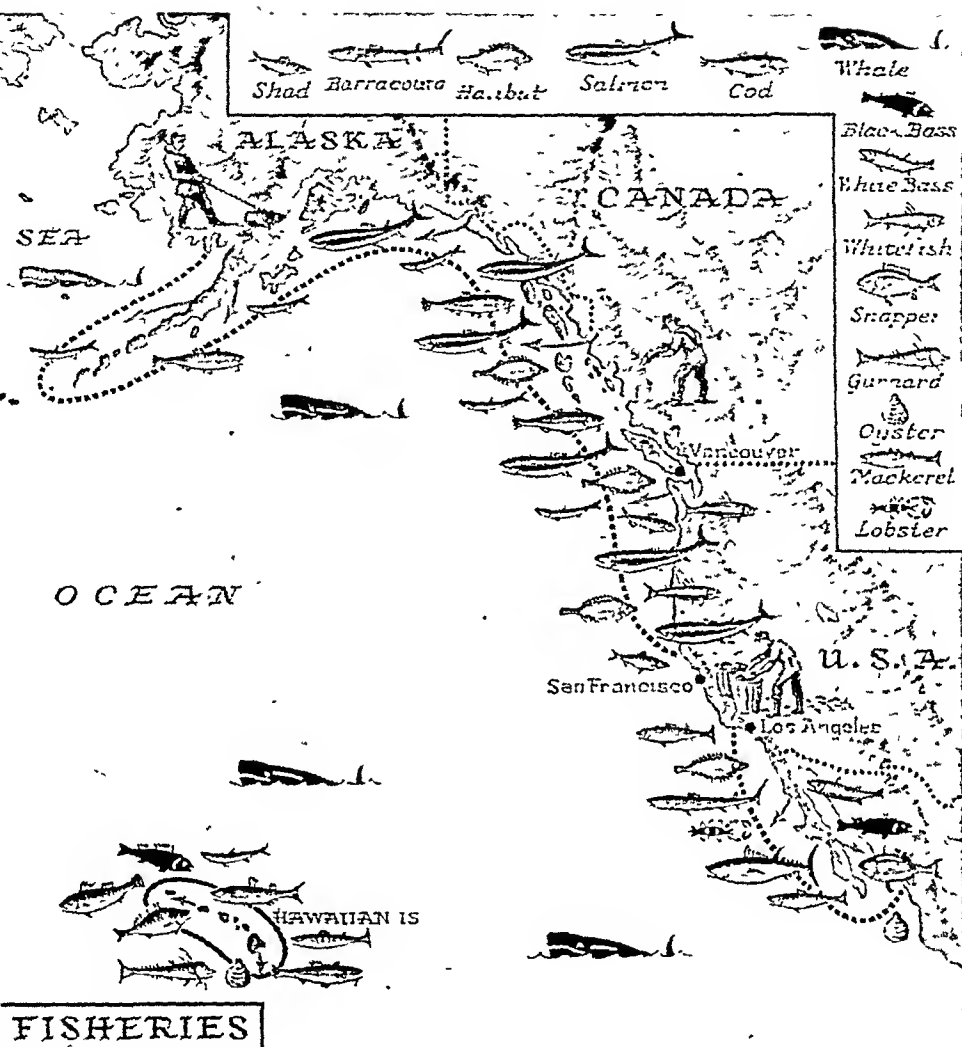
On some parts of the French coasts fishermen use this quaint hand-net which here is being turned upside down so that the catch may be carefully examined.



the sea itself as sacred. It must not be injured or treated disrespectfully, otherwise it will take its revenge. Or again, the sea may be regarded as the friend of fishermen, and can be propitiated in various ways. Anyhow the sea is a fickle creature. It must be humoured by regular offerings and sacrifices. In Senegal, the fishermen make ritual offerings of milk and fruit to the deities of the ocean before the annual fishing

season begins. In some of the Pacific islands animals are sacrificed and their blood sprinkled over the water before the boats start fishing. There are villages on the coast of Morocco where a goat is killed and its blood poured over the sea when the weather is stormy.

There are many strange superstitions connected with the daily life of fishing communities in all parts of the world. They begin at birth and end with death.



A century ago it was common to find fishermen on the north-east coast of Scotland placing a pine branch and a basket containing bread and cheese over the bed of the expectant mother. In Brittany it was the custom for fishermen's babies to sleep in fish-baskets instead of cradles. This was supposed to bring them good luck later on when they went to sea. Necklaces of shells were put round their necks for similar

reasons. It is related that in olden times the fishermen of Hull and Hartlepool used to take a newly-born baby to a neighbour's house, where it was given a piece of bread and an egg.

The fisher lad grew up and began to look out for a wife. Many were the curious superstitions connected with the choice of a right partner. At Dieppe, the girls would hunt about the shore for certain white stones which were

credited with the power to find them good husbands. Within living memory, the fishermen's daughters at Perros-Guirec in Brittany used to stick pins into a wooden statue of St. Guirec to induce the saint to find them the right partners. In some Scottish villages it was the custom for a woman to throw a broom after the men who were leaving for the herring fishing, and this was also done when a new net was being put on board a boat; and it was regarded as most unlucky for a woman who had friends or relatives at sea to comb her hair after nightfall. In Madagascar

the women used to remain in the house, with closed doors, keeping a strict fast, while the fishermen were at sea.

One finds innumerable strange superstitions associated with sickness and death among the fisher-folk of Brittany. All round its coast there was—and is—a widespread superstition that if a man dies at sea his wife will be warned of the fact in some supernatural manner, e.g., by a bird knocking at the window, or by the sound of dripping water near her bed at night. Sometimes a woman will refuse to believe the death of a husband or son unless she has received

a warning of this kind. In *David Copperfield*, Charles Dickens refers to a curious belief among the Yarmouth fisher-folk. "People," said Mr. Peggotty, "can't die along the coast except when the tide's pretty nigh out. They can't be born unless it's pretty nigh in—not properly born, till flood." Among Scandinavian fishermen there was a common superstition that if one of them was dying on shore, the oars of his boat would be turned round at night by an invisible hand.

At Whitby in Yorkshire it was said that whenever a fisherman was buried, a mysterious coach appeared on the day after the funeral—a terrifying sight indeed, with six black horses, two outriders in black bearing lighted torches, and the black-robed driver hiding his face as he drove at a furious pace to the churchyard.

In many a Breton churchyard, you find corners set



IN THE SOLOMON ISLES

This Melanesian takes aim on a coral reef before, with amazing dexterity, he spears his fish.



SPEARING THE SHARK

A quick eye, strength, speed and tremendous courage are necessary attributes of men who carry out such dangerous work off the African and Australian coasts.

apart in memory of those whose bodies have been buried at sea. For each man there is a grave with an empty space beneath, for according to an old superstition, the body of a drowned man does not always remain under the water, but comes ashore once a year on All Souls' Day, and takes possession of his grave.

In the more primitive fishing communities the home life is bound up with all kinds of curious superstitions, although they are fast being forgotten, or at least not spoken about, for fear of ridicule. The older generation of Cornish fishermen used to hang up a bunch of a certain kind of seaweed as a charm. At one time it was quite common in some villages on the east coast of Scotland for the fishermen to go down to the shore on New Year's Day, fill up

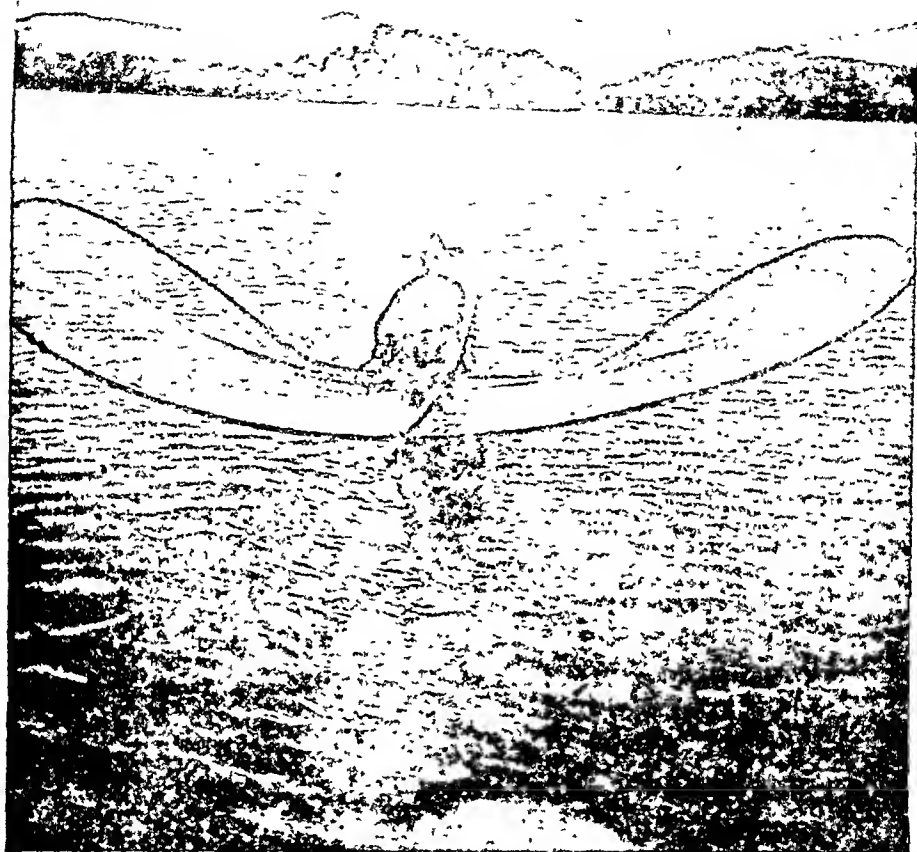
a small flagon of salt water, pick up some seaweed, and take both home. The salt water was then sprinkled over the house, and the seaweed hung up above the doors and over the hearth and beneath the roof-beams. In not a few Breton villages, a bunch of leeks would be gathered and hung upside down from roof joists before a man left home for the annual fishing on the Newfoundland Banks. If they sprouted, it was taken as a favourable omen. If they withered and died, then it was a sure sign that the fishermen would not return home.

There are even lucky and unlucky ways of eating fish! In Cornwall there was—and still may be—a superstition that one should never start eating pilchards by the head for if so, other



SALMON FISHING IN ICELAND

To save his line from breaking, this Icelandic fisherman uses a gaff, or long stick, to bring in his heavy catch. Iceland maintains a large fishing fleet.



IN THE TROPICAL WATERS OF MEXICO

The rays of the setting sun guide this fisherman as he turns for home. His net, which is shaped like a gigantic dragonfly, rests on the prow of his canoe

fish will be turned away In New Zealand the Maori fishermen cook their fish, so it is recorded, on three separate fires: one for the gods, one for the priest, one for the world In Sweden it was supposed to be lucky to burn the teeth of any big fish; but on the east coast of Scotland it was considered certain to bring bad luck if fish bones or the shells of fish were burned

Great importance has always been attached to the manner in which lines, nets and other gear are made, for in some countries fishermen were—and still are—convinced that their gear can easily be bewitched both on land and at sea For instance, in Scotland it was quite common to begin making new nets or lines when the tide was rising. In some villages on the north-

east coast, whisky would be poured over new nets and lines, and strange to say, a similar rite is recorded among the fishermen of New Caledonia in the South Pacific Ocean, where a magic potion is poured over a new net.

Never wish a fisherman "Good luck" in Sweden, Scotland, Brittany or Provence. He won't thank you for it! It is almost as certain to bring him bad luck as if you ask him whether he intends to fish—should you meet him on his way to his boat.

Importance of Religion

Fishermen, no matter what their belief, usually take their religion more seriously than the average landsman, even if it amounts to no more than the observance of certain external practices. In Catholic countries, such as France, Spain, Portugal and Italy, this strain of piety manifests itself in various ways, above all by pilgrimages to shrines. In Protestant lands it is evidenced rather by the sudden and periodical revivalist movements with their accompaniments of prayer-meetings and hymn-singing. In Catholic countries, practically every fishing port holds an annual "Blessing of the Fishing Fleet", one of the most impressive and best known being the *Pardon des Terre-neuves* at Saint-Malo before the vessels leave France for the Newfoundland Banks. Far away in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, native fishermen propitiate the gods of the sea with strange sacrifices before the fishing season begins. It is recorded that the Annamite fishermen around Cape Paradan used to sacrifice a man every year to the deities of the ocean. Elsewhere the body of a dolphin would be set up in certain temples before the fishermen embarked in their frail craft.

Modern conditions and methods have greatly affected the way of life among

fishermen, at least in all those countries where the fisheries have been industrialized and the ownership of vessels and gear has passed into the hands of companies and combines. Except in the case of the rapidly declining inshore fisheries, it must be confessed that the present day fisherman in Europe has lost his individuality and has become very much like a workman in a factory. In other words, he has been reduced to the status of a human tool, with little or no personal responsibility. On the other hand, he may be much more prosperous—in a certain sense—than his father and grandfathers. The only alternative to company ownership of vessels and fishing gear appears to lie in some form of co-operative ownership and control, such as is at present the case in the Scandinavian countries.

Decline of British Fishing

As far as Great Britain is concerned the future of her fishermen is a serious matter, for her fishing industry has been steadily declining; the fleet has been reduced and the numbers of men and lads are far fewer than they used to be.

Before the Second World War other nations had solved their fishery problems in a fairly satisfactory manner. The Danes had organized fishermen to co-operate; the French were giving bounties, and the Germans had adopted a system of highly centralized government control. A similar policy had been effective in Japan where the fishing industry overtops that of any European nation.

The fishing industry to-day is bound up with international politics. It is difficult to tell how its ramifications can be directed and controlled by the nations which rely on fish both as an important means of feeding their populations and as a source of wealth.



BEACHING THE BOAT AT DAWN

Portuguese fishermen beaching their boat. Many larger vessels from Portugal cross the Atlantic Ocean and take part in the cod fisheries off the coast of Newfoundland.

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